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Henry Watson Fox

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A MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. HENRY WATSON FOX, B.A.

OF WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD;
MISSIONARY TO THE TELOOGOO PEOPLE, SOUTH INDIA.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE TOWNSHEND FOX, B.A.

OF DURHAM.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

BY THE

REV. C. P. M'ILVAINE, D.D.,

BISHOP OF OHIO.

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A MEMOIR

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INTRODUCTION BY BISHOP McILVAINE.



I FEEL it to be a privilege and honor to be in any way instrumental in bringing before the American reader such a Memoir as this. Besides the pleasure of giving circulation to a book so full of the example of piety and the teaching of the Gospel, under the most lovely and profitable aspects, I love thus to bring an offering in honor of the memory of God's eminent servants, and of His riches of grace as manifested in their lives and labors, and thus to contribute something towards keeping alive in this world their speech and works and light, long after their Heavenly Father has taken them home.

In placing this Memoir before American readers, it is particularly proper to say a few introductory words. The names of some men have been so long familiar to the Christian family in this country, as identified with exalted piety, devoted labors and extensive usefulness, that their Memoirs need no other introduction.

Such, in his own country, among those who were accustomed to follow in their reading the Missions of the Church Missionary Society, was the name of Henry Fox. His career was short, but uncommonly bright with the light of God; and his name would at once suggest to many a reader what might be expected in his Memoir. In this country, however, few ever heard of the Teloogoo Missionary holding forth the word of life in the moral wilderness of a great heathen country, scarcely attempted before by the Christian laborer. Lest therefore, the want of a name well known, should in any case prevent this book from being read, I will draw a brief outline of the Life of its subject, only however so far as to answer in a very general way, the natural question, 'Who was Henry Fox?'

I have long enjoyed an acquaintance with his family, but never met *him*, except in this book. He was a boy at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold, and near the completion of his studies preparatory to his going to Wadham College, Oxford, when I was a visitor at his father's house in Durham. It was a household of such a Christian atmosphere, and pervaded with so sweet an influence of piety, as would prepare us to find in one of the sons, the character exhibited in these pages. An elder brother of Henry was there, an excellent clergyman, who since has gone to his rest; a pious sister there was, who has also gone to the home of the people of God; a father, a gentleman of high standing in

every respect, adding to the full character of the English gentleman, a beautiful example of the decided, consistent Christian—he was there and is not. God has taken him. The other parent and another sister, of whom it becomes me to say only that this book contains their record, yet live; honored and blessed indeed in having had on earth, in the missionary ministry of Christ, and in having now with Christ in his kingdom, such a son and such a brother, in whose training for his past work and his present glory, they under God, had so great a share. The brother, by whom this Memoir was prepared, is well known to many in New York, as having been a resident there for several years, and a diligent partaker in all good works. From the circles of business in that city, he went to the University of Cambridge, a candidate for orders; and is now a clergyman of the Church of England, in his native city of Durham.

Henry Fox was six years at Rugby, during which period the basis and elementary structure of his Christian character were formed. The reader will see how much a spiritually-minded, intelligent, faithful and wise sister had to do in that work. It was then that his thoughts and affections were first directed to the foreign missionary work. Henry Martyn's life was the instrument of God in that effect. In 1836, he proceeded to Oxford. "Seldom has a youth left a public school with brighter promises in regard to moral

and religious culture for his University career.”* He was at Oxford when the famous Oxford Tracts were getting their notoriety, and when the Romish school from which they proceeded, was just beginning those cautious and reserved developments which now so plainly mark its true character. In those days, what is now boldly professed was as boldly denied. Much was then pretended to, which is now contemptuously rejected. The poison was administered in honey. What they now give in the lump, emboldened by success, was then diluted and mixed up with ingredients by which many who loved the truth of the pure gospel were for a time deceived. It will be seen that Henry Fox did not quite escape. For a time he thought better of the movement than it deserved. But he soon emerged from that mist. His letters show that he soon came to a thorough appreciation of that system, in all its unspiritual and anti-gospel character. He calls it, in one of his letters from India, “that godliness-hating system of Tractarianism; a system which cannot abide anything which is spiritual.” He hits the point exactly. Just where that system is most pretending, its grand defect appears. It is eminently *unspiritual* and *anti-spiritual*, confounding the sentimentalism of symbolic rites and the morbid imagination that takes pleasure in a dramatic worship, and in

* London Christian Observer.

imposing ceremonials, with the spirituality of mind that lives unto Christ in the humility of a true repentance, in the faith that simply rests in his promises and in the love that delights in his commandments.

Mr. Fox received his degree in 1839, and soon after was ordained by the Bishop of London. Already had his determination to consecrate his life to the missionary service been matured. The field of labor to which his attention had been directed was the country of the Teloogoos or Northern Circars, a district of South India, north of Madras, inhabited by ten millions of heathens, to whom a clergyman of the Church of England had not yet been sent. He went to that people under the Church Missionary Society of England. After laboring four years in that field with singular oneness of heart, the failure of his wife's health compelled him to set out for England. She died at Madras, whither they had gone to take ship. With his two little children he returned to England, that he might leave them with his parents and return to end his life among the heathen. After spending about six months at home, in active labors for the promotion of a higher missionary spirit, especially in the Universities, he left his little children, expecting never to see them again on earth, and with a torn heart, but the most ready mind, full of desire to be again in his field, went back to preach Christ to the benighted Teloogoos. The state of his mind at this period is especially inter-

esting and edifying. It is the beautiful example of forsaking all for Christ. Those little children left behind,—their mother dead, were his all, and a whole world to him. But they must not keep him from his work.

The most interesting part of this volume is occupied with his labors and correspondence from the period of his resuming his station until his death. It was not the will of God that a course so luminous should be long continued. Towards the end of the year 1847 the climate of India had so mastered his constitution that the medical men of Madras were decided in their opinion, that he must leave the country, return to his native land, and the thought of ever laboring in India again. With great heaviness of heart, feeling it to be his greatest affliction, he obeyed. How strange to some minds must seem such words as the following in a letter to his sister:—"My cessation from missionary work is still a fresh grief, and at times it is very hard to bear; I knew it would be a trial, but I did not know how great a one. How little do men know the real state of the case, when they think that the trial consists in *going* to be a missionary; for with all its palliations of returning to England, to home, friends, family, and children, it is the *coming* from being a missionary which is the real sorrow; and beautiful as are our green fields and hedge-rows, they make me sigh to be back at dear Bunder, even in the midst of this burning May."

While health permitted, Mr. Fox was employed as Assistant Secretary to the Church Missionary Society. In that office it was his work to visit auxiliary associations, assist at missionary meetings, and in every way to seek the advancement of the missionary spirit in England. The fulness and freshness of his heart in that cause, the simplicity, directness, and godly earnestness of his zeal, gave great effect to his words. He especially sought to persuade pious men in the Universities to forsake all at home and go to the heathen. But in these labors, he overtasked his physical strength. The ardor of his soul was too much for his feeble frame. In September of 1848, having been at home only five months, he visited his native city of Durham, not again to leave it. How touching and delightful is the account of his last days and hours, given by his sister in a letter to the brother who prepared this Memoir! What a perfect victory of faith, what fulness of joy was there! How precious to see death so completely abolished, the Good Shepherd so near to the departing soul, and so perfectly fulfilling all his promises of support and consolation. Read that death-bed scene! There is no death in it. It is all life and joy and peace in believing. He had long felt that for him to live was Christ. He then knew that for him to die was gain. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

And now let me suppose a person takes up this book

and asks what benefit he may expect from its perusal. I would first answer: *That* depends on the spirit in which you read. If you read in a right spirit, then among the benefits you may expect are—

1st. An instructive, impressive and very lovely view of real and elevated piety. It is not in sermons, or books, that we obtain the most influential impression of what it is to be a truly devoted follower of Christ. We need the living manifestation. It is not in the examples of Christians of retired habits, excluded from the exposures of active life, aloof from the conflicts and toils of the soldier in the enemy's land, that we get the best living manifestation. It is from the Christian in the open field, where ill winds blow and every enemy may assault, and every trial try—from the Christian in active work on the advanced outpost, keeping his heart with all diligence, growing in grace as "the tree planted by the rivers of water," bringing all energies and attainments to bear upon the great work of promoting the glory of God in the dissemination of the gospel and the conversion of sinners to Christ; carrying this on in much patience, in afflictions, amidst all outward discouragements, with every self-denial, following the Apostles as they followed Christ, such is the living manifestation of the power of godliness, of the life-character of true piety which teaches and influences most effectually. Such was the piety of Henry Fox. It is impossible to read the inartificial

and very natural portraiture which this book exhibits without being struck with the *whole-heartedness* of his piety; how simply and entirely he was given to Christ; the transparency of his character; so pure, so bright; such humiliation of self, such aspiration after God; a love so deep, a faith so lively, affections so fervent, a zeal so untiring, a forsaking of all for the Gospel so unreserved. He seems indeed to have received the very type of piety that so distinguished the life of Henry Martyn. I quite agree with the reviewer in the London Christian Observer, that "*in the depth of his love we see no inferiority either to Martyn, or any servant of Christ, with whose spiritual character we are acquainted.*"

2d. A truly serious man can hardly read this Memoir without being humbled before God under a view of his own deficiency and unfaithfulness in the following of Christ, and of his little growth in grace. It is good to compare ourselves among ourselves, provided we select those who have far excelled us in the race. It is humbling to see how far short we come, not only of the pattern in the Scriptures, the examples of our Lord and his Apostles, but of the actual attainments of Christians of our own times and circumstances, who had just such a world as we have to live in, and no more advantages than we have to overcome it. It is good to be thus compared, if instead of producing an unbelieving despondency, as it will, if we look no

higher, it lead us to look more away from man to God, to Him who is the Author and Finisher of our faith, and to hunger after more of that same grace which wrought so effectually in finishing the faith of those who have so excelled us.

3d. We may see in this book what wonderful things the Holy Spirit can do with this poor corrupt nature of ours, and what therefore we should feel encouraged to seek and hope for through Christ Jesus. What was Paul or Augustine, or Luther or Bunyan, or Martyn or Henry Fox but a poor lost sinner, naturally of the same enmity against God, the same evil heart of unbelief as ourselves? What so transformed them? One line tells their history—" *By the grace of God I am what I am.*" Those words of our Lord to Paul are addressed to all—"My grace is sufficient for thee." We see in them how truly it was sufficient; what it overcame, what it gave, what it wrought in them. Is it not the same grace still? Is its hand shortened? Is the fountain diminished? Is not Jesus "the same yesterday, to-day and forever?" Does giving impoverish him?

4th. In this Memoir of a faithful laborer in one of the darkest regions of heathenism, we get a lesson of what we at home should be doing, and how we should be feeling. Is there one service of Christ to the Missionary abroad, and another to the Christian at home? Must the former live *not unto himself but*

unto him who died for us? and may we come short of such a life? Is the love of Christ to be less constraining to us in the midst of the blessings of a Christian land than to one who leaves all to dwell amidst the deep gloom of a Pagan debasement? Are we permitted to set a lower value on the souls of the heathen and the Gospel of Christ for them, than was Henry Fox or Henry Martyn, or Judson or Buchanan? Are not all one body in Christ? If there be many members, each having its own appropriate office and mode of action, is not the life of all the same life, from the same Head; and is it not expected that, whether there be some ministers and some laymen, some to go abroad and proclaim the Gospel to the heathen and others to stay at home and enjoy the abounding privileges of a Christian society, all shall feel the same bounding pulse of holy zeal and love and activity and self-denial for Christ and his kingdom? Then let us awake to our responsibility, and be inquiring earnestly how we may all get more efficiently into the ranks of Christ's soldiery in the great war which His Church is appointed to wage.

5th. The reader may obtain from this book a profitable insight into the interior of the kingdom of Satan; may see how terribly he reigns, with what awful superstitions and delusions and chains and fears and complicated entanglements of bondage he holds down the hundreds of millions of the heathen under his pow-

erful dominion. We often get a stronger and more life-like conception of this from incidental views in the conversations of Missionaries with the heathen, in which the actual condition of some poor enslaved idolater is brought out, than from a whole volume of systematic description of customs and institutions and doctrines. This book has a great many windows of that kind, incidentally opening into the inner mind and state of the heathen. It is good for us to get such views. We know more of Christ's kingdom by studying that of his mighty antagonist. We ought to measure, as well as we can, all that is to be assaulted and demolished in the realms of the god of this world; all the vast and deep entrenchments by which he has fortified his power, the whole extent to which he has carried his sway; not that we may be discouraged from the assault, but precisely the reverse, that ceasing from dependence on the arm of human efficacy we may escape discouragement by being made to look above man, the instrument, to God the omnipotent strength, and take courage where alone the true courage of the Christian soldier is to be found. Every one of us has need to go out into the contemplation of the condition of the heathen and the Jewish and the Mahometan and Popish parts of the world, and of the ungodly in Protestant Christian lands, just as the Prophet was led into the valley filled with human bones, dry and scattered. We must see the utter impossibility of any

saving work among them to bring that death to life, if anything is to be relied on, but the mere omnipotence of the Spirit of God. The more we feel thus, the nearer are we to the true encouragement. "*Son of Man, can these bones live?*" is the question addressed to us. Our answer is, "*Lord, thou knowest.*" We must refer all to the power and will of God. "Hath he said and shall he not do it?" God "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness," can he not shine into the hearts of those millions to give them "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ?" Oh! for more faith on the part of the Church, a blessed revival of the power of godliness increasing the efficacy of prayer, the devotedness of a true love to Christ, and thus multiplying the laborers and the labors, and the efficacy of the labors of his people for the final and complete establishment of his kingdom on earth!

A M E M O I R.



CHAPTER I.

BIRTH—EARLY EDUCATION—REMOVAL TO RUGBY—CORRESPONDENCE
WHILST THERE.

HENRY WATSON FOX, son of the late George Townshend Fox, Esq., of the city of Durham, was born at Westoe, in the county of Durham, on the 1st October, 1817.

The history of his childhood furnishes no circumstances worthy of being mentioned: his disposition was naturally amiable and tractable; his early education was conducted under his parents' roof, and at the age of eleven, he went to the Durham Grammar School, where he continued till his removal to Rugby, in February, 1831, at which time he was thirteen years old.

The remainder of his education he received at Rugby School, where he continued for six years, until his removal to Oxford, and thus enjoyed the benefit of Dr. Arnold's instruction and example, during the most vigorous period of his valuable life; that instruction was not thrown away, nor that example without its

influence, as will appear in the course of the following correspondence. During his residence at Rugby School, and especially towards the latter part of it, when he had the privilege of coming into closer contact with Dr. Arnold, he contracted the greatest affection and reverence for his character; whilst the simple Christian instruction, which he so faithfully delivered in the School Chapel, produced a strong and abiding impression upon his heart; so that it may truly be said, that the classical knowledge and intellectual development which he acquired at school, were the least of the blessings he there received: for though other influences were co-operating during that period, yet the controlling power of Dr. Arnold's mind in forming his Christian character, was of the highest value, and to the end of his days was ever remembered by him with affection and gratitude.

I may here mention, that my brother enjoyed the advantages of a careful education at home, as well as those which have been referred to as arising from his connection with Rugby School. Much seed had been sown in days of childhood, and thus a good foundation of religious knowledge had been laid,—such knowledge as can be received, before the Holy Spirit has taken of the things of Christ and shown them to the soul. And no influence was so happy, or proved of such lasting benefit, as that which his eldest sister exercised over him during his holidays, when he was in the habit of reading with her regularly, and of receiving instruction, which, though for a season it lay dormant, and seemed to produce no impression upon the heart, yet in due season sprang up and brought forth fruit.

The first communication of a religious character

which I can remember having held with him, took place in the year 1833, and is still vividly impressed upon my memory. I well remember the discouragement which I felt at finding, as I imagined, no response, after having read to him, one Sunday, and conversed with him about the value of his soul and the duty of serving God. He appeared uninterested, and made no reply; but, as the following letter afterwards informed me, his countenance had not been a fair index of his heart.

Rugby, Nov. 10, 1833.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

As you wish me to write to you before I go home, and as I have both opportunity and will to do so now, I shall set about it. I did not indeed know or expect that you were so near me, and I could have wished that you had come to see us; but it is, as you say, best perhaps that you did not, as you would certainly derive more pleasure from Mr. Gisborne's society, than from coming to see us. * * Perhaps you recollect a conversation you had with me one Sunday at Durham; that conversation did me most inestimable good, for which I have to thank you; for before that, I had become, I may say, callous, or at least lukewarm in religious matters. But that first roused me, and it being followed by reading with Isabella at Cullercoats, I have become alive to my situation: I see how great is sin, and to what extent I have sinned, and hope that God will now forgive me; but still I feel myself constantly led away by temptation, in one shape or another, and still have a great repugnance to looking back on the actions of the day. I now follow a practice which —— advised me to, and from which I

feel great benefit, that is, before I leave my room in order to go to the bed-room, to pray heartily to God, instead of, as I used before to do, merely saying my prayers before I got into bed; and if in these I was disturbed by other boys talking, I used to go to bed and to sleep, without offering up any prayers from my heart, and without having even asked forgiveness for the sins of the past day. I have been this evening reading one of Dr. Whately's Essays, on comparing the life of a Christian with that of children, wherein he shows how little we know of God, and in how confined a sphere; what low and earthly ideas, our very best must be, concerning the Divine being. We have lectures from Mr. Price on a Sunday evening, and partly from what he said, and partly from my own thoughts, the following idea arose, which, though new to me, has undoubtedly occurred to most persons, namely—that an additional reason for turning to God early in life is, that as the faculties of the body are more developed by exercise, even to the last period of one's life, so a person, the longer he lives in the fear and love of God, the more righteous and more fit for heaven he becomes. I must leave off now, for want of time: which though generally an idle excuse, is not so in this case, as it is now nearly bed-time, and I shall have no time to finish this letter next week, so now—Good night! I remain,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. W. Fox.

Some religious impressions had been made upon his mind, however, at an earlier period, as the following letter to a schoolfellow will show. It seems that being

confined to the sick-room, this boy had spoken to him seriously ; but at that time, as too often happens under similar circumstances, the counsel, instead of being gratefully received, was unthankfully rejected, and caused rather a breach of friendship. His friend having removed to Harrow, it led to a correspondence, of which the following letter forms a part.

TO M. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ., DR. LONGLEY'S, HARROW.

Rugby, Oct. 30, 1834.

MY DEAR BUCKINGHAM,

You will, no doubt, be much astonished at receiving a letter from me so long after our correspondence had closed ; and especially as I was the party who put an end to it. I now write to ask your pardon for so doing, and to express my sincere sorrow for it. Do not think these expressions are feigned or exaggerated ; for though our acquaintance was but very short, yet it was blessed by the hand of God, and you were made by him the first instrument to call me to him : at first, as you may remember, I obeyed the call, but after you left, I fell away again, and on your writing to me—as religion was *then* a disagreeable subject to me—I did not answer your letters, and so the correspondence broke off. I now beg of you, that if you can forgive me, you will be so good as to renew it. I recollect you told me that you were brought to the knowledge of God, by an elder sister, and this has been my case : about a year ago my eldest sister and brother took great care of my religion, and have, by God's blessing, bestowed on me the best gift they could have given me ; or rather not they, but God. I have often thought

of you since you left, but more especially lately, and have intended for some time to write to you, but have had no opportunity before this; and now though later, I hope you will not reject this letter. Since you went away from here, nearly three years ago, great changes have taken place in myself, my friends, and the school. From the "shell" I am now advanced to a high place in the "sixth," and my mind and faculties have had a great change; but this is too egotistical and boasting. Again and again, as I go on writing, I constantly think how you will receive this, and am afraid that you will not take it well: but pardon what is amiss, and believe me,

Your affectionate Friend,

HENRY W. FOX.

I may here observe how greatly they err, who mistake naturally amiable dispositions for Christian principle. My brother, as a boy, was of a very kindly and endearing temper; but for all this, his heart was as thoroughly alienated from God as other persons'. This sad disease of human nature exists in every heart, till it has been changed by the Holy Spirit; and though the symptoms may be modified, and its deformity sometimes concealed by a fair outside or by amiable dispositions, yet the malady remains, and man's heart, in its relations towards God, is all wrong and all corrupt, till Divine grace shall work the change.

The following letters will furnish abundant illustrations of this, showing that whenever an attempt is made by any one to bring his own heart into obedience to God, there a struggle and a spiritual warfare will spring up,—there inward toil and difficulty must be en-

countered,—there the heart will show its enmity to God, its alienation from him, its unwillingness to love and serve him.

It may seem to require an apology for publishing the letters of so young a person, at a time when his mind was imperfectly developed, and his Christian experience of the most juvenile character; but I have ventured to do so under the impression that more instruction may be derived to those who are of like age, and under similar circumstances, by tracing the early workings of God's Spirit upon a school-boy's heart, than by having the character of a mature and experienced Christian presented to them.

The feelings, the sympathies, the affections of a school-boy are more likely to be enlisted by a record of the trials, temptations, and spiritual progress of another school-boy, than by the example of an older person, with whom he can have no fellow-feeling and few sentiments in common.

I would fain hope that there is a better spirit abroad in our public schools at the present day,—that there are more of what Dr. Tait so well terms “thoughtful boys,” whose minds are opening out under right influences, early to realize the great ends of their being: and I shall greatly rejoice if I am permitted to furnish any instruction for that very important and interesting part of our community—the boys of our public schools; by presenting to them the spiritual progress and career of grace, of one who, like themselves, was a boy at a public school. It is for their sakes chiefly, that I have yielded to the importunity of friends, and have sacrificed my own feelings, by venturing to spread out before the public eye, much that

was of a private and domestic character—thus invading, as it were, the sacred precincts of the social hearth.

Rugby, Wednesday, Feb. 19, 1834.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

I received your kind letter by Robert, for which I am much obliged to you. Now that I have come here, I have fallen into such a vortex of temptation, that I scarcely know what to do, and they chiefly come on so insinuatingly, that I can scarcely perceive them at first. The two greatest are, I think, pride of heart, in thinking myself better than others, in comparing myself with others; and though in my understanding I see how wicked I am, yet my heart is so sinful that it is with difficulty I find means of repressing such thoughts. The other temptation is, wasting time, which comes on by little and little, but which I hope soon to be able with God's assistance to overcome. I find myself so sinful, that were it not for Christ's blessed promises, I could scarcely fancy he would hear me; but he has felt the infirmities and temptations of man, and from thence I derive great comfort. And on account of the very temptations I meet with here I ought to rejoice and be thankful to God, that he has given me such opportunities of becoming more perfect and patient than I could otherwise hope to be; but I, as well as you, am anxious and fear greatly lest I should fall. During the day I feel myself clinging to this world far too much, and if it were not for my devotions evening and morning I feel I should quite forget my Maker; I intend therefore to read the Bible several times during the day, for there is such a bless-

ing in the Holy Scriptures, that they always inspire one with good thoughts, and set me forward afresh to follow the precepts laid down in them. O if they were taken away, how could man exist? I often follow the plan of Wilberforce Richmond, of reading the Psalms and praying over them; I find them so full of beauty and comfort, so full of holiness, that they quite refresh my soul. I constantly wish I was with you, but God's will be done: if he wills it, we shall meet again, when I shall be able to talk to you and learn from you so many good things. I pray for you continually.

There is a very interesting case here. There is a little boy about fourteen years old, in other respects a nice little boy, and one whom I was rather fond of: but, the other day, in talking with him I discovered he never read his Bible; in short, he knew nothing of the Christian religion. I have been endeavoring to impress on him the awfulness of his state, but he seems scarcely to care whether he is lost or saved. He understands neither heaven or hell, nor that he is born for any other state than this,—that is to say, he does not *feel* it to be the case: he has apparently been completely neglected at home with respect to religious matters. Now I want to know how to proceed with him—how to open his mind—for I think when he once perceives in his heart, how wicked he together with all others are, that he will be more able and willing to understand the truths of the Gospel. When I have got him to do anything right rather than what is wrong, I generally discover it is done merely because I asked him; and this doing what he thinks I wish, together with other points, shows that he has naturally a good heart, but that it wants cultivation. O how thankful

I ought to be to God that he has given me such good and kind parents, and brothers and sisters ; for, as Sumner says, we should be thankful that we were not born in any heathen country, and that we are placed in a land where the Gospel is preached, for it is by no merit of our own that we were not condemned to darkness and ignorance. Dr. Arnold, in his sermon on Sunday, used a simile, I thought particularly beautiful. In talking of those who seek God in this world, they are, he said, like those foreign plants which we see here flourishing, but not having flowers nor fruit ; we see that this is not their proper place, and that they must have some other place where they come to full ripeness. Both Robert and I constantly make use of the books you wrote out for us, in which we find great use. That God may requite to you the good you have done us, is the constant prayer of

Your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

Rugby, March 1st, 1834.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

When I returned to school this half I was wofully disappointed. I had a great friend here ; and though I had spoken but little on religious points with him, yet I expected that on that subject our hearts would be knit together, but alas ! I find that he is little actuated by Christian principle ; not that he is a bad boy, in the eye of the world, but it is almost only when duty and pleasure run together that he follows the former. The following verse struck me the other day on this point : “ Yea, mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, hath lifted up his heel against me.” Ps. xli. 9. Not

that I mean he is no longer an acquaintance, but I find that I can no longer make him my friend ; our two grand pursuits being so different. So that, besides my own family, there is not a human being who is my *intimate* friend. It is in this situation that I find how kind God is to me, He is my all to me ; while I am here I am separated (except for Robert) from all (whom I know at least) who seek the same God as I do, who run along with me ; I am here a solitary being, but still I am happy, because God is with me. * * *

I remain,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. W. FOX.

Rugby, Thursday, March 6, 1834.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

* * * I am glad to be able to say that I was partly deceived in my old friend who is here, for I thought he was far too fond of the world ; but on talking with him lately, I have discovered he is more willing to turn to God than I had expected, in fact I have great hopes of him. I am however disappointed in another point, namely : a boy who was once a great friend of mine, but who, for various reasons, has not been such a one for the last half-year, and whom I was endeavoring to assist, has put an almost insurmountable bar to *my* progress with him. I have in this instance particularly felt what you mentioned in your letter : " That God alone giveth the increase, and without that, how useless are the efforts of man." Whenever lately I have spoken with this boy on religious subjects, he has refused to answer questions ; will not say a word on the subject, and does not attend to what

I am saying. He fancies that he can serve God and mammon ; he used to answer my exhortations to him, *that I was going "too far,"* and that he did not think it necessary to avoid *small faults*, but because they were small, (though he could not deny they were faults) he quite neglected attending to them. I have therefore, since he refuses to listen to a conversation, determined to write out different things for him, to the best of my power, which I hope with God's holy assistance may be to his advantage.—I have already written out one paper for him, pointing out the chief points of the Christian religion, yet without immediately applying them to him. I intend next to remark on several of the faults I have observed in him lately, which he does not feel to be faults.—I was the more disappointed in him, as I had before found him willing in the general, but when I came to particulars, and he saw he must give up certain pleasures if he would give himself entirely to God, then he thought he had gone far enough, and I had gone too far ; for God tells us to go as far as we can. But this last-mentioned boy is not the one I told you of before ; he is improving ; he *feels* what it is to be endeavoring to do one's best, but yet he is scarce strong enough to resist temptations ; which I point out to him as wrong, yet which he has all his life-time believed to be perfectly innocent. I find it is very difficult to persuade him, and some others, that any common amusement is wrong ; all the world, they say, do such and such a thing, and certainly all the world will not go to hell. But with God's grace all will I hope go well with him.

While I am thus talking to and thinking of these three, I am often afraid, lest I should, by seeing their

faults, fancy mine own smaller; humility is, I find, a very difficult thing to attain, and doing good from the motive of pleasing God, still harder. I have to struggle very hard for this last, for when I do anything right, I do it too often for my own sake, that is, falsely thinking at the moment, that it will advance my salvation, but of late God has had mercy on me, and I have been able to discover the system of faith. I was much obliged to you for your kind letter. Give my love to all. I remain,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. W. FOX.

Rugby, March 17, 1834.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

I received your Letter dated the 10th, yesterday morning. I am very much obliged to you for it, it will do me a great deal of good, and it has warned me from doing a great injury: for, on Saturday evening, I induced the "silent boy" to talk, and he informed me he had been silent because I had so constantly been speaking to him on religion. During the conversation, he told me he intended to serve God wholly: (which I thought a great point gained) and next he confessed he was not so doing at the time. He asked me then, whether I thought it wrong to read light books, and do lessons on a Sunday.—I was quite struck with astonishment at the question, and I answered that I certainly did. He said he thought the contrary, and his only argument was, that if he was not so doing, he would be thinking of something wrong, and therefore it was *right* to do lessons on a Sunday; he perfectly *understood* what keeping Sunday holy was, viz.: en-

deavoring to think on God only; but he could not get it out of his head, that because he would (or rather thought he would) be doing worse, that therefore the end justified the means. He acknowledged he had *never* tried to keep, for one whole Sunday, his heart on God, yet because he had tried for one hour, he thought it was impossible, that man could help thinking of things wicked in themselves on a Sunday. But I cannot help thinking that those reasons were put forward for an excuse, and that in his heart he felt it to be wrong. I urged him to try the very next day. But I have not yet learnt whether he did so or not. With respect to "Amusements," I believe I used the word in too general a sense when I wrote to you, but your observations on that subject are very true and just. I may perhaps, and I believe I have often spoken of religion to these boys as leading to other pleasures besides what they now enjoy, and have perhaps made them view it in a gloomy light, as they did not understand nor feel how great the new pleasures would be. But what I meant in my letter by amusements, were amusements more or less sinful; such as for instance wasting one's money over trifles and sweetmeats; or wasting one's time with reading a book when we ought to be doing our lessons, and such as those,—not drinking,—for, as I said in my last letter, that is almost extinct. For my little pupil, I have constantly changing hopes and fears: at one moment I see outwardly no hope of him, and again shortly I am quite rejoiced. I trust however that Christ will not let him fall back again after he has now been once called. Last evening in particular, God had great mercy towards him and assisted him. I at last persuaded him to over-

come a great temptation, namely, copying his exercise, and to do it himself. I consider this a very great point gained, for it is showing his faith by works. I have been particularly happy lately ; I read over again the account of Wilberforce Richmond's latter end and death. I was struck, still more than I was the first time, with the beauty and simplicity of it ; with his sincere faith and trust in God : since then I have been able to keep God continually in my heart, which I was not able to do before ; I have therefore derived such comfort and happiness, that I hope never to lose that gift. But still sin clogs me greatly, I get proud, and fancy I do *anything good* of my own self ; at least I feel it to be so, though I know full well that I am exceedingly sinful, and that the very thought I had just been indulging in, (viz. of pride) was very wicked in itself.

I derive very great comfort from reading the Bible every day. I understand it better and better, and see the meaning of the various passages in it, in a more forcible light. I always find the Sunday too short for what I want to do on it. I therefore intend to make some other day during the week, like a second Sunday, and, except my lessons, read and think of nothing, save God only. Many others here think as I used to do formerly, that Sunday is too long, and therefore spend two or three hours in bed longer than usual, and spend the rest of the day in listlessness, or perhaps worse, never thinking what a blessing they are throwing away. I feel now, as you told me you did, that the Sabbath is quite a rest from the worldly thoughts of the other parts of the week. Last Sunday was a most beautiful day, and I took a walk by myself into the

country and never felt so happy before. I continued for more than an hour, praising and praying to God, and thanking him. I shall never neglect it again.— I felt it as a preparation for heaven.

I remain,

Your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

Rugby, April 7th, 1834.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

You will be thinking, I suppose, that as I have not written to you lately, I am too busy to do so. I am ashamed to say it was not from that cause, for we have just had three whole holidays, during which I had no lessons to do; but I neglected through laziness to write to you. I have in truth spent a very bad Easter, very lazy I was all the time, and I have just returned to working again. I had intended to have read several books during the holidays, but I neglected them, and have not kept half my resolutions. All this shows how very weak I am, and how unable I am to resist extraordinary temptations. I can manage to resist, and often to overcome, my every-day trials, because I have experience of them and am aware of their approach; but when those come, which I am not so much accustomed to, or if my old ones come on me in a new shape, then I fall a victim to them. When I know and have determined in myself that anything is wrong, then I generally overcome it, but my greatest difficulty lies, in making out whether the thing is wrong or not. I have of late been able to see all my sins so clearly (that is, all I consider sins) that I scarcely could dare to look up to God, or to pray to Him, were

it not for His gracious promises. I have given over all hopes of persuading the "formerly silent boy" by speaking to him, for he over and over again says, he is convinced of what he holds to be true, and that he will not change his opinion; or if he does enter into conversation about keeping the Sabbath holy, he merely repeats his foolish arguments over again, and will not attend patiently to what I say in answer to them. In this case he seems unable to connect what I say to him, though in general he is clear-headed enough. He is evidently not affected by my arguments, for every Sunday he continues to do his lessons, &c. Instead therefore of talking to him on the subject, I am writing out for him the best arguments I can think of, which I shall have finished in about a week. * * * I was thinking to-day, what an inducement there is to convert any one who wanders from the truth, to convert him from the error of his ways; for we are told that God and the angels in heaven rejoice when one sinner turns to heaven; and how great must be the honor and glory for him who is the instrument of joy in the heart of our heavenly Father; the same reasoning applies indeed, in every case where we do good from a right motive; but this case struck me to be so much stronger than most others.

Tuesday, April 8. I was, as I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, very wicked all last week. I lived without God in my heart, I was ruled by my own wishes, not by what was right; all that time I was very unhappy. This is a strong instance to me, of not only the vanity of the pleasures of this world, but also of their nauseousness whilst we are without God. I have no one to turn to but God, no one, save him, can

relieve me in my necessities and troubles, and no one like him is so merciful and sparing. I often thank him that he has spared me so long, and not cut me off in the midst of my unrepented sins. I might have been at this moment in hell, bemoaning my folly and wickedness. But blessed be God, he has by your instrumentality called me unto him.

I remain,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. W. Fox.

Rugby, April 19, 1834.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

* * * I have not yet been able to finish my paper for the boy I mentioned in my last letter, for I have been very busy this last week, but I hope to finish soon. I feel I have no hope from arguments, it is God that must open his heart; no argument I fear can do so, it shows me still more strongly how truly Paul says, "Apollos planteth, Paul watereth, but *God giveth the increase.*" Every instance of conversion of a sinner, seems, to my eyes, a complete miracle of God's working; for by the common course of nature, man can neither find out, nor be convinced by demonstration of the divine truths of the Gospel, though they be written so clear that he who runs may read. It is God's Spirit only that works in our hearts to will and to do of his good pleasure. * * *

I remain, your affectionate Brother,

H. W. Fox.

Rugby, May 13, 1834.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

* * * I am sorry we shall be unable to see each

other for a long time ; but though far distant, we may yet constantly communicate with one another, and it will be a great consolation to think that our thoughts are constantly on one and the same great object. What I have always till now found my greatest difficulty has been prayer. I could offer up words, but as I could have no idea of God, I felt I could not offer up my heart to him : but lately on thinking, and at last feeling, that God is always present in my inmost soul, I can heartily ask for what I need, and often, and continually throughout the day, keep my thoughts on him, which I used to find almost impossible. I derive the very greatest advantage from this, for whilst I am continually keeping my heart with God, it is contrary to my very nature to commit sin against him ; that is, at least, known sin. I feel and know, that all this has not been through my own means, but through the grace of God alone. I also have had my eyes opened, to view my wickedness and depravity, and God's purity and holiness. I was before, as it were, covered with darkness ; I could not see anything though I tried. But now these things stand before me in glaring colors, and I almost wonder God has not yet cut me off, or even now allows me to live on in the many sins I daily commit ; for notwithstanding the greatest care, I am constantly falling into, and often yielding to temptation : the greatest is lying in bed in a morning ; it is of all the most difficult to overcome. It thus appears how vain and futile are all men's endeavors, unless they be assisted by God's grace. I often find that those temptations which outwardly appear very small, and which one would almost pass by unperceived, are the very strongest which at-

tack me. There is the continual whispering in my ear—this is but a small sin, it maketh no matter to commit it; and thus I sometimes yield. But I find my only true test of right or wrong is to ask myself whether I do it from a motive of pleasing God. I find, as you mention in your letter, the great advantage of reading the Bible, with an earnest desire and prayer to understand it: often the meaning of a before-hidden passage breaks in upon me in a way which quite astonishes me. I have got, therefore, a very small pocket edition of the New Testament, to carry about with me always, that I may use it whenever I have opportunity.

I remain,

Your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

Rugby, June 5, 1834.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

* * * I lately discoursed again on the Sabbath question with the boy I before mentioned, and he seemed, though he did not acknowledge it, to be somewhat convinced. He candidly confessed that it was not for God's glory that he did his lessons, &c., on a Sunday. He seemed not to understand that we must "do all things for the glory of God." This is a matter I have found very difficult in myself to feel thoroughly, for I am unable to see, individually, how each little action I may do, is to the glory of God; for many seem to be perfectly indifferent to do, or to be left undone. However here, as elsewhere, faith must come in and lead me at last to understand what I am as yet too blind to see. I am sorry to say that B——

has been fighting with another boy; this fighting is one of the worst evils at this school, and I am utterly unable to understand Dr. A.'s conduct in not forbidding fighting. That he must know it to be wrong, I am convinced, and unless it be that he thinks forbidding it will be of no use in stopping it, I cannot conceive why he does allow it to continue. I was talking on this subject the other day with Mr. C—— who perfectly agrees with me. Fighting, I am glad to say, does not often take place; but twice within the last month or two there have been bad cases. In the first, one of the boys was within a few moments of dying, but has at last recovered; and the second is this one of B——, who fainted and was unwell for a day or two after. * * * I feel so happy now; I have at last been able to overcome my greatest temptation, viz. of lying in bed too late; and in examining myself in an evening, I generally find, that God has enabled me to overcome every known temptation during the day. I used before, to get up sometimes, and lie in bed sometimes, but now at last I have more firm trust on God, and I have been enabled to rise the moment I am awakened. I used to trust too much to my own efforts, and to think over night, how easy it would be to rise the next morning: but, alas! if I trusted not in God, I used to go to sleep, without getting up. I still feel great difficulty in the evening, in examining my motives for various actions during the day, I cannot often recall them: often perhaps, because I had done them from no particular motive. I am glad to say, that the friend I before mentioned in this letter, has been persuaded to leave off several wrong things, and I have more hopes of him than of any others here.

His conscience seems to be touched, and he feels it, though he does not confess it. But H—— is no better than before, if not worse. He has no steadiness nor strength, nor does what I say to him have any weight: he does not think, or I am convinced he would not say or do what he does.

Believe me,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. W. Fox.

Rugby, August 23, 1834.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I was very much obliged to you for your letter, which I received about a month ago, but not having it beside me, I am unable to give you the date of it. I have come to the end of a very unsettled vacation, in which my mind has been very wandering, and at times worldly; for the many new sights, and the travelling which I have had, have often turned my thoughts from better subjects to the objects immediately before me, and therefore, I am returning with joy, to the quiet and peace of Rugby, and yet I find in this, as in everything else, no good is without evil, nor evil without good; for though the unsettled way in which my holidays have been spent, has been in some degree of injury to me, yet that evil has been tempered, by the good advice and conversation of my dear Isabella; from whom I have learnt many new and important truths, for the first time, and in like manner, notwithstanding the quiet of Rugby, the want of her presence will fall heavy on me. For, at Rugby, I have no one (except Robert) to converse with on religious subjects; if I begin to do so with any, they either show a com-

plete reluctance, or a great coldness to it. I however feel that it is for the best, for it leads me to rest on God as my only friend, and to open my heart to him more. I believe I mentioned to you in one of my last letters, that I found such great assistance in prayer, by considering that God is intimately present to me, and I am thankful to be able to say, that I have in it a constant source of grace to me; for it brings me to a more constant feeling of his presence. * * * I feel my greatest want at present, to be a deficiency in my love towards God. I look on Him too much as an angry rather than a merciful Judge, and do good or ill from fear. I also find a difficulty in keeping my thoughts on God throughout the day, for my customary occupations and lessons drive them out of my head; at Rugby I tried a method to assist me, viz., with certain actions and at certain times, to make it a rule to turn my thoughts to heavenly objects; but I found this only of partial use, as it served only for particular times. I pray to God daily to assist me in this, yet I know not how to direct my efforts.

Believe me,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. W. FOX.

Rugby, September 2, 1834.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

I received your letter on Sunday as you expected, and return you many thanks for it. Though I have found less difficulty, than I usually have found, in returning to my school duties, yet I feel the change still irksome and difficult to be borne up against. I have got settled to my work, but not quite to my habits, and

not having got again accustomed to a regular rule for spending the day, I frequently waste some part; not however in absolutely doing nothing, but time slips away in getting ready and beginning. On looking back to the holidays, I find much of my time has been lost in the same way, for though I was *busy* at my lessons almost all the day, yet on the whole I have done but little; I have, however, acquired a habit of doing something at least, for hitherto during former holidays, I have never done anything worth mentioning. I have already begun what you advise in your letter, namely, selecting some prayers; but I have done it from Bishop Ken, rather than from Wilson; as I thought those in the former, better suited and more applicable, than those in the latter. I have now a matter to talk about, which it would have been better I had mentioned to you during the holidays, but I have such a great dislike to converse personally on such subjects; it is, I now think, a foolish and perhaps wrong dislike, but I could not then overcome it, and I therefore now mention it in writing. It is, how to be sure that I am in the way to Heaven, not inquiring of the truth of the Bible, but how to find it out in my own heart. For I believe the Articles of the Christian Faith, and that not what I do of myself, but the death of Christ, brings me to Heaven: at the same time I have some love of God, (but very little I fear) and *some* of my actions are done for His sake, and I try to do all so by His assistance; now, is this the beginning of what is requisite? Is not faith a junction of belief, and works springing from love to God? I am, as you may well suppose, very anxious on the question; and on examining myself on the point, I fear I do not do enough for God's sake, and

thereby have not sufficient faith. I find it is so difficult to separate in my head faith and works; for as the former is more than belief, and in part consists of the latter, they seem to approach each other's nature. I wish you would be so good as to set me right on this subject in your next letter.

Believe me,

Your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

Rugby, September 7, 1834.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

I received your most excellent letter this morning, and was exceedingly comforted and strengthened by it; for being, I thank God, able to answer most of the questions in the affirmative, I received assurance that I have at least *some* faith. Since the time of reading it, my happiness has been growing greater and greater, and I have passed one of the happiest days I have as yet spent; though I have not been blessed with that exquisite joy, and as it were foretaste of heaven which I have sometimes met with, yet my happiness has been deep, though quiet, and continued; and I know no better way of employing a few minutes this evening, than in returning thanks to you, and through you to God. For, my dear sister, I always consider you as one of my greatest blessings, for you have been God's instrument in recalling me from the deadness and corruption of sin to newness of life, and to a firm hope in Christ. I have been this day examining myself in the most doubtful points of my faith; for strange it is, the most doubtful parts have been the most vital parts; for I have never till to-day had a clear conception and firm be-

lief that my salvation is from Christ alone and entirely; and that my own good deeds are worth nothing in God's sight. My chief difficulty is now, praying to God, for His Son's sake, for I do not feel at the moment of praying the necessity of so doing: deceiving myself by thinking God will hear me because He is merciful, and not *merely* for Christ's sake. This one day has been of more benefit to me than many days, for I have considered and learnt many things which I understand not before. We had a most excellent sermon from Dr. Arnold this evening, explaining the duty of obedience to masters, that it was only then truly shown, when in some matter indifferent in itself, we obey them because they command us, and not because of any servile hope or fear from them. He took his text from the first lesson of the evening, and referred to that in the morning; also saying, that the two afforded examples of the greatest obedience and disobedience. I feel great advantage from his sermons, for he addresses us practically, as well as generally on doctrinal points. Friday, 12th. I had not time to finish this letter on Sunday, so that it has been lying in my drawer for nearly a week, but unwilling to allow a week to pass without your hearing from me, I again take up my pen, and shall endeavor to send the letter by this morning's post. I feel now, even stronger than at first, the good effects of your letter, for having now received a sure hope of salvation, and a better understanding of the way, I have more peace and am able to love God better, for before I was (and I am afraid I am in some degree now) in the habit of believing that good works work salvation, or rather not believing, but having a hankering feeling that such was the case. I

now however feel myself liable to the danger of believing, that what I henceforth may do is of no consequence, and the struggle is sometimes very hard, but by God's help I am able to overcome it.

Believe me,

Your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

Rugby, Oct. 20, 1834.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I received your letter two or three days ago, and I feel that I deserve the blame of not having written to you for a long time, but before you receive this you will have got one letter at least which I left at Bromley to be sent in a parcel. My excuse for not writing oftener, must be, for this half at least, press of work. For do not think I ever forget either you or Charles, for I constantly think of you both anxiously. But having more work than usual on my hands, I have before this been unable to write to you, and indeed the only way I can do so, is getting up an hour or two sooner than usual. But after such a long preface I will turn to more important topics. * * I have been living here free from all worldly anxieties, in prosperity, with all the pleasures of youth around me; and seeing the brightest side of a worldly life, I have been led away from the true service of God. Not, as you may expect, suddenly or violently, but day after day I have been declining faster and faster from the love of God, from the love of serving Him, and inclining rapidly to the love of the world. I have become proud, trusting in my own means, *careless* of the *Sabbath*, and opposing the workings of conscience. But, oh! the unspeak-

able and never-failing mercies of God ;—He has called me back from this wicked way, by the means He has so often used towards me and others, viz., the Sabbath, and an excellent sermon ; in the latter, Dr. Arnold spoke as though he had written it for me—taking the text from Gal. v. “Ye did run well, who did hinder you, that ye should not obey the truth.” After explaining the text, and showing the danger of trusting in being once justified, he added ; “And if any one has ever fallen away from God, trusting in being safe, there is but one course for him ; let him return again, and repenting of his sins, trust in Jesus who came into the world to save sinners.” Now this was my case exactly, I had been lately trusting in part to having been once justified. I had even drawn poison from the bread of life.—For I had been lately learning the verse in the Romans—“Whom He foreknew, them He also justified, and whom He justified, them He also glorified.” And mistaking the true state of the case, I supposed I was safe. Which case, which verse, and the danger arising from taking it in a wrong light, Dr. A. particularly mentioned, and was thus a striking and warning means of grace to me. I can never sufficiently thank God for His great mercies to me, when I consider the difference between us ;—He the great Almighty and only God, who made heaven and all the stars ; who rules all things, who of His infinite love came down to earth and *died* for us wretched beings that we were ; whilst I am the least of all his creatures, worse than the brutes who never corrupted their own nature, who never sinned wilfully against their Maker, ever loving evil and avoiding good. And whilst I do this, whilst I am fleeing God, He mercifully calls me to Him ; He looks on me

with pity, and pardons me. Surely to one who loves Him, His ways are the ways of peace and happiness. Every day as I am raised and more freed from the bonds of this world, I see and observe the wickedness, the deeply-steeped wickedness of those around me, of all England, of all the world : whilst only a remnant are left to serve God. * * * *

Your affectionate Brother,
H. W. Fox.

Rugby, March 24, 1835.

MY DEAR BUCKINGHAM,

My writing for the Prize Essay has prevented me from answering your letter sooner ; but I am at last freed from all work of that kind, and am glad to be able to write to you again, which, as it is the nearest approach to speaking to you, is very pleasant to me. * * * * * I have this morning been reading the Dairyman's Daughter, in Richmond's Annals of the Poor : a book you have probably read before, but which I have been reading for the first time. I shall always think of it as an especial means of grace to me, for it has been so blessed to me, as to open my eyes to many of my secret and besetting sins—as self-confidence and deadness of faith—which are hard to discover and to root out : yet God has now in His mercy assisted me, or rather, I should say, done the work wholly Himself, of restoring me to a better knowledge of Him ; for I do not think, on looking back, that I have ever had true faith : I have always had some trust or hope in my own works. I have often, or rather generally, endeavored to do good, in order that *I might be saved thereby*, instead of acting on the true motive

of love and thankfulness, and trusting implicitly to God that he would take me to his heavenly kingdom for his *Son's sake*. And even now, I find it difficult completely to eradicate this evil motive and self-confidence from my heart. * * * * * Dr. Arnold has just instituted a new practice, which I think was much needed, and it is to be hoped that it will extend farther than at present. In addition to the prayers in the big school, we now have a prayer before beginning our first lesson, in order that we should begin the day by asking God's blessing on our endeavors. I only trust that it may be a means of making many of us pray more than we do; for I cannot help thinking that especially in the higher part of the school, a very great deal of irreligion, if not infidelity, exists. * * * * * I find a very difficult point to manage in my duty as præpostor, namely, to draw the line between "official" and "personal" offences—to discover where I feel revenge, and where I do anything to enforce the power which properly belongs to me. I think I may learn from this not to desire earthly power, as it only increases our difficulties and temptations: God alone can teach me aright. To Him therefore I pray, and do you also pray for me, that I may have wisdom and strength to execute judgment rightly.

And believe me,

..a

Your affectionate friend,

HENRY W. FOX.

Rugby, April 13, 1835.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

* * * I feel every day an increasing desire of becoming a clergyman. I desire to be always employed

in more immediately serving God, and of bringing many souls unto salvation. I am aware that we can do our duty and a great deal of good in every station of life ; but I think that a clergyman is more particularly appointed to do good, being a light set upon a hill. I have hitherto, and I know you have at home also, looked forward to my going to the Bar, but it is not so now,—it can scarcely ever be too late to change my prospects. If it is particularly the wish of my father and mother and you all that I should fulfil the original proposition, I willingly acquiesce ; but if it is indifferent, or of no great importance to you, I should prefer very much to enter the service of the Church. However, whichever profession I may hereafter follow, my present and future (for some years at least) studies will suit both ; I wished however to mention this desire of mine to you. Dr. Arnold has made a great improvement in the public prayers ; for besides the prayers which are read when we first assemble in the morning (to which I fear few attend), we have now immediately before our first lesson a prayer to ask God's blessing on us for the day. * * * *

Believe me,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. W. FOX.

Rugby, May 16, 1835.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

* * * I trust I shall not disappoint your hopes and mine also, that I shall continue a Christian unto the end, for though I have often feared that I should not continue struggling for so long a period as my life may be, I now feel so confident that God having once

brought me to a knowledge of him, will keep me safe till he takes me to his kingdom, that I have little fear, but still I labor anxiously, knowing the difficulty I shall have ever to wrestle with, and the dangerous possibility of relaxing into a state of utter wickedness. I have just been reading Guthrie, which you gave me last year, and have found it of very great use in strengthening and establishing my faith; which is however still weak.

Your affectionate Brother,
H. W. Fox.

Rugby, August 30, 1835.

MY DEAREST ISABELLA,

I cannot refrain from writing to you now to express my happiness, my great and exceeding joy, which I have received from the Lord. During the holidays indeed, I was constantly led astray by the pleasures and amusements of the world, and though frequently called again by God to return to him, as often as I turned I fell, for I did not enough trust in him; nor was I able to turn more steadfastly to the way of salvation, till the very last day I was at home: which day was to me the beginning again of serving the Lord: and during my journey, especially during the first night, I had leisure and opportunity, and God gave me grace to pray fervently to him for grace and strength to resist my temptations; and I have most mercifully been heard, so that this week has been to me one of very great joy and growth in grace, but this afternoon during the service, I experienced more happiness, and a greater foretaste of heaven than ever before, especially during the singing of the hymn, "From Egypt's

bondage come," and particularly of the words, "We are on our way to God." O then I felt the great mercy of our Saviour in leading us to himself, and the greatness and majesty of him to whom we are led. I have been reading the life of Henry Martyn (for which I have to thank George, as being a means both of great profit and pleasure) and I have derived the most instructing lessons from it. I found how much the enjoyment of things of this world have hold on me, and when I considered his state of giving himself up to be a Missionary, and asked myself, Could I give up home and the pleasures and happiness I enjoy from worldly objects, to do this laborious work for the Lord's sake? I found the weakness of my love to God, and my need of constant prayer that I may set my affections on things above and not things below ; that I may confide my present as well as my future happiness to my heavenly Father, and make God my all in all, my desire, my happiness, and my hope.

Wednesday, Sept. 3. I am only able, on account of business, at present, to write to you by fits and starts, as I can catch a few minutes now and then. Though at the beginning of the half, I am in the middle of an exceedingly busy week, for my lessons of course occupy a large portion of my time, indeed larger than before, for we have had some additional ones imposed, and I have received a sudden call for articles for the Rugby Magazine. I am appointed also one of the Committee for the examination of the articles ; and these things together, have kept me so busy, that since Saturday morning (Sunday excepted) to the present moment, I have been as hard at work as possible all day, with the exception of an hour's walk each day,

and I shall have similar occupations for the remainder of the week. But in the midst of all my business, I trust I do not forget the end and aim of it all, namely, that I may the more glorify God ; still I find it a very great difficulty and temptation, to be able to give up so little time daily to the immediate service of Christ. I have begun searching the Scriptures for a settlement of the various articles of faith, and I find it an excellent plan for acquiring an accurate knowledge of the Bible and the situation of various passages, and I each time discover more and more how our religion must be sought for through many indirect passages, and from the whole tenor of the book ; for instance, I have found no passage *exactly* defining faith, but collating several, I have gained my end. I also now, chiefly from M—— F——'s advice, keep an occasional journal of my spiritual state, and I trust I shall find it useful. I have, as you know, long kept a daily and particular journal, but this is a more general and of a very different character. * * *

Believe me,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. W. Fox.

Rugby, Sept. 10, 1835.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

* * * Baxter has done well in laying out so very plainly how that we must not seek our rest here, and I feel it every day more and more, for as I pass through this vale of tears (well may it be called so) my natural man lays hold of everything it meets with, and clings to them eagerly ; and often have I to thank God for showing me that this is not our abiding-place, by show-

ing me the folly, the weakness, and sad deformity of all worldly things : how even the most innocent (otherwise) pleasures must be used—not abused—must be made means to lead us on our way to God, and not to merely delight ourselves in them ; home, for instance, and the holidays, though they ought to be a time of great spiritual advancement, become to me a snare and a temptation, and the half-year at school a *comparatively* lighter time. Yet here I have a large stock of temptations and difficulties which need constant struggling with : and they too show that a state of warfare, such as a Christian life must always be, cannot be “our rest.” I often long to leave this sinful world (I mean one in which *my* sins are so many) and be at rest ; but I am reconciled to do God’s will and remain here as long as he shall ordain, as Baxter says :

If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad ?
That shall have the same pay.

One of the most difficult *outward* causes of temptation is my great quantity of business, which is at present so large, that merely doing the work of the school leaves me scarcely any time for devotional exercises ; yet as this is not of my own ordering, I believe it will work for my good, by making me more constantly resting on God for grace and assistance, and teaching me to make use of even the shortest periods, for the purpose of prayer and meditation. * * * I have to thank you very much, my dear George, for the *Life of Henry Martyn*, which you gave me ; for I think from no book did I ever experience so much good, so much

urging to be more diligent and zealous in God's service, and knowledge of how much I fall short of even what a good *man* can acquire. I like the book the more as giving Henry Martyn's *own* thoughts and feelings, and showing us an example of the inner man, that we may derive good in that part of ourselves, and such improvement in the heart more especially. I cannot promise to write you "once a fortnight" now, but I will send you a letter as often as I have opportunity, and till then,

Believe me, your affectionate Brother

HENRY.

EXTRACTS FROM AN EARLY JOURNAL.

RUGBY.—*Wednesday, Sept. 23, 1835.*—I did not rise when first called—I attended ill to my devotions, public and private—No verse—I was very unkind to M——. I do not recollect yielding to temptation—I have wasted much time—I have done but very few things for God's sake—I have been proud and very cold-hearted—Conversation poor—My thoughts have been seldom on God—I have trusted in myself and been very worldly to-day; God be merciful to me a sinner.

Sunday, Oct. 11, 1835.—On rising and during dressing I did not give my thoughts to God. I read the Bible with attention and prayer—My morning devotions were from a cold and worldly heart, and to morning service I was miserably inattentive, but to the afternoon service I attended better. I have kept my thoughts much on God to-day, but in a fearful, faithless state—I did not thank God for my meals—Much

of my conversation has been trifling, and little for others' good.

Sunday, Nov. 1, 1835.—On waking and during dressing I was cold-hearted. During morning service I was very inattentive : during evening somewhat better, but at prayers very inattentive. I have endeavored to keep the day holy, and at times have had great joy in contemplating my Saviour, but at others have been cold and my thoughts wandering—My conversation has been often worldly and light—I rise very late, though wakened repeatedly. Last night I went to sleep with vain thoughts ; I yielded to temptation in not rising earlier—I am very proud—proud in my very humility—I am very unthankful for God's infinite love—I have in some, but not many things, really sought God's service—I have had some love, some faith ; but yet weak ; but God has been very merciful to me.

Saturday, May 23.—R—— sent up T—— for excessive fagging and bullying—On Monday the 6th, inquired into the right of sending up a Præpostor, and it was settled for the future, "If necessary the matter must be laid before the sixth, a majority of whom alone can send a Præpostor up."

Saturday, June 13.—This was Dr. Arnold's 42d birth-day. He dined with his children, and afterwards played a game at cricket with them.

Aug. 29.—Elected a member of Committee of Rugby Mahazine, also of that for the books of the Reading-room.

Oct.—Chosen president of the Debating Society.

SUBJECTS FOR SELF-EXAMINATION.

1. Did I perform my devotions last night, and were my last thoughts on God?
2. When I awoke, were my first thoughts on God, and what was my state of mind while dressing?
3. How did I perform my devotions private and public?
4. Did I rise when first called?
5. How did I do my lessons?
6. Have I wasted any time?
7. Have I obeyed all that are placed over me?
8. Have I spent my money in the best way I could?
9. Have I in any case behaved uncharitably?
10. Have I loved God with my whole heart, not allowing any other object to interfere?
11. Have I, in all I have done, sought to do His will?
12. Have I been humble towards God and towards man?
13. Have I, in conversation, sought to do good?
14. Have I yielded to temptation?
15. Has my conduct been influenced by the opinion of the world?
16. Have my thoughts been constantly heavenward?
17. Have I at all trusted in myself, either for salvation or strength?
18. Have I been thankful?
19. How did I read the Scriptures?
20. Am I cherishing any idol in my heart?

Rugby, Oct. 25, 1835.

MY DEAREST ISABELLA,

I take up my pen to write to you in a very mixed state of mind, partly mourning for the weight of my

sins, partly rejoicing for the mercy God has shown me. I am just come to the end of a Sunday, one of the most unhappy, but I trust, not unprofitable I have had for long past: for I have just finished a week with more than usual backsliding and coldness towards God—chiefly the immediate effect of a neglect of my daily devotions and self-examination, and have been passing to-day, weighed down by the weight of my sins, unable through my wickedness and hardness of heart to look up unto God, and feeling all the bonds of sin upon me. But it is good that I have been thus troubled and brought low, for I am thus taught the hateful and miserable nature of sin, and again and again I am forced to see, spite of myself, my own wickedness of heart, and to feel my own weakness, and thus to throw myself entirely on God. And He this evening has raised me somewhat from my low and dark state to some perception of him; yet how thick and dim is the glass we still see him through, and how much need have I to come closer to him. Yet whither else can I go? No one but He hath the words of eternal life, and that alone is worth living for. O! how unspeakable are the riches of his mercy, and how eternal is his love: to bring us back again and again when we fall away from him, and again to teach us how gracious he is. In truth eternity itself cannot be too long to praise him in; and yet this life must also be spent in that same service of praise and love, though these be mingled oftentimes with troubles, and groanings, and tears; and be often hid from us by some earth-born idol of our own creation. (Tuesday, Oct. 27.) To-day again I have been blessed by great peace of mind and by strength to continue aright: this

I feel more than I have generally felt before, for it has always happened that my days of coldness towards God and unwillingness to serve him, have been some of the week-days, and my days of greatest peace have been the Sundays: on which days (the Sundays) I have often looked forward to the coming week with great fear and almost horror, expecting to be again swallowed up by the world; but now I am going on with my usual avocations, yet feeling in me that peace of God which passeth understanding, and a firm hope of eternal salvation through Christ, and feeling also that between to-day and to-morrow there is no great and marked difference to break in upon my comfort. I thank you very much for your advice about my anxiety for the Exhibition; and I think I fully feel how much I must humble myself, and how much there is still in me of self, which must be rendered up wholly unto God. This anxiety has been exercising very bad effects on me, by leading me to work for the Exhibition, and hiding God from me in all my daily school-work, but I pray daily that I may be led more and more "to do *all* things for Christ's sake." * * *

My dearest Isabel,

I am your affectionate Brother,

HENRY.

Durham, January 30th, 1836.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I ought to have written to you long ago, especially as I have had a great deal of time on my hands while at home during the last six weeks; but I have been lazy, and I always find that at school I have more real time, and am more capable of letter-writing than at

home. This must serve for my excuse if you need one. I am just coming to the end of a period of great trial and temptation, and one which I have always to lament over, for the many failings and errors which I have made during it. For though during the holidays my earthly means and assistances are very much greater, being surrounded by Christian friends, yet I have as yet always found myself during the holidays in a very cold and dead state towards God, and only relieved at times by being brought to Him again ; and yet after this revival, as it were, in my heart, in a day or two, or even less, I fall back again ;—not into open and wilful sin, but into carelessness and forgetfulness, and with this backsliding, or rather as its effect, there comes on me a great spiritual blindness, fulfilling those words : “ If we do His will we shall know of His doctrine.” The chief cause of all this sin, is my trusting partly in my own strength, and not watching unto prayer. The immediate cause of the temptation which besets me, is the broken-up state of my studies, and my mind at home, and the too many earthly enjoyments I there meet with. But yet all these backslidings are, and I trust will be, very useful to me, teaching me by frequent experience to put my whole trust, not merely for salvation, but for strength and support as well, on Christ only. * * * I can in some degree sympathize with you, with respect to the peace and happiness of the Sunday ; at least, at school, I have every opportunity of being quiet, and am able to spend almost the whole of the day in communion with God. But latterly I have given up two hours on the Sunday evening to teach some of my younger school-fellows. I have found it an advantage even to myself, to begin

to teach ; it makes me learn more and more clearly the doctrines of Christianity, and prepares me for teaching hereafter. It is a great consolation to me also, to have around me Christian friends ; two have come to a knowledge of religion since I knew it myself, and the others have become friends since then ; it seemed best to God, and I now perceive the advantage, that when my eyes were first opened, I should be left without any Christian companions ; but all around me were in this light strangers. It made me trust more to heavenly assistance, and prevented me from falling into carelessness, by surrounding me with those whose conversation and conduct showed me what state to avoid. I am now on my way to Cambridge, where I shall stay a few days on my road to Rugby ; and I expect to see there, perhaps to hear, Mr. Simeon, Henry Martyn's friend ; I will write to you again soon, and tell you respecting him, for old as he is, he preaches nearly every Sunday at his church. * * *

Believe me, my dear George,

Your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

Rugby, April 17, 1836.

MY DEAREST ISABELLA,

I find I have *two* letters of yours still unanswered, which makes me begin this sheet to you rather than to Anne. * * * * I have just returned from visiting a poor sick woman, who is, and apparently has long been, a sincere Christian ; and though she was unable from weakness to say much, yet I have received much good from witnessing how a Christian is supported in the most trying hour, and in again viewing how trans-

itory and empty is this world and its goods, and I find that this last especially is a lesson which I have constantly to learn afresh ; for I live in a state to see the best and most desirable parts of this world ; in boyhood, free from most outward cares and troubles, and with many pleasing and exciting things in prospect ; all this naturally draws me down to the level of the things of this world, and I need constantly to see poverty, weakness, and misery, in order to call to mind that all present things are quickly passing away, and that my affections must be more and more set on things above. I feel a very great temptation attacking me now, in the form of a love of this world, which has come upon me from the prospect of the examinations at the end of this half-year ; for these are constantly before my eyes, on account of my preparations for them, and I am led to look forward to them as the end to which all my present labors are to be directed, instead of doing all things directly for God's sake ;—this necessarily brings a great darkness over me, since I am tempted to have another object in view instead of Christ ; but yet with the temptation God gives a way to escape, and I trust and pray, that by His grace I may not only come out of this trial unhurt, but improved by it. I read in Dr. Arnold's sermons to-day, that "if we have truly tasted that the Lord is gracious, our only reason for wishing to remain on earth, must be to further his kingdom," and I thought how very true, and yet how many other motives do we allow to come in the way ;—how many other ties to earth do we make for ourselves ! O how very weak and inconsistent are we, and how very sinful, and how thankful should we daily be, that it is not on our own works that our salvation rests, and yet

even, though we ought to be, and perhaps are thankful that such is the case, how fain would we try to seek our salvation by our works, and put our trust in them if we were not constantly checked, and called to remember how sinful they are, and how weak we are. * *

HENRY.

Rugby, May 20, 1836.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Though I begin this letter so soon, yet as I intend it to reach you on your birth-day, I must begin it by wishing you many happy returns of the day, and I pray God that they may be also both happy and blessed. * * * I wrote a day or two ago to G——, and have heard from him, that I must be in Oxford on June 24th; the examination begins next day, and the result is given out on the 30th. I shall come down the same evening, and begin the exhibition examination on the first of July (Friday), and shall leave Rugby on Tuesday the 5th. I shall write, immediately the result of each examination is known; but I beg you not to rest too much on my chances, which even I cannot now determine, nor shall I be able till the matter is settled; for Wadham, the chances are perhaps rather against me, as a school-fellow who is about my equal tries against me, and I cannot tell what other competitors I may have; for the exhibition the chances are about equal, there being two boys whom I fear. But, at any rate, I shall endeavor, that if I fail, it shall not be by want of diligence now, and if in my letters I have mentioned anything about plans for the holidays, do not think that they occupy my time or attention, but are merely fancies flitting across my head now-and-then. But,

however the event of the examination may turn out, I know that it will be by God's guidance, and I trust I may not only be content, but glad to receive that allotment which He knows to be best. I have had some severe struggles with myself; but God has given me His strength, and has enabled me to be willing to commit myself, and all my concerns to Him. I should very much like to succeed, according to your wish, but it may be best for us all that I should not, and then we shall all have need to be thankful that matters have not gone according to our short-sighted wishes, but have been under the direction of Him, who looks not only on our worldly benefit, but on what most forwards us in our approach to His holiness. As my time draws to a close here, I feel a great deal of pain at parting with old scenes, and leaving school seems to be like leaving the world, for though one rejoices to go away and be at rest, and enjoy the presence of Christ eternally, and would not return for worlds, yet there is a feeling of pain at parting with what has been so dear on earth; and the leaving my study forever will be painful, for it has been the place of my joy and sorrow for the five years, and has also been the scene of my first opening views of religion, and where for two years and a half I have offered up my daily prayers, and have received so many tokens of God's grace, and mercy, and love. And yet it is better that these ties should be broken, for it teaches me more manifestly that our rest is not here. To-morrow I shall receive the Sacrament the last time while I am at Rugby, and much need have I to be exceedingly thankful to my God and Redeemer, for his having so often vouchsafed me the means of attending at His table, and of enjoying the blessed prom-

ises of His word, for if it were not for His grace, and His only, I might be now entirely ignorant of Him, and be one of those who go away from His table careless of His goodness.

Believe me, my dear Father,

Your very affectionate Son,

HENRY W. FOX.

Rugby, June 13, 1836.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

Though I have not been able to manage that you should receive a letter from me to-day, yet I have found time to begin one, and I have not thought the less of you, but when you will receive this one, I cannot tell, perhaps scarcely before the end of the half. I am heartily wishing that time was come, for I am quite tired out with school-work for the present, and wish to be at home among you again, and have some rest and quiet; and besides the weariness of merely finishing one labor to take up another, I often feel tired of having nothing but boys' company. * * * *

But my weariness of school is a very partial feeling; and who can be unhappy, who is a Christian? It is enough to know that our present situation is of God's appointment to make us content and happy in it, and as I know that it is only the feeling of His presence which can in any circumstances confer happiness, it is rather a mark of weakness of faith to be always looking forward to some future part of this life, as being happier than the present. I am sure you will rejoice in my joy, at having at last found a person sincerely desirous of becoming a Christian; he is a boy about

fifteen years old, and I first became acquainted with his state by his coming to me about a month ago, and inquiring whether I thought he could go to the Sacrament, considering his state ; by this he meant, that he was so sinful. I found that God had been working in him for some time, but he was yet dark with respect to the knowledge of many necessary things :—since then we have met every Sunday evening, and I have endeavored to teach him from the Scriptures, and explain them to him ; he appears very sincere, and has gained more knowledge since I first spoke to him, and though the time we shall have been together will be short, yet I pray and believe that it has been made a means of strengthening his faith and in leaving him I shall have little fear (I mean humanly speaking) of his relapsing, for God has truly called him, and will uphold him. We had a very nice meeting here about a week ago, for the Church Missionary Society ; Baptist Noel was present, and gave a very interesting account of the Missions in the East, especially of an entrance into China ; he made me remember Henry Martyn. The assembly was addressed by several other clergymen, and it was very delightful to retire for a while from the bustle and worldly-mindedness of my general scenes and companions, to be among those whose only aim was to advance their Saviour's kingdom, and who were talking of him alone ; it was very refreshing and useful to me, and may perhaps be the cause of still more good ; for what Mr. Noel spoke so earnestly about,—the want, not of funds merely, but of Missionaries,—has much more than even before led me to think seriously, of so employing the talents which God has

given me, but of this I wish to speak more fully during the holidays.

Believe me to be,
Your affectionate Brother,
HENRY.

Rugby, June 23, 1836.

MY DEAR —

Instead of sitting alone, and in the sick-room, as I am doing at present, writing a letter to you, I ought to be far away, "skiffing to Iffley and back," but so it is, our fixed plans are not at our own disposal, but are changed when we least expect it; for about a year I have been looking forward to having at least a struggle for a Scholarship; but last Saturday I was taken ill with the Chicken-pox;—lay in bed Monday and Tuesday, and am now incapable of going up, and almost of going out, at least, I have not been out of doors yet, though I hope to do so to-morrow. I have not yet written home, so must ask you to send them some notice of this interruption of the proposed plan, and tell my Mother not to be at all afraid, as I am quite recovered, as far as health goes, except my weakness, which will be gone in a few days, and my plumpudding-face, which will not I hope last above a week; I have had the peculiar felicity to have enjoyed the disease in a *marked* degree, having not less than 100 or 120 fine blushing roses on my face, and as many more on the rest of my body; at present they have turned to a fine glossy black color, and I believe will continue the same till they are pleased to drop off as unceremoniously as they dropt in. This has happened at an unfortunate time; as we call things unfortunate, but

as it was not in our own hands, but in His who has knowledge and power infinitely beyond ours, we have no more reason to call it unfortunate than the contrary ; it is not our own will or good we seek,—and He knows the best, both what is best for us, and how we may be better enabled to work to His glory ; that was to be the only end of my gaining the scholarship, and if He has seen fit to use other means, and of course better, and for us (as He promises) also better, what cause have we, or desire ought we to have, to repine ? I at first felt a little disappointment, but I have been enabled to look on it in a contented and thankful manner, and now I am only afraid lest my father should be much disappointed ; though for my own sake I would rather that it should be as it is, than that I should have tried for it and failed, as that I think would have disappointed him still more. * * *

Believe me, my dear ——,

Your very affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

Liverpool, July 7, 1836.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

* * * I have just gained an Exhibition, and am going to lie by for a time in seeing Scotland. * * * The little sickness I had, put an end to the plan in view, of my standing for a Wadham Scholarship, by coming just at the time I was to have gone up ; at first I was somewhat disappointed, but it was God's own working which prevented me, and He also taught me to be content ; it brought much fresher to my mind how I was to work for His glory, and made me depend on Him much more for every result ; yet still I

constantly find myself seeking my own will, instead of looking only on what is His. I have felt a good deal on leaving Rugby, and seeing each spot, not perhaps for the last time, but for the last as a school-boy, and many of them will be sadly altered before I shall be able to see them again;—it was in the case of inanimate objects that I felt most; parting with my study was by far most severe, and I could scarcely resolve to take my last look at the place, where for five years I have sat in joy and sorrow, where day after day I have knelt in prayer, and week after week I have spent many happy Sundays; it was a breaking up of all the physical ties which I have had since I was a mere child. And yet it is strange I would not have returned next half for anything; it is like leaving life altogether; there is a pang and a pain in parting with so many endeared objects, but not for worlds would I return to them; in the midst of sorrow we are in joy at the prospect before us. I have several plans in my head at present respecting my future employment, but the chief one is to go out to some quarter of the world as a Missionary; young men are needed for that course, and I feel myself in some respects fitted for it, as having a strong constitution, and a fondness for learning languages. * * *

Your affectionate Brother,
HENRY W. FOX.

Durham, August 29, 1836.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I thank you for your letter of June 7th, which I received a few days ago: the subject you have spoken of in it has been for a long time, I assure you, a mat-

ter of consideration with me, but I do not think that, till very lately, I have entered upon it with a single heart. It is with shame and sorrow that I have to say, that from the time I was first brought to a knowledge of God, I have scarcely ever walked with a single and entire devotedness to his service ; there may have been short times, perhaps for a few hours or days, in which God has been the only object of my desire, but for three years I have had a snare in my path, and have been endeavoring to unite a love of God with a love of the world : and of course the latter has been too frequently gaining the ascendancy. When I look back on this period, I have more and more need to render thanks to God that he has not cut me off for my hardness of heart. But, praised be his name, he has at last, I believe, brought me to love him alone, and given me strength to cast away the sins that beset me ; so that now, though my spirit is constantly attacked by, and too often yields to, the enticements of the world, yet I am enabled to set my heart on Him only. And now that I am freed from having a worldly object constantly before me, I have much greater peace and comfort in Christ—much, very much more—than I have enjoyed for many months, or I may say, than I have ever had : now I feel that I can do all things through Him that strengtheneth me ; but only *through Him*. Hitherto my holidays have been to me a constant source of trial, and of sorrow afterwards ; this year (I know not why ; I have not deserved it, and it is through his great mercy alone) God has granted that they should be to me a season of great joy and comfort, and I trust I may be enabled to make them a useful time of preparation, for the change in my scene of life which I am

just about to enter upon. To return to the subject of your letter, I believe that now I am seeking sincerely how I may best glorify God by my choice of a profession, and that is the sole object I have ; but it was some time before I could entirely cast away earthly advantages from my view. As far as I can judge at present, my views agree with yours. I seem to be rather fit for the ministry than the bar ; and physic, though opening very many means of doing good, has never occupied my attention. My own desires are certainly for the first of the three, and my attention is frequently drawn to view its peculiar duties, so that I should in some respects be more prepared before-hand for it than for the others. But I have still some years before I need make a definite determination, and I trust that God will hear my prayers to the effect that I may be guided aright in my choice. I thank you deeply for your letter, which has been of very great use to me ; for your assuming in it that the glory of God was my only object, made me feel guilty and aware that such was not the case ; it has been the beginning of my throwing myself entirely on Him. It is indeed an exceeding great mercy to be enabled to have an abiding sense of our acceptance with God through Jesus Christ's merits, not by our own. There is the point ;—we are so sinful and so weak, that when once our eyes are opened, we must despair of salvation by our own means. And how great is the peace and comfort to feel that our sins, however heinous they may have been, are blotted out by Christ's sacrifice, and that our imperfect prayers are heard, and our works of love accepted through Him, and for his sake ; it is indeed a joy unspeakable, and a peace which the world cannot give



RUGBY SCHOOL.

nor take away. The chief danger I feel now is lest I should become proud, and fancy it is my own doing, or my own merits, which have brought me to so happy a state ; for if we avoid one error, it is difficult to keep in the straight path ; but we are tempted to fall into the opposite one, and humility is only to be learnt after frequent backslidings. How strange it is that such beings as we, who have most cause of all created things to feel shame, since we alone are fallen creatures, should ever be in danger of becoming proud of our good things, which even are not ours, nor of our doing. * * * *

Believe me, my dear George,

Your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

CHAPTER II.

REMOVAL TO OXFORD—SPIRITUAL TRIALS DURING HIS UNIVERSITY CAREER.

MY brother left Rugby at Midsummer 1836, and began his residence at Wadham College, Oxford, in October of the same year.

His correspondence during his career at Rugby, has shown a steady development of mind, and a healthful progress in divine knowledge and grace. I cannot refrain from observing, how much more happy was his course, than that of many enjoying similar privileges, who neglect opportunities, waste time, and worse than all, quench the impressions which the grace of God is making on their hearts, instead of cultivating and carefully improving them.

But the object of this memoir is instruction, not panegyric, and I shall not hesitate therefore, freely to expose the errors into which the subject of it fell; for as much instruction may be derived from the warning voice of those who have erred (if duly heeded) as from the example of those who have walked according to the right rule.

The removal from School to College is a very critical period of life: the reins of personal discipline are

of necessity somewhat loosened—the boy has been merged in the man, the *toga virilis* assumed, whilst too often no advance in manliness of mind or strength of character has been acquired, so needful for the scenes of temptation that are in store.

It is not to be wondered at, that so many persons assembled together in this dangerous transition-state, with passions strong, judgments weak, should furnish an atmosphere very unhealthy for sound and vigorous life, and should render that period, which is under any circumstances fraught with danger, yet more hazardous: and so it has always proved, that many, too many, make utter shipwreck of their hopes for life, during their University career, adding nothing to their stock of knowledge, but largely to their storehouse of vice. It would be unjust however not to admit, that a more healthful element, some better blood, has been infused into our Universities in latter years; and that there is so fair a proportion of men disposed for study, and for mental culture, and better still, for spiritual improvement, in our Universities at the present day, that any young man who is desirous of following out these, the legitimate objects of his residence there, will meet with sufficient countenance, and friends enough to support him in so doing.

My brother went up to Oxford fortified by the grace of God, and better prepared to withstand the temptations of University life than most at his age; yet, for all that, it proved a season of peculiar trial, during which, though he lost not his foot-hold entirely, though he was graciously preserved from vice, nay further, maintained to a certain degree his Christian character and his Christian warfare; yet he received a check,

his course for a time was no longer onwards, but backwards, and he became the victim of that enemy so destructive to the Christian life, a spirit of backsliding. It may be useful to trace this decline to its origin, for though in his case it proved, happily, only the prelude to a more vigorous renewal of God's grace in his heart ; and in his worst estate he bore to the outward appearance of man, the character of a moral and religious person ; yet such decays of piety are fraught with danger of the most destructive character, and often result in a total, final apostasy from the grace of God, leaving their unhappy subject a prey to all the hardening influences of formality, and a conscience seared with a hot iron, where once all was tender, promising, and gracious.

1. The first error, by no means an uncommon one, into which my brother fell, was that of not being sufficiently choice in the selection of his companions ; associating with many who had no sympathy with him in divine things, and whose influence could only be that of deteriorating the better impressions by which his own heart was already pervaded.

2. He contracted a violent passion for boating, in the pursuit of which amusement, he found it difficult to stop at that point which yields healthful exercise ; but became so enamored of the sport, as to spend on it many precious hours, to which study was properly entitled. The probability is, that very few have had better success than he had in this respect, and it may be a subject of careful consideration, for those who are similarly circumstanced, whether it be wise or prudent, to incur the hazard of being thus carried away ; for in a solitary pursuit there is no other ob-

stacle to contend against but one's own will: whereas in boating, the peculiar relationship of the members of the crew, and their mutual dependence, give them an influence upon each other's mind, which few are able to withstand; and the result of which often is, a waste of time, the formation of friendships most undesirable, and an extravagance of which the loss of money is the least part of the evil.

3. A want of regular habits and of fixed times, both for study and devotional purposes, were consequences very likely to supervene from such associations, and such was the case;—but beyond this, my brother's decline, at its worst point, went not. The grace of God had been too deeply rooted, and his conscience was too sensitive, to allow of his falling away entirely, from him to whom he had early consecrated his heart. Besides this, he had other healthful and corrective influences acting upon him; amongst which may be mentioned, his connection with the Sunday School of St. Ebbe's, and his acquaintance with Mr. Champneys, at that time the valuable curate of the parish; he also had a district for visiting the poor;—to which must be added, the healthful influence of domestic affections, and a frequent correspondence with his sister. Thus therefore, though to the eye of the world, there was not much to complain of,—nay, if he had not previously been the subject of deeper impressions, and a more vigorous piety, one would have rejoiced, even at that measure which still remained, when most palsied by lukewarmness; nevertheless, the disadvantages which he experienced from the causes already detailed, were serious and permanent. He was not prevented from reaping to a certain ex-

tent those advantages of mental culture and intellectual development, which our Universities, beyond any other sources of education, are so well calculated to confer, when their course of study is severely pursued to the end: but he did fail, as he himself often afterwards lamented, of obtaining the full benefit which he might have derived from his residence at Oxford; and it was mainly owing to this cause, that the expectations of his friends were not realized, and the standing he had gained at Rugby not maintained, so that, though he took a respectable degree, those higher honors of which he at one time gave promise, were not obtained.

Writing to a friend shortly after he had taken his degree, he expressed himself as follows:—"I trust your course at Cambridge may be a more steadfast and Christian one, than mine was at Oxford. If I may be allowed a word of advice, I should say, consider the object of the University, viz.: the education of the mind, and formation of habits, and set yourself to fulfil it; and consider in, and for whom you are to do it, and be much in communion with Him, who is the highest blessing."

The altered circumstances in which my brother was placed, no doubt added greatly to his temptations, on entering upon his University career.

Whilst at Rugby, he had enjoyed the advantage of discipline, that "pressure from without," which was greatly serviceable in helping the conscientious workings of his own mind; so that habits of study, and a system of living by rule, were more easily attained. Now the great advantage of this to the spiritual life, need hardly be pointed out. Early rising, with a period

of healthful prayer and study of God's word, before entering on the duties of the day, gives vigor and nerve to the soul, enabling it to discharge its duties with energy and perseverance.

Again at Rugby, during the latter period of his course, he had the advantage of being in the Sixth Form, which gave him the office of Præpostor; and it is curious to observe what a control this sense of "office" seems to have exercised even upon boys who were not governed by higher motives; a feeling of *esprit du corps* prevailed throughout the body; they felt, that upon them rested in a great degree, the discipline, the credit of Rugby; they were strongly impressed with a sense of their importance in the exercise of their præpostorial duties, and very high notions were entertained of "the dignity of the Sixth."

No doubt some self-conceit and self-sufficiency were infused by such feelings, but the standard of conduct was elevated by it decidedly. I speak more especially of those who had not higher motives to govern them, but even those who had, would feel assistance from such external influences.

At Oxford these advantages were lost, and what would be more injurious, perhaps without being perceived. In the place of discipline came perfect freedom—no external helps towards regular habits—so that except the warning voice of conscience, there was nothing to check self-indulgence, lying in bed, waste of time, unprofitable lounging companions.

Such are the temptations common to all, who are transferred from a public school to University life, and it is therefore the more important to contemplate them beforehand. These too, are the temptations to which

the steadiest are exposed, as well as others; the peculiar snares of the better class of men. But surely a University course ought not to be one of a negative character, content to escape unscathed by vice; rather should it prove fraught with the highest intellectual and moral benefits, and be that season of life when habits are formed, and principles of self-control acquired, which shall fit the future man to fulfil his destinies in the highest and noblest manner.

My brother took up his residence in Oxford, at the most critical period in the history of our Church and University, which has occurred since the Reformation. That party was just being formed, whose object of "unprotestantizing the Church of England," has since been by themselves publicly avowed, but was then secretly and dishonestly concealed, till the proper time should come. Those men enjoyed at that day a reputation, which they have since forfeited: their novelty, their earnestness of mind, the show of holiness and devotion, the touching pietism of their early writings, all tended to procure for them great admiration, from the unwary, and those who were unable to discover the secret purpose at which they were aiming.

Others there were, it is true,* Fathers of our Church,

* EXTRACT FROM THE CHARGE OF THE BISHOP OF CHESTER, 1838.

Many subjects present themselves, towards which I might be tempted to direct your thoughts; one more especially concerns the Church at present, because it is daily assuming a more serious and alarming aspect, and threatens a revival of the worst evils of the Romish system.

Under the specious pretence of deference to antiquity and respect for primitive models, the foundations of our Primitive Church are undermined by men who dwell within her walls; and those who sit in the Reformers' seat are traducing the Reformation.

It is again become a matter of question, whether the Bible is suffi-

whose experience in the things of God, enabled them to detect the counterfeit from the first, and to point out the unsound theology and Romanizing tendency of the party. In vain they raised their warning voice, pointing out the necessary result of such doctrines—that they who honestly pursued them to their legitimate conclusions, must end in Rome: a prophecy which has been so fully realized by later events as to confirm the

cient to make men wise unto salvation; the main article of our national confession—justification by faith, is both openly and covertly assailed; and the stewards of the mysteries of God, are instructed to reserve the truths which they have been ordained to dispense, and to hide under a bushel those doctrines which the Apostles were commanded to preach unto every creature.

EXTRACT FROM THE CHARGE OF THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA, 1838.

It is to me I confess a matter of surprise and shame, that in the nineteenth century we should have the fundamental position of the whole system of popery virtually re-asserted in the bosom of that very Church which was reformed so determinately three centuries since from this self-same evil, by the doctrine and labors and martyrdom of Cranmer and his noble fellow-sufferers.

What! are we to have all the fond tenets, which formerly sprung from the traditions of men, reintroduced, in however modified a form, among us? Are we to have a refined transubstantiation—the sacraments, and not faith, the chief means of salvation—a confused and uncertain mixture of the merits of Christ, and inherent grace, in the matter of justification—remission of sins and the new creation of Christ Jesus, confined, or almost confined, to baptism—perpetual doubt of pardon to the penitent after that sacrament—the duty and advantage of self-imposed austerities—the innocency of prayers for the dead, and similar tenets and usages which generate “a spirit of bondage,” again asserted among us? And is the paramount authority of the inspired Scriptures, and the doctrine of the grace of God in our justification by the alone merits of Jesus Christ, which reposes on that authority, to be again weakened and obscured by such human superadditions; and a new edifice of “will-worship,” and “voluntary humility,” and “the rudiments of the world,” as the Apostle speaks, to be erected once more in the place of the simple gospel of a crucified Saviour?

soundness of views and clearness of conception, which influenced those who gave it utterance.

But such wisdom was not to be looked for from inexperienced youths, and without question much evil was imbibed at that period, by those who were to be the future ministers of our Church, the sad effects of which we are feeling at the present day.

There are those who were at Oxford with my brother, who trace his decay of piety and increased worldliness of mind to this cause, viz., his having embraced those unsound views of theology, which were fashionable in the University at that day, under the influence of some, with whom he was necessarily brought in contact, whilst pursuing his studies there. But after a careful investigation of his journals and letters, I cannot agree with them. It is evident that for a period he was dazzled by the appearance of those men, and frequently spoke in their favor, and that he really misunderstood them; but that any of their doctrinal errors were imbibed by him, does not appear; in fact, there is the clearest evidence to the contrary. And I am fully persuaded, that it was owing to the ordinary process of lukewarmness, arising from the causes I have already detailed, that his course was backward during his residence at Oxford, and not forward.

After what I have said, some perhaps may draw conclusions stronger than are intended, but I would again repeat it, that the decay of piety in my brother's mind at this period was strictly spiritual, that his moral character throughout was irreproachable, that his heart was ever more or less struggling under the superincumbent weight of lukewarmness, and mourning over the loss of God's presence and favor.

Wadham College, Nov. 4, 1836.

MY DEAREST ISABELLA,

Though it is now past 10 P. M., yet if I do not at least *begin* a letter to you, I do not know when I shall be able to do so; and I suppose that if I were not to write soon, you would think that my long silence was occasioned by some other reason than want of time. This has to me been very often, formerly, a reason for delaying letters, and is now; but the want arises from very different causes: for though I have enough work to do, yet a good deal of my time has been hitherto taken up with engagements to my numerous friends to breakfasts and winings: in the former, from 9 till 10 A. M. is thus spent to no great use: in the latter from 6 to half-past 8 or 9 P. M. with little more profit, except as affording plenty of time for conversation. These occupations have been the more numerous from my meeting with (in addition to the many old friends I have) several new ones at this College. * * * I have entered a Sunday-school, which contains 160 boys, and is conducted in a very able way by Mr. Champneys, the clergyman, who is a most excellent person. On Sundays, except for morning and evening chapel, I am free all day, as far as regards the college, and thus am perfectly able to give two hours to the school. Emeris has, through some one else, become a teacher at the same place. I have found this change of life a very great trial indeed; for independently of the broken up state in which my time has till now been (I hope that in a few days more I shall be done with all invitations), I have been frequently tempted and yielded to the temptation of foregoing my mid-day devotions: and thus when the morning has been spent

in continual application of my mind to classics, and the afternoon and evening been frequently spent in others' company, you will know that when my devotions have been neglected, I have been worldly-minded in the extreme; this has kept me in a very low state of love to God, till the last few days, when I have been enabled by his grace, to resist more successfully the inclinations of my heart. I have all along found the morning and evening service in chapel of great benefit; and instead of growing weary from the constant repetition of the same service, I grow more and more to like it. How daily does one's experience of the wickedness of the heart of man increase. I find mine continually drawing me back to the world, and always at variance with God; and every season of backsliding feeds afresh the half-extinguished flame of sin in it, and the fight has to be fought again. But still, notwithstanding all this knowledge, I am ever yielding to some temptation: I often think of that line of the hymn, "Cleanse me from its guilt and power!" And the days are fast passing away, and the time will soon be at hand, in which the weary shall be at rest, and not only so, but rejoicing in the glory of God. I have already, in spite of the unfavorable weather, become a great waterman. On my third day of rowing, I went down to Abingdon in a four-oar, during which, I rowed rather more than eleven miles, and yesterday the same crew of us went above eight miles, of which the first four was in the rain, and for above a quarter of an hour in the heaviest storm of rain and hail I ever felt; but we pulled through it, and none of us have taken any harm from it. * * * *

HENRY W. FOX.

Louth, Jan. 9, 1837. *

MY DEAREST ISABELLA,

I was agreeably surprised to find you blaming yourself for not writing sooner, since I have been doing the same for the last fortnight. I intended to have written home immediately on my arrival here on the 31st ult. to let you know that I had arrived safe through the snow; as from what I said in my letter about a month ago, you might expect me to be traveling about this time. I, in consequence of being here, only received your letter two days ago. I spent rather a lonely three weeks at Oxford, but did not make so much use of it for reading as I might have done. Perhaps you will be rather astonished to hear that I am now strongly tempted to be idle, and it has been one of my besetting sins during the last term; I have always had this as a temptation, but at Rugby I was generally enabled to resist it, and I trust I shall again be able to do so when I return. * * * * I am not astonished at your being anxious respecting me at College, for it is indeed a place full of temptations of every kind, both outward and inward: I am tempted on the one hand to be idle by a hundred different temptations; and then when I work I am tempted to do so for the sake of worldly honors and rewards, and the very work itself is always leading me away to be worldly-minded. But next term I expect to have a great assistance, by visiting the poor regularly: for as far as I have hitherto done so, I have found great benefit from its spiritualizing my mind. I have not yet overcome my old habit of laziness in rising, and I feel it to be a constant source of ill to my soul, either caus-

ing me to hurry my devotions, or to neglect some of my daily work.

Believe me,

Your very affectionate Brother,

HENRY.

Wadham College, Feb. 2, 1837.

MY DEAR BUCKINGHAM,

* * * * * I have now been up here about three months, and much as I expected to like Oxford, my expectations have fallen short of the reality. I had before I came up, one or two religious friends, and I expected to be able to form one or two other friendships which should have for their foundation the love of Christ; but instead of one or two, I at present know above a dozen such persons, with several of whom I am very intimate. This has been a great blessing, but I have put it to very little use, for last term I was very idle, which being itself sinful, led into a cold and worldly state; and even now I can scarcely dare to say that I am out of it. The morning service in chapel ought to be a great advantage to me, but through my laziness I seldom use it: however, by Christ's assistance—for it is by his grace alone that we stand—I trust to be able to overcome this bad habit. Many, too, of the blessings, I have turned to evils by neglecting and abusing them. I waste time in vain conversation with my friends. I allow my reading to take away my heart and thoughts from heavenly subjects, and my heart to fix on those objects which were given me only for refreshment or assistance. Very soon after I came up, I was able to become teacher at a Sunday-school, under Mr. Champneys, who is a most excellent and

delightful man; and I am just about to take a district in his parish for visiting. I have hitherto had very little of this; but whenever I have had it, I have felt its great benefit. All this will be a preparation for the time when I shall have a parish myself; or, as I often look forward to it, for teaching the heathen in foreign lands. * * * * *

Believe me, your very affectionate Friend,

HENRY W. FOX.

Wadham College, June 10, 1838.

MY DEAREST ISABELLA,

* * * * * I never knew so much wickedness in myself, so much innate sin, growing apace and overrunning all things, the moment it was unchecked by the grace of Christ. My dear Sister, you can no doubt feel for me, but you can scarcely know the extremity of my sin, and the blackness of my heart; the frequent entire neglect of God in private, which made its appearance, even before men, in the form of carelessness, and the laying hold of the world again, and its pleasures; the dimness of the spiritual light: so that these things which before had been plainly sinful and hateful, were now become doubtful, and many which before had been disallowed, were admitted; nay, even *now* I scarcely dare say, that I am out of this slough, so often and often do I fall back, even when I have been somewhat brought back to God, and then to think that this is the case with one who has had committed unto him, not five, but ten talents, for here am I surrounded, as it were, by every means of grace, if I choose to make use of them;—daily prayers, outward assistances for regularity of mind and habits, good sermons, truly

Christian and wise friends, Sunday Schools, visiting, and every assistance which books can give;—all this, and yet so neglected, and I, who am here placed in a most responsible situation, as a light upon a hill, have become darkness; —how much evil I have done, not to speak of the absence of good to those around, I dread to think of; but Christ, who loves us better than we know,—deigns to call us brethren. * * * *

HENRY.

St. Bees, August 23, 1838.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

* * * I often find myself deceiving myself by fancying utility in some pleasure which has perhaps nothing but the pleasure to recommend it in reality; thus I am not always careful about my society, apologizing to myself, that to mix in this or that sort, it may be rather lower than my rank, or less moral than ought to be, is useful, in order, both in endeavor to raise those who form it, and to learn men's manners and minds under every form. I have been passing by no means a happy time at Ambleside, as far as regards my state of mind, and I have been in a situation in which I do not recollect to have been before, though I have known of it from the writings of others. During my moving about, I was generally in so unsettled a state, my attention so constantly caught by some novelty or amusement, that I fell into a very careless and godless state. I cannot tell you how low my heart sank in forgetfulness of God, even though I continued my forms of devotion:—on my arrival at the Lakes, my quiet situation and sudden change of habits from idleness and irregularity to steady reading, gave me every oppor-

tunity for returning to God ; but here He has used punishment for my sins, and after having a thousand times used mercy, shown in immediate reception after fallings away, He has now hid His face from me ; I feel as if I could not come near him, and my prayers are full of darkness and want of faith. I know that even my present coldness is an additional cause of this state, but it is more than usual. I desire to bow myself under this trial too, and oh ! I desire to struggle after Christ ; I know that He has not altogether given me over to my own wickedness, or else He would not have left this desire after Him in my heart, and I can trust that He will receive me again, nay, does now receive me through His own blood, but that He is using correction to warn me against my sins, and to show me more plainly what are the fruits of following the world ; —I have gone many steps backward, I find myself ever looking forward to some earthly place of rest, and I seem not to realize Christ's kingdom. Oh ! what a miserable sinner I am, to be but now entering into God's service, so long after He has called me, and after so many great and manifest mercies to me. I sometimes look forward, that probably in two years, or a little more, I shall be a Clergyman, and if I am no more advanced during that time, than I have been during the last two years, how shall I teach, who shall need teaching in the very elements myself ? * * *

Believe me, your affectionate Brother,

HENRY.

JOURNAL.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—*Sunday, August 27, 1837.*
—A very joyful day : God mercifully heard my prayers

for the Sunday School children, and they were more attentive and inclined to learn. He was very graciously present with me during morning service.—Mr. Clayton preached on “With desire have I desired to eat this Passover with you,” showing the great love of Christ, in caring only for His disciples, even just before His suffering. I received the Sacrament with more joy than I have ever before done, feeling perfect assurance in Christ’s redeeming love,—but the afternoon was wasted in sleep; thus neglecting my almost only time for reading. Before evening service I studied Ephesians iii., which set forth the love of God as shown in our salvation, and the freeness of His gift. In the evening I was again blessed by a very excellent sermon from Mr. Hopper. While walking to Gateshead, I was enabled to return thanks to God for His numerous and full temporal blessings to me, for His having so mercifully and patiently brought me so far, with an assurance of continuing me to the end. Oh! the glory of the thought, that I am now an heir of salvation. “We are now on our way to God,” not a thing to be hereafter attained; we are now heirs, waiting merely till the time of our inheriting comes:—“Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly.” “Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.”

Monday,—September 11.—On Saturday I accompanied E. C. to Cullercoats; the day was spent in sauntering, in sailing, fishing, and chatting in the evening;—truly to be in the society of friends, gentlemen, and persons capable of affording continual amusement, and where the train of kindly feeling is never so much as wounded—this is a great pleasure; but it is an entirely worldly one, and independent of its indulgence,

it had its bad effects on me, of deadening my spirit of love, and adoration. On the Sunday morning I was somewhat refreshed by prayer in my own room, but the continual interruptions and worldly conversation of the day, were a snare by which I was entangled. I was under a continual feeling of guilt, save during the afternoon and evening service.

In the evening I had a solitary walk on the beach, "where the tide was gently flowing," and one little rippling wave after another made sweet music on the shore, under the calm and silent light of the full and mist-embosomed moon,—was enabled to thank God for all this, and to feel His love and mercy by giving us these enjoyments of His works.

Sunday,—October 1, 1837.—Yesterday I was nineteen,—to-day, I am twenty years of age. I desire to record some particular mercies of God to me during the past year:—first of all, His daily preservation of me in health and strength, and the grace which He has given me for spiritual advancement. I think, that now, all striking outward objects which would tie me down to the world are removed. God has placed me in situations of great usefulness and responsibility at Oxford;—in the Sunday School, the District Visiting and Lecture, besides my influence upon individual friends—these, especially the last, have been sadly neglected on my part, which I pray may be corrected henceforth. I have been during much of the last year in great spiritual coldness; from my first residence in College, to my present vacation, I was wrapt up in worldly things, many had hold on my heart, and more entangled me in daily business: at times, especially on Sundays, and during the Easter vacation, I arose by the Lord's

assistance and shook off the world, but yet was there always one worldly tie holding me down; another evil was, my engagement in boat-racing, whereby I was much associated for two hours daily, with persons entirely worldly, and never had any quiet solitary walks to lead me back to God—this same thing was the cause of a great deal of idleness, of weariness at night, to the injury of evening devotions, and of laziness in the mornings, hurting my hours of prayer, and altogether forming a weight of sin on my soul. Periods of travels, as that to Louth in the winter, and to London and home in the summer, were scenes of utter ungodliness, when at night I felt afraid to kneel down to ask forgiveness. I thank God, that after my return home He called me more to Him; living quietly at Newcastle, early rising, regular habits, were the means He used. For two or three weeks immediately following, I was enabled to live more closely to Christ than ever before—since, I have varied much, at times had seasons of prayer, and looking closely to God;—at others I have fallen into wilful sin, and consequently worldly-mindedness.

Friday.—October 20th.—OXFORD.—On Saturday, S. H.— and I travelled through pretty hedge-woodlands to Newark, where we stopped to see the Castle. Proceeded solus in a fly to Rugby, and as I approached that dear place, all glad thoughts stirred within me, and my heart leaped to recognize in the moonlight each scene of my boyhood. How kindly too was I received by Mr. and Mrs. Price, and was there not cause for giving of thanks in all this happiness? next morning I went to Chapel, and entering that place of worship where I first and so often enjoyed in fulness, the

presence of God's Spirit, and hearing that same beloved voice, and seeing those well-remembered faces, filled me with such an unearthly ecstasy, that I trembled and could scarcely stand—for years had I been looking forward to that moment, and the reality surpassed the expectation. And here I desire to record my intense and heartfelt respect, admiration, and love for Dr. Arnold, and I wish always to praise God for His great kindness in having placed me under him, as from him as a means, is derived all that I have of use or of pleasure. Again did I receive from his hands the Lord's Supper,—again did I see him ascend the pulpit, and hear his words of wisdom and of truth. The weather at Rugby was lovely ;—during one calm evening's walk to the mushroom-field, I was struck with the change that had taken place in my perception of beauty during the last year. Each day at Rugby was ended by a different but a lovely sunset. I wish to repeat what delight it was to return to old scenes, and places, and friends. Rugby is my polar star, and I think of it daily. Oh! dear beloved place.

Durham, Sunday, Jan. 14, 1838.—Lord, do thou occupy that place in my heart, which has been emptied of its former possessors, and which is indeed thy seat by right. I desire to love my Saviour, but I do so very little. I am about to enter on some severe trials at Oxford, by leading a different life, and endeavoring to make all things subservient to the will and glory of God ; (alas! how I have hitherto conformed to the world, and led an inconsistent life,) but to do this, my hope is in Christ, who is my Redeemer. Oh! may he be also my exceeding joy.

Oxford, Feb. 2, 1838.—I live much more by myself,

and am able to mingle much more in religious conversation. I begin again, after a lapse of a year and a half, to take a great delight in reading, and begin to read more steadily.

April 30.—I have read something, but not much—my old sin of idleness and dawdling still besets me hard. I have been neglectful of prayer, and have been in a dead state.

September, 1838.—During my stay at Frome my life was inconsistent with my profession, and I laid a great stumbling-block in the way of ———, who was quite irreligious herself, and observing how ill my conduct agreed with my language, took, as she told me, a greater objection than ever to religious people.

I desire to bewail my sins and backslidings. As a general fault, my want of love to God is chief; I can love men enough, but feel little of a similar love to God. As to means of grace I am careless and sluggish. I know that prayer, thanksgiving, and Scripture reading are the very life of the Christian; and he lives or dies according as he uses those. And I oftentimes propose to continue more instant in prayer, but I am ever neglecting: in the morning I am frequently hurried by late rising, at mid-day my heart is cold, and I generally put off, and thus neglect prayer. At evening, I too often lie down in unrepented sin, braving God's wrath, or at most spending a few cold moments in prayer, and I accept the most paltry excuses for neglecting to read God's word. My Sundays are cold and worldly: I sometimes enjoy the public services very much, but I misspend in idle conversation, sleep, or foolish thought, much of the afternoon and evening;

so that I go to bed cold-hearted and godless, and have no strength for the coming week.

In particular offences I am very guilty. I am inactive and indolent, and give way to temptations, even when known as such. Nor am I watchful to avoid and resist them; nor do I fly to Christ for assistance when under them. And so in outward words and acts, I am inconsistent with my professions, and I fear I was a great snare to many during my visit in the summer, and at Kirk Michael: in fact in outward things, what difference is there between me and any moral person? How do I let my light be seen? How do I fight against Satan in the hearts of others? O Lord, forgive me my great falling short in this point; for I am set on a hill, yet show no light. How many will there be who, from the depths of hell, will accuse me of not having warned them, or of having encouraged them by my example in their evil courses.

So passed the two first years of his University life; a better day seems to have dawned upon him with the third; and though there are few records remaining of that period, it is evident that the struggles of which he complained, had produced a more vigorous renewal of the warfare; and that instead of sitting still and complaining, he had been led into the heat of the battle, and there gained a victory over his own heart, which resulted in establishing the supremacy of God's authority, and of bringing into subjection those principles of resistance against God, which still remain in the believer's heart, and so often cause him trouble and sorrow.

And with this revival of God's work in his heart, re-

turned those early thoughts of devoting himself to a Missionary life, which had engaged his mind as far back as his school-boy days. There is an intimate connection between love to God and to man: where the former decays, the latter will not long remain—at least, the heart will refuse to respond to all calls which involve self-denial, and require the exercise of a spiritual mind. To look out upon a world dead in trespasses and sins, ignorant of a Saviour's love; to feel their misery, to be willing to hasten to their rescue;—this, no man ever yet has done, in whose heart the love of God has not established itself, with great vigor, and much power.

CHAPTER III.

TAKES HIS DEGREE—OFFERS HIMSELF AS A MISSIONARY TO THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY—FIELD OF LABOR CHOSEN, THE TELOOGOO PEOPLE IN SOUTH INDIA.—ORDINATION AND MARRIAGE—DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND, AND ARRIVAL AT MADRAS.

My brother took his degree on the fourth of December, 1839, but resided for some months after at Wadham. During this period, his mind was deeply exercised in coming to a decision on the important step, which now pressed itself upon him,—that of becoming a Missionary to the heathen.

He was ordained deacon by the Bishop of London, 21st December, 1840, and married at Bagborough, Somersetshire, on the 30th December, to Miss Elizabeth James, daughter of the late G. H. James, Esq. of Wolverhampton.

Previous to these events, he had come to the decision of devoting his life to the Missionary cause: he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society, and the field of labor to which his attention had been directed was that of the Teloogoo people or Northern Circars, who inhabit a district of South India, north of Madras, numbering ten millions of people, to whom, though subject to British rule for eighty years,

no clergyman of the Church of England had ever been sent.

By a singular coincidence, the Rev. Robert T. Noble, of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, had had his attention drawn in the same direction, and they both offered their services for the same people, unknown to each other, at the same time.

One of the most painful trials of the Missionary career, or at least that which is first encountered, is the separation from friends and home, which it involves. But surely this ought not to be a sufficient reason to justify parents in refusing their children, or children in refusing to go, when called of God on so high and holy an errand. We find parents ready to give up their children for secular pursuits, gladly sending them to the same country, and submitting to the same separation, for worldly considerations; whilst those who profess and call themselves Christians are not willing to do that for Christ, which every one rejoices to do for the world. Herein the children of this world are wiser in their generation, than the children of light; but it is a sad reflection, that the paucity of Christian Missionaries is owing, to a certain extent, to the unchristian conduct of parents calling themselves the followers of our Lord. Many a young man, with a heart beating high for God's glory, has been hindered of his proper destiny, and prevented from carrying out his purposes of love to the heathen, by the selfish love of parents, who are only willing to permit their children's separation, when worldly honor and wealth are the price paid.

Such obstacles, by the blessing of God, stood not in the way of my brother's course; both his parents as-

sented to his plans, and so entered into the spirit of them, as to rejoice in the privilege of having a son willing to consecrate himself to so noble a work : and such was the grace and blessing of God, upon that surrender, that when my brother was obliged to return home by the afflictive providence that befell him ; so far from meeting with opposition to his return to India, he was further encouraged in the prosecution of his sacred work, by all who had the warmest affection for him, and the deepest interest in him.

But though Christian principle will lead to the surrender of that which is dearest to the heart, when the glory of God and the honor of Christ are at stake, yet the sacrifice cannot be otherwise than painful : and that pain is increased, by the fact that the influence of divine grace upon the heart, tends to soften, purify, and refine the affections, and to unite more closely those hearts which have in Christ a common bond of union and affection. The separation about to be made, was at that time looked upon as final, and my brother's character was so endearing, that it seemed to all as if we had given up the choicest member, him whom our hearts could least afford to spare : yet surely when making an offering to God, it should not be the maimed or the lame, but the choicest of the flock.

At the time of his departure nearly the whole family happened to be assembled in London, and it was there that the painful separation took place, on Saturday the 6th of March, 1841 ; whence he and his wife proceeded to Gravesend, but were detained contrary to expectation, until the 8th, when they embarked in the ship "Robarts" for Madras.

A very vivid recollection of that season is impressed

on my own mind, but I have no desire to dwell upon the painful feelings of such a parting, for it ill becomes a Christian to attach undue importance to a sacrifice, which is daily being made for worldly ends, and nothing thought of.

The contrast however between the plans which have the glory of God for their end, and those which have not, is most striking in their results. There is a security against disappointment in the one, which is nowhere else to be found in this world of change and chance. For, however the Christian's plans may fail, however his hopes be disappointed, there is to himself no loss, his life has not been thrown away, his time has not been squandered, and his soul is in peace;—whereas when secular objects are the end of pursuit, and God's glory is not considered, if the object of desire fail, whether it be honor, emolument, or what not; there is nothing left, nothing for the soul to fall back on, and the results of life are an utter blank. Nay, if those objects be attained, is the result any better, or the prospect more cheering, when the hand of death separates the possessor and his possessions?

TO JOHN EMERIS, ESQ.

2 Oriental Place, Brighton.

January 9, 1840.

MY DEAREST JOHN,

* * * * My next subject is regarding poor me. I have been casting about an old question, which I have long put off, as out of season, but now presses upon me in full force, because now is the time for decision. I mean the question :—"Must I be a minister in England, or among the heathen?" I am not aware

that I have any new reasons on the subject, nor that I see them more strongly than before, but in times past I had to say to myself, "this is not a question to be at present decided, while I am yet in education for the ministry generally." Now, however, when each day tends to fix my situation in life, and a decision either way would alter my plans, even for the morrow, I am obliged to give a definite answer to the ever intruding question; and I see not what answer I can give than this:—"I must be a Missionary." My reasons are, as I dare say you know, simply these; that there is an overwhelming call for Missionaries to the heathen, and we, the Church of England, have been bringing down punishments on our heads, by our neglect in not hearing the call: and thus some one *must* go, and if no one else will go, he who hears the call, (peculiarly adapted for the service or no,) *must* go; I hear the call, for indeed God has brought it before me on every side, and go I must. My external qualifications of health, strength, and spirits are rather in favor of my aptness, and my internal qualifications are my only drawback; for so great, so honorable, so important a charge is it to be entered upon, that I shrink to think that a being so worthless, so wicked, so very wicked and faithless, should presume to offer himself for it. But better be it filled by the weakest of the weak, than by none at all, and God can give me strength. As often as I turn the question in my mind, I can only arrive at the same conclusion, and weak and earthly as are many of my present motives for going, (for I am full of romantic fancies) yet I see reasons far beyond these motives, and pray that my heart may be filled by more worthy motives, and a pure and single

love of men in Christ ; and I know that when I enter on my labors, such fancies will be driven away like chaff:—nay, I accept them rather than nothing, to be a sort of temporary balance to the contrary feeling of pain, in the thoughts of separation from home and friends. My brother Charles has all along urged me to take this course, and within these last few days I laid my case before Mr. Elliott (you know whom I mean) whose advice I felt confident I could receive ; for he knows my situation in the family, in life, &c., and is a man of excellent judgment, and considerable experience ;—he strongly confirms me in the view I take of it, and he has shown me an extract from a letter of the Rev. Mr. Tucker, in Madras, on the subject of a new Mission in India where all is ready, people, scholars, house, chapel, school, funds, &c. :—all except a man to fill the place of Missionary ; he speaks in the same terms as I have often heard and thought, of the imperative duty of the Church to send out educated Missionaries, and not merely men raised from the poor, to whom to be a Missionary is an exaltation even in a worldly view. I have not yet FIXED, but I believe I shall do so before many weeks are passed.

Now, my dear John, I write all this to you, to ask you for your prayers on my behalf, that I may be guided by Christ's Spirit in my decision, and supported by him under all trials : Oh I do so dread my inconsistent life, an intended Missionary, and yet a careless liver. Do pray for me, that I may walk more firmly in my conversation with others. Also I wish for your straight-forward advice ; what do you think to be my duty ? I do not feel any tie to country, family, or

friends, which might not equally apply to every Missionary who ever left this land. * * * *

Believe me,

Your ever affectionate Friend,

HENRY W. FOX.

Wadham College, Feb. 21, 1840.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

* * * * My letter to Dr. Arnold contained the substance of what you will see in the accompanying paper, his answer you will see ; I might say much upon it, for it has given new thoughts to my mind, but not altered my original views : for still I *feel* it impossible to say that no one, or that only a few are to go abroad as Missionaries, or that a fair proportion to the demand are ready to go ; and whether it be to the English colonists in Australia, or to the English at Calcutta, or to the natives in India, or elsewhere, is all one to me ; these are after-questions, the prior one is more general, and regards the two situations of *at home* and *abroad* : however, Dr. Arnold's letter puts several points in a new light. I intend to devote the season of Lent, which is fast coming on, peculiarly to prayer for guidance in my choice, and a single heart to decide purely and without bias for God's glory. I feel each day more and more, how that this is a scene of turmoil, and must be one of hard fighting and struggling, and often I long to be back again among you all, which is to me the scene of peaceful life, as well of all soft and gentle happiness ; but I remember that the victory is to him who struggles, and the crown of glory is to him, who having worked in the heat of the day, has not fainted : but oh ! pray for me, that I faint

not, for temptations beset me on this side and on that. This term I am mercifully and unexpectedly preserved from trials of my belief and doctrinal faith ; my struggle is one more practical (so to speak) and I am beset by deadness of heart to God ; want of sincere, humble faith and love ; by idleness and neglect of my daily duties. * * * *

Wadham College, March 8, 1840.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

It was a great pleasure to find among my other packets, a long letter waiting my return from Cambridge ; I rather hurried back, and at least I would not return by London, and so missed the address to the Queen, because I was tired of being from home, and of living a broken life, as a visit of the kind which I was making, must always be ; but my visit was one of very great pleasure to me, for apart from all the gratification of novelty, of sight-seeing, &c., all of which amused, instructed, or pleased me, I had a great many opportunities of increasing the friendship between myself and S——, for I spent a great part of my time with him, and we were particularly intimate, which was perhaps increased by a sense of the shortness of time, during which we had to enjoy each other's society. As I draw nearer to the time when my final decision must be made, it rises up before me in a more awful form, and it appears to be a thing scarcely credible, that I should have in a few weeks to make so important a decision affecting my future life and the interest of thousands. I feel vividly, that as far as man is concerned, the weight of the decision rests upon myself, and myself only ; that no one can aid in lifting it

by so much as their little finger,—all that other men can do is, to lay before me advice ; with me rests the choice of such advice. I am thankful to have had opportunities of obtaining what seem to me the highest human authorities as my advisers. But it is indeed with God that the decision rests, and it must be according as he puts his wisdom into my heart, that I must give my answer : so that I have indeed much need of earnest prayer for his grace, and I earnestly desire the prayers of all my friends at this important moment. Would that I felt all this more ; it is easier to express such feelings on paper, than really and warmly to entertain them. I have secluded myself from a good deal of distraction during the present season, and I am endeavoring to fast, not as a good work, but as a means for drawing off from the senses to the mental sight of God. I have not acted rashly in so doing, but I thank you for your cautions on the subject, which express what I had already thought about it, and can find many ways of denying myself without going near to injure my health. When I saw my mother in town, she repeated to me the opinion of Mr. E——, as to the expediency of my residing (in any case) some time in England, and taking a cure of souls ; to which I said little or nothing, not because I undervalue his opinion, or have a slight sense of my mother's natural desire to keep me near her as long as may be, but because I know this is a point which is alone to be settled, by gaining more information on the immediate subject than I at present possess, and for which I must, if my decision be in favor of a Missionary life, definitely apply to persons who have themselves been at labor among the heathen. I have this evening been reading

that part of H. Martyn's life, which records his embarkation and voyage to India, and each page has filled me with shame, and a sense of unworthiness, and of my present deadness and coldness of spirit, instead of the lively faith and love which should be in one who is looking forward to be a worker in God's vineyard, and who is aspiring to an honorable place therein. Oh! I do so fear, lest there be nothing but worldly-mindedness in my desires to be a Missionary; and if so, how can I expect God to guide me aright? Were I more sure that this was not the case, it would remove many difficulties out of my way. I have great cause to thank God for the following circumstances: a gownsmen whom I have known a few months, and who has joined me in my district-visiting, came to me a few days ago, and informing me that a society had been formed in Wadham for the encouragement of Missionary objects,—requested me to be president of it, to which, after a short consideration, I acceded:—at present we are but a small body, not more than six or seven, but we shall soon add a few more to our number; we intend to meet for the purpose of praying that God would pour out his Spirit on the Missionaries already at work, and would add many more to their number, and we shall endeavor to obtain what information we can. I thank God for thus permitting me already to take a hand in furthering these objects, and for putting it into the hearts of others to do so too. But while doing all this, while thus actively exerting myself in aid of Missions, it frequently occurs to me, "If I do all this and am justified in doing it, what can prevent me from answering the prayers offered to God, and saying to him, 'Here am I, send me?'" Should

I go abroad, it will be a great comfort to think that my companions and successors will be offering up prayers on my behalf, and that I may have been instrumental in leading others to follow me. You see how I run on, on this same subject, but it cannot be otherwise, for it is continually present with me, presenting itself to my sight in many views.

My dear Sister, pray for me, that I may think upon it with holy and humble thoughts, and seek truly to know God's will about it. I have this morning received your note accompanying Dr. Arnold's letter. I intend in a few days to write to him again, for I do not coincide with him in the relative position in which he puts our heathen subjects: we seem to have been owing them for many years a heavy debt, and the interest during that time has accumulated to a great degree. It is when I think of separation from you in the body, during the few remaining years of life, that I most feel pain in the idea of leaving England. I have many pains in the prospect of separation, but towards you it is the summit of them and the chiefest pain. I often look on spots of earth, and view them with regret as seen for the last time; when I think of leaving Oxford, to return to it *never* again,—of Rugby to be seen no more—no more speaking to Dr. Arnold and P——; and again, when each friend passes before my eyes in review, as to be seen and spoken to for the last time, some perchance for the last time *forever*, I see that I have in prospect a mournful and painful trial yet to pass through: yet none so grievous as the last moment I shall see you. * * * *

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

Brighton, Jan. 6, 1840.

The question so often put off, is again brought before me, for now is the time to decide. I am strongly called on to go, because there is no one else will answer the loudly echoing challenge of "Come over and help us!" which rings out from heathen lands; and there is nothing peculiar to detain or unfit me. So I have stated my case to Mr. Elliott, asking his advice; his and Dr. Arnold's are the only two I shall ask.

Jan. 9.—This morning I had a note from Mr. Elliott, enclosing part of Mr. Tucker's letter from India, which contained the following information: "They are contemplating a mission among the Teloogoo country, which for eighty years has been under British government: the population, above ten millions, living in towns and large villages on the coast to the north of Madras. Amongst them there are only six Protestant missionaries,—*not one* of the Church of England. For eighty years we have neglected it utterly. This is the last attempt that will be made; everything is ready except the missionary."

Brighton, Jan. 13.—I still feel bound to be a missionary, chiefly because I hear and am ready, while none others, so to say, will attend to the call made; and I feel the call abroad to be stronger than at home: 1st, Because the want numerically is a thousand fold greater.—2dly, Because here the seed is sown,—we have ten thousand clergy, and many are daily pressing into orders, but abroad the seed is yet unsown, and of course no fruit can be expected if we wait till dooms-

day.—3d, Our colonies and our trade can be given us for no purpose but to spread the gospel, and where are the ministers?—4th, Though some of the apostles stayed in Judea, yet Paul, Mark, Silas, and many others travelled abroad. My great desire now is, that my heart may be made single, so that my motive for going or staying may be simply the saving of souls, to Jesus' glory; but at present they are mingled with a thousand feelings of romance and heroism. And O! my God, my God, men are perishing, and I take no care! I am able now to live more to God in prayer and faith. I am in a particularly happy state of mind, full of thought. I know that *my* Redeemer liveth.

Brighton, Jan. 21, 1840.—I have been very happy; all the early part of the vacation my mind was in a state of very great activity, so that almost every sentence I heard, made a train of thought arise, often even to a painful extent. I soon felt the happy effects of living nearer to God, peace and content. I then too read somewhat, and wrote a good deal.

Oxford, Feb. 16, 1840.—On January 23d I proceeded to London and stayed till the following Monday: one of my chief objects was to gain a sense, as far as I could, of the evil and wicked state of that great Babylon, which in some degree I did. The poor fallen women whom I met by night, and the weak men too, the busy, godless, unloving faces, whom I met in multitudes by day, all oppressed my spirit. I spent the Sunday at Whitechapel with S—, and there again entered in another way, into a perception of the wants of spiritual instruction in the metropolis. I did all this with the object of giving as much weight as possible to the home demands, in order to make my

decision more candid ; but all these sensible sights did not outweigh my former sense of the needs abroad.

This is to me a quiet time, and I am thankful to God that He has enabled me to continue my devotions and not fall back into worldliness. But I am at present in a very unhappy state. I am sorely tried by want of faith, not scepticism, but an inability to realize and feel, either my own sinfulness or Christ's redeeming power ; and I am often unable to reach to him in prayer, so that I go mourning all the day long ; I doubt not that it is the effect of my past sinful life, and intended as a scourge to humble me and bring me near to God. I have no sort of ease except in prayer, and I am constantly, as it were, driven to pray ; but even then, my prayers are cold and heartless, and so faithless. I pray continually for more faith, and I can just cling to Christ, and that is all.

Oxford, March 16, 1840.—How small the finite ! how incapable of containing or satisfying the infinite ! I have been raised above and beyond the world, and felt how all around is but a vesture, and God, the Infinite, the Eternal, has been very present and visible to my soul ; and thanks and glory be to Him, that He has revealed himself to me, in his Son, by His Spirit, and I am able to cast myself, my sinful helpless soul, on Jesus Christ : yea, thanks to Him, He has received and upheld me ; I can look on God as my Redeemer. After many vicissitudes, many risings and fallings, He has brought me still closer to himself ; praise be to Him !

Friday, March 27, 1840.—This is a day much to be remembered in my household ; for to-day I have come to my final decision to be a missionary ; I am well sat-

isfied and convinced as to this being my true course of duty, and I thank God for so making it plain to me. Emeris sat with me during the evening, and we prayed together for guidance, and help, and comfort in our absence. It has been a formal decision, because I have for some time felt it could not be otherwise. I am willing and thankful to be permitted to give myself up to do God service, by preaching to the heathen and leaving father and mother, brothers and sisters, home and friends : yea, and if it please Him, life itself. It is an honor too great for me ; Oh ! may grace be given me to serve Him in it. .

I have of late been able to feel more sure of my salvation in Christ—to lay hold on his cross with more confidence : would that I took up my own cross more diligently. I can love Jesus more, for I know Him more as my Saviour ; and I am well content to be cut off from social ties and joys, and to give myself up entirely to promote his kingdom, for it is He who has called me to it, who has given me grace to devote myself, who is indeed my all in all. I sometimes feel great consolation in the thought, “ This God is our God forever and ever.”

A second letter from Dr. Arnold concurs with my plan as a missionary. Thus has God opened my way on every side : praise be to his name !

The following is probably the letter referred to above :—

FROM THE REV. DR. ARNOLD TO H. W. FOX, ESQ.

April, 1840.

MY DEAR FOX,

I thank you much for your very interesting letter,

and I am not surprised at your decision. It has been made, I fully believe, in the best spirit, and I think that you are likely to justify it in the best manner, by following it up in practice, at once zealously and wisely. Believe me, I should never have touched on the subject of apostolical succession, had I not thought that it must come before you as a practical question, much more necessarily than in England. Neither have I any wish to interfere with those who hold the opposite opinions to myself, except so far as their opinion has a direct tendency to narrow our Christian sympathies, and to put barriers between us and our brethren, of man's making and not God's. I believe that either of the two opposite opinions may be arrived at by a nearly certain process, according to the method which a man follows. If a man with a little understanding of the nature of Government, and the great questions relating to it, sets out from a dislike to English Dissenters, and from a great reverence for what he calls the Church—meaning thereby the writings and canons of the clergy—if then he carries his studies backwards through the divines of our Church to those who are called the Fathers, imbuing his mind more deeply at every step with their way of thinking, and then proceeds to study lastly the New Testament, his mind will be so led to fix itself on some particular parts, and will so neglect others, that he will find, I well believe, even in the Scripture itself, the confirmation of his high-church opinions. But if he goes at once from his common practical knowledge of Christianity to the careful study of the New Testament itself, and (feeling that to be alone divine, and all other writings and men to be judged of impartially and freely) forms his notions of Christianity both in

doctrine and discipline from it alone, and then proceeds downwards along the stream of Church History, judging how far the church and its eminent leaders adhered to or departed from the divine model;—and then applies his general knowledge of history and of the history of those times in particular, to see whether he cannot really account for such and such predominant opinions or tendencies;—while his understanding of questions of government shows him how far these were mixed up with notions of a priesthood, and how the absence of all free and just government in the Roman empire made them little able to enter into such questions then, and how the prevailing helplessness of men's minds made it not only natural but almost necessary that they should be implicitly guided,—then such a man will, I think, be quite as likely to hold Mahomet to have been Christ's successor, as to regard the notions of the apostolical succession of priests with exclusive power to give the sacraments their virtue, in any other light than as diametrically opposite to Christ's gospel, and, (as I firmly believe,) the original Antichrist, from which the ruin of the Christian Church, as distinguished from the Christian religion, is most palpably deducible. But I should find it difficult to recommend to you any really good book on the subject on either side; at least I have never been able to find one that seemed to me to enter into the whole question clearly; especially in that most essential point of the whole—the disentangling the two ideas of Government and Priesthood, which we have so inveterately confused in the whole discussion. For it is quite true that the Church always must have, and always has had, a government. And we find, of course, in the

New Testament, commands to honor and obey this government. But then the notion of no government being lawful except such as derived its title by a succession of co-optationes from the original government, is perfectly monstrous ; and it might as well be said that all kings ought to show their adoption by some successor of Cæsar's because the apostles said that Cæsar's power was God's ordinance. But the succession notion properly belongs to a priesthood, and is in fact the mystical transmission of a priestly virtue. And here, as on the one hand, Government has much to do with Christianity, but the notion of succession has nothing to do with Government : so on the other hand, the succession is a very legitimate part of the idea of priesthood, but the priesthood has nothing whatever to do with Christianity. And there is no shadow of authority either in Scripture, or in any Christian writer of the first century, for the existence of any priestly power or order in the Christian Church ; and the claim to be the channels through which the sacraments are made effectual, is not only without the slightest countenance in Scripture, but is absolutely at variance with the whole scheme of the Gospel as exhibited there, as it sets up human *μεσισταί* as indispensable between Christ and his Church. I have not time to add more ; only remember, that those who think as I do, refuse no honor and obedience to Episcopal Government. We honor all government, but we say that the one which presumes to disparage the rest, is for that very reason worse than they ; and that though all government is to be respected, yet all claims to priesthood in the Christian Church are to be denied as false, and in the highest degree injurious, both to Christ and to his

Church ; and that to make the ministry in the Church a priesthood over the Church, is far worse than to insist on the necessity of circumcision, which yet St. Paul condemned in the strongest terms : not that he condemned circumcision, for he himself circumcised Timothy ; but he condemned the insisting upon it as religiously necessary, and that he called a falling away from Christ. And so episcopacy and a succession ministry may be lawfully used as human institutions. I have no more objection to the old descent of our clergy, than to the old descent of our nobility ; but if they would constrain us to have this episcopacy and succession as necessary to a true Church, then I would give place by subjection, no, not for an hour, as St. Paul absolutely refused to circumcise Titus.

Ever most sincerely yours,

T. ARNOLD.

TO G. M. MESSITER, ESQ., OXFORD.

Clifton, May 6, 1840.

* * * * Well, I must tell you a little regarding my time in London. On arriving there on Monday afternoon, after a delightful drive, I put your letter in the post and went to St. Bride's Church, where the annual sermon for the Church Missionary Society is preached—the Church was full, holding about 2000 people. The sermon was preached by Mr. Raikes, the Chancellor of Chester. He took a text which has been ringing in my ears many a time :—"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few ; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send more laborers into the harvest." He traced the great

deficiency of laborers since the days of the apostles themselves, through rise and fall to the present day—the want of prayer for such, and spirit in the laborers themselves, and the divisions and party ends which have ever been made instruments of Satan, for turning the attention of the world away from the grand object of the conversion of souls. Next morning, at eight o'clock, I was at Exeter Hall, where there is a breakfast for the “Clerical friends of the Society;” there was no one whom I knew personally, except M——, (R——’s protégé at Rugby) in a white tie to look like a clergyman—but I found an American clergyman an intimate friend of both my brothers, who I knew was in England, and whom I discovered by hearing him addressed; so we being strangers to the rest of the party, sat down together, and had a good deal of conversation;—he is coming to Oxford this term, and I have promised to lionize him. As soon as breakfast was over, Mr. Jowett, one of the Secretaries, addressed the assembled party (we were about 150 in number, chiefly clergy) for half an hour on the subject of praying for “all men;” and after this, Mr. Stewart of Liverpool, a fine old clergyman, prayed for about the same space of time. Mr. Jowett had spoken of the “blessing it would be, if but one of those present should be led to be a Missionary;” and I could not help thanking God in my heart, that he had so inclined me; at ten o'clock we ascended into the great room, and occupied the platform, which held from 200 to 300 men, chiefly clergy;—the Hall was filled by about 3000 people; it was a striking sight in every way, first, as a coup d’œil, for it is a splendid room, and was quite full, then, as an assembly gathered together to hear of so glorious a

work, and some perhaps, I hope many, really anxious on the subject; and I hoped that I saw before me many a sister or mother of companions in my labors, who might be first led to think of their duty toward the heathen, by what they were then to hear. The meeting was begun with prayer. Lord Chichester, the President of the Society, then spoke a few minutes, and the annual Report of considerable length was read by Jowett and Vores, the two clerical secretaries; the other speakers were the Bishop of Chester, who took a most firm and noble view of the earnest working of individuals and parties not separated from, nor in opposition to, but as forerunners of the limited working of the Church, Dr. Gilly of Durham, Mr. Cunningham of Harrow, Mr. Shirley, Archdeacon Wilberforce, and Hugh Stowell, of Manchester. Wilberforce had a motion regarding the Slave Trade, and his name and relationship had no small effect, joined to an exceedingly good, and eloquent, and energetic speech, in rousing me beyond what I have before felt from oratory—for I felt his reasoning to be good. I knew the truth and eternal importance of his subject, which are so often wanting, where eloquence of language and voice are present. I tried to avoid being over-excited; but found it difficult to do so; the scene, the subject, and the merely bodily sensations, and the long attention all assisted to excite, and I arrived at the conclusion, that valuable as those meetings are, they must be taken in moderation, as even a small dose may be too much for an excitable person. But I could not help feeling more strongly than ever, and I have not ceased to feel the almost agonizing thought of what man's imperative duty is, and how little is done: that, as Eng-

lishmen, and simply to save our country from the same end as that of Tyre and Babylon, we ought to be in season, and out of season, imploring men to turn to Christ to be saved,—that, as clergymen, or aspirants to such an office, we ought to be all activity and diligence,—that, as Christians, we ought to be as St. Paul, dying daily, denying ourselves, that we may save others, praying continually, not only for ourselves, but for “all men,” mourning, not only for our own sins, but for those of others, beseeching God to forgive us. I am more and more daily assured in my heart, (my head used to tell me so before) that any object but that of glorifying God, is not only vanity and vexation, but must fail to satisfy, and cannot be blessed; I wish to strive to do all to his glory who has died for us, that we might come freely to him for salvation; and having been taught by his Spirit to know, myself, the liberty and joy of being his, I would wish (but daily have to mourn for falling so short in even my wishes) to be given up to preaching and urging on others the glorious truth. If I have not to die in so doing, I hope I may live to do so, and live in doing so. Do try to look on life as *a great energy* for doing good to others: the source of such energy to spring from God, and to be obtained by prayer continually, and a pure devotion of the heart to him; seek rather to cast away such objects, as bettering one’s position in the world, or earthly happiness; these are very well as *means*, but as ends they are quite unsatisfactory. I write freely to you in this wise, both because I have felt how silly it is of me to think of going abroad to teach others, while I remain silent to my dearest friends; and how I shall hereafter deeply regret the many opportunities

I have neglected which can never return. And besides, I remember well how much advantage I received some years ago from a continual mention of the same subject in letters from my sister Isabella ; and so I hesitate not to urge you again and again to frequent prayer to God, through Jesus Christ, for strength, and for his Holy Spirit which he has promised, as a father to his son, to give to *all* who ask. The weather here has broken at last, and we have hailed with delight the south-west wind, and the heavy showers of rain :—this afternoon we had a very heavy rain ; but about five, it cleared up, and there was an hour or two of “clear shining after rain” peculiarly brilliant in its lights, and what scenes the light fell on ;—all over to Bath was still overshadowed by the storm, the air thick up Ashton Vale ; to the west all was brilliant. I walked out on the Downs, and sat on the look-out point for half an hour, to the influences of shapes and sounds, and shifting elements, surrendering my whole spirit. The air was soft and balmy, and perfectly calm ; the smell was as of fresh grass ; the sounds were of “two or three thrushes” and the shouting of the cuckoo ; the sights were the lovely Lea Woods and Nightingale Valley, all in the tenderest, softest green, half hid in dazzling light, half lying in quiet shade, and the gray rock shining through and against them. I must leave them all ; the green woods, the balmy air, the birds’ song, the English homes and green lanes, the little cottages and their gardens, the children with blue eyes and flaxen hair, are all soon to be seen for the last time ; but I am thankful to say, I never so much as feel a wish to stay, though I feel a regret at going. We need much strength which is not in ourselves, to bear our trials,

and not repine or shrink from going through them ; it is truly through much suffering that we must enter into the kingdom of heaven ; but it bears its fruit even at present, for God has promised spiritual blessings which shall more than compensate for the loss of relations, and friends, and home.

Your affectionate

HENRY W. FOX.

Keswick, Sunday, Aug. 2, 1840.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I write to you because my heart and my head are full of many things ; and it is to you that I wish to utter them. I have to thank both you and my father for giving consent to my plan of being a missionary ; and an hundred times have I had cause to thank you in my heart for it, and to feel the comfort of it ; but I wish, and it is for your own sake that I wish it, that you gave your consent, and now concurred more willingly and heartily ; not merely *allowing* me to go, but with zeal *sending* me forth : and I wish this, not because you should destroy the feelings which cause pain at the prospect of my departure, nor because I think it a light thing that you should have given even a half-willing consent, but because our gifts to God should be given with the whole heart ; for “God loveth a *cheerful* giver ;” and if such be the spirit in which we should give our gold and silver, how much more should it be that in which we should give our own flesh and blood. Nor is it only a yielding to a fancy of mine, or to my judgment that the missionary sphere is the one most needing assistance, that I ask of you to give both liberally and cheerfully, but I ask of you heartily to acqui-

esce in the guidance of God's providence. I believe from the bottom of my heart, with that strong sense of certainty and assurance which is only given to us on important points, that the missionary course of life on which I am about to enter, is my peculiar mission and work for which I was brought into this world ; and that, unless I was to follow the course so providentially and clearly pointed out to me in my heart, I might, so far as my peculiar work of life is concerned, as well be in my grave : and were I now to resist the light I have, or had I neglected to follow where the light (once not so clear) led me, it would have been in no wise inconsistent with God's providence and mode of dealing with us, to have taken me away from all work, either by lingering disease, by death, or other means. For every soul born into this world has its own peculiar mission ; and to the soul that strives to know, the knowledge of its mission is given, which, if it refuse to follow, woe be to it. I do not ask you to rejoice because I am about to leave you ; I know that you will have sorrow on that account—and for myself as great a sorrow is waiting, and is already besetting me—but I ask you to feel joy that I am about to enter on my great work, and that this work is one so honorable, and which even among those men who know what real honor is, receives so much estimation. For myself, I look on myself as entering (unworthy as I am) on an office which entails more glory on its holder, than any bishopric, or any civil situation could bestow on man. Were I seeking honor, and were I most ambitious, I could not, with the views I have now of temporal and spiritual things, desire a post more glorious than that of being a pioneer in a land, in which I hope and be-

lieve the Christian Church will hereafter be triumphant. I entreat you, my dear mother, to let the true view of my prospects, the joy which must thence arise, contend with, and put down the pain arising from the temporal view of parting. There is a pain, and there is a joy: the first is temporal, and though great, yet the smallest of the two: the latter spiritual and far exceeding the other; let it prevail. And while I write this for your sake, I write for my own also; for most desirous am I to have your sympathies with me in my course; and as I shall be but little thinking of turning back, but rather (I trust) in the midst of all pains and trials, rejoicing for the goodly heritage which God has bestowed on me, so I would have you working in spirit with me and rejoicing also. I am most anxious to be able to cast away all thoughts of self (though this is difficult to do) and forgetting all personal matters, to seek only how I may best do the work allotted to me. Do you too try to cast off all thoughts for me, in as far as myself alone am concerned, and look only how I may be most usefully employed, even if such employment be at the expense of my life; or, what is more trying, of my earthly ties while I remain on earth. St. Paul counted not his life valuable, but spent his days in perils and trials, why should not I seek to have the same spirit? why should not you have the same thoughts concerning me? Do not fear from my language, that I am intending heedlessly to risk my life and strength; no, I hope to sell my life dearly, not throwing it away, without, if it please God, buying with it the lives of many souls.

I remain,

Your affectionate Son,

HENRY W. FOX.

Gravesend, Sunday night, March 7, 1841.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER AND SISTERS,

I cannot resist the desire of writing a few lines to you, before I leave England: we embark to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and sail about mid-day. We have by this time had a quiet Sunday, and a more peaceable time for reflection. We have prayed, and do pray for you all, that the Comforter may be with you, and supplying you with stronger faith, enable you to look even through your tears to the Lord, as a loving parent who afflicts us according to His good purposes. We have enjoyed too many mercies on late occasions to have any reason for doubting the love of God towards us, and doubtless we shall hereafter be able to look on this heavy trial of separation as one of the greatest of His mercies. May the blank which it has created in the daily habits of each, be supplied by a more intimate communion with Jesus Christ. For ourselves, we feel we are in a very solemn and responsible situation, for we are commissioned on God's service, and have many prayers poured out for us; so that no small spiritual advantages will be a fair interest for so many talents. My chief source of anxiety is, lest we fall by weakness of faith, by neglect of prayer, or yielding to indolence, or some other snare which Satan will lay before us to keep us from God. So long as we continue under the shelter of his wings, we are safe: our temptation is to leave that. We are quite well hitherto, except that Elizabeth is a good deal tired and worn; the delicious soft air and sunny sky of to-day have been very refreshing to us all. We walked to church about a mile off,—a quiet country

church,—and just now I have been out and have heard the church-bells ringing for the last time. I cannot tell you what it has been to part with you; and I dare scarcely look back at it. I am thankful the bitter moment of actual separation is past: still there is much remaining; but it is through much tribulation that we must follow the Captain of our salvation. Again, Farewell; I say it differently from what I have often before said it, for it is heavier, but let us remember, it is not forever. The Lord keep you all and bless you.

Your affectionate Son and Brother,

HENRY.

Ship Robarts, Lat. 10° North of the Line.

MY DEAREST ISABELLA,

I do not know whether this will be a long letter or not, for it is uncertain when we shall meet a ship; for we are just drawing near the place where the course for the outward-bound ships crosses that of the homeward-bound vessels; and this will be our last opportunity of writing before we reach India. I promised you in my note which I sent from Madeira, a further account of our visit to that island. Well then, to lose no time, we arrived off there on the Wednesday in Passion Week, lay to all night, and as day broke, we were about two miles from the east part of it, which consists of a promontory of bold and craggy rocks broken into caves and arches, and of a very irregular and curved stratification: their color is of a rich reddish hue, and as the morning light fell upon them, it showed them in great beauty against the background of hazy hills, the nearest of which gradually became unveiled, and presented a refreshing green contrast to

the color of the rocks. The sea was bright blue, and a fresh breeze made it sparkle with the white crests of the waves:—after running along the coast for a few miles (which presents the side of a mountain about 2000 feet high, sloping to the sea, not much broken by ravines, and which resembles our English mountains, except in its richer and ruddier coloring) which we did at the distance of about a mile and a half, we came to an anchor close off Funchal, the chief town of the Island; it lies in a bay, and is built of white houses, which lying thick along the shore, become more scattered as they ascend the hill. Behind the town, and to the right and left, the ground rises at once pretty steeply, and after some minor hills, terminates in mountains of about 6000 feet high, but which from the clearness of the air did not *look* higher than Ben Nevis. Their character is more broken than that of our English hills—and from the numerous glens and separate hillocks among them, there are respectable horse-roads to their very summits. The coloring is the same as that at home, but richer;—it was a lovely sunny morning, and the white clouds were hanging and wheeling about the top of the highest mountains. All the lower part of the hills facing the sea—i. e. for four miles of ascent, are richly cultivated in gardens and vineyards;—every declivity is terraced, and every stream made use of in irrigation; this, though it takes off from the wildness of the scenery, adds indescribably to its richness. The whole place was so full of novelties, that I scarcely know how to describe them. All the buildings are formed for coolness, overhanging roofs shade the narrow streets, which are however beautifully clean and cheerful, in consequence of their

being closely paved with small stones, (so that there is no dust and of course no mud) and of there being no carts or wheeled vehicles in the island. The white sides of the houses, with the stone lintels and jambs of both windows and doors, painted brown, have a pleasant effect. The air was delicious, the thermometer stood at 68 at 10 A. M. in a cool part of the house, but yet the sun was not in the least oppressive. I felt as if it was not possible to be unwell in such an atmosphere, and the universal appearance of health confirmed my own feelings. In the country the air was as balmy, and had the same scent (though less strongly) as in a green-house, and no wonder, for instead of daisies, there were geraniums, such as we highly prize for beauty; instead of dockens and such like, enormous aloes; instead of our dog-roses, lovely clustered and double pink roses; and instead of hawthorn, fuchsias and heliotrope, both lilac and scarlet. I am not in the least exaggerating: all these grew in the hedges, or rather on the vineyard walls, and the nosegays that our guides gathered for us as we rode along, would have shamed many a green-house bouquet. The path up to the English chapel was the most perfect thing I ever beheld—it was about thirty yards long, and three wide, of firm gravel, its sides were hedges so thick as to be impervious to sight, about ten feet high, and *entirely* composed of roses and heliotrope. We had two rides, starting by daybreak, and returning to a late breakfast. They both led up a very steep hill, much steeper than the steepest part of the ascent of Kirkstone, and the road was paved with small regular stones, yet our little horses cantered up without difficulty, or making a false step; while the

guides, (athletic men in loose white trousers and waist-coats) ran after us, holding on by the tails, and every now and then uttering a strange wild cry, in cadence very like a yellow-hammer's note. Our first ride took us through gardens and vineyards; the up-hill ride reminded me of Balaam's position, when the ass bruised his knee, for our way led between the high walls of vineyards which did not admit much prospect, except looking backwards to the sea, but which enchanted us by the flowers which hung over the wall. The English Cemetery is a lovely little spot, enclosed in walls of ten feet high; one hundred yards square, with Cypress-trees in it, and divided into small squares, though not stiffly, by thick geranium hedges in full blossom, about two and a half feet high; the tombstones are either on the walls, half hid by creeping plants, or else laid in different spots on the earth:—those in the latter place are nearly coffin-shaped, but rather smaller, and have simply the name, age, and date; everything is simple and unaffected, passion-flowers, roses, and geraniums were planted on every grave. Being in Funchal at Easter time, we saw the Romish ceremonies in full, the altars adorned in lofty pyramids, with rich bouquets of roses and camelias, and lighted by lofty tapers, which were the only lights in the Cathedral, of which the windows and door were all darkened by thick blinds; the mummerly of the chanting by the priests, while the people looked on as at a raree-show, at the high mass, and the almost ludicrous "pride which apes humility" in the washing of twelve beggars' feet by the bishop in splendid robes, out of gold basins, with towels deeply fringed with lace, and attended by five or six priests and boys. On Good

Friday a procession took place, carrying a full-sized representation of our Lord's body on a bier, and a gaily-adorned image of the Virgin.

On Saturday at twelve o'clock, the curtains of the Cathedral were suddenly withdrawn, so as to admit the brilliant light of the sun, intended to represent the resurrection; but why on that day, and hour, I do not know. My heart was very heavy at the thought of the gross darkness of the people. I have never before seen Roman Catholicism rampant, as it is in Madeira, and a more distant pretence of imitating Christianity I cannot conceive. I was continually thinking of the worship of Baal and Ashtaroth by the Jews; surely in *practice* this is no whit better than the most barefaced idolatry. I was however much lightened in heart, by Mr. Noble bringing me an account of a Dr. Kalley who is acting as a Protestant missionary among the people. He is a physician, and has received ordination at the hands of the Independents, but has attached himself to no one Church (for which I am sorry); he has the charge of the Hospital in Funchal, where he has been for two years. The clergy are in a state of great ignorance, and often debauchery: there are now no monasteries, these having been dissolved some years ago by the Portuguese government; there are however three convents left to die out; we visited one in a large party, and had the honor of introduction to the famous Nun Maria Clementina: she is a lady of twenty-eight or thirty, she has been very pretty, and still is exceedingly interesting, with a lively and very intelligent countenance; she is said to be a good deal spoilt by attentions and presents. We first saw her at the grand door of the convent, and several other nuns in com-

pany, without anything between us ; then we were conducted into an upper room, while she appeared in the next room, separated from us by a double grating, through which however a small hand could be passed ; she presented us all with kisses of sugar-candy, and we bought artificial flowers of feathers, they are the most beautiful imitations I ever saw ; the nuns' chief employment is making them and sweetmeats ; the appearance of those that we saw, was like that of English washer-women, of thirty-five or forty. One of the most novel features of the place is, the head-dress of the lower classes, both men and women, which consists of a blue cloth skull cap, running up into a pipe-like protuberance, closely resembling those worn by clowns at a mountebank show. The streets are full of boys, who you would imagine had walked out of Murillo's canvass, such exact counterparts are they of his pictures ; and many a woman's face is to be seen looking from a latticed window, which reminds one of his peasant girl ; *all* the women I saw were decidedly plain, ill-featured ; some had good eyes, and most of them fine glossy black hair ; but their complexions were deep sallow, with ruddy color, and their noses and mouths awkward ; the men are often full of character, and rugged-looking fellows ; they all wear yellow goat-skin boots or slippers, resembling those buskins which the bandits wear on a country stage. The beggars are generally sturdy rough-looking men, able-bodied, some in face very like the "Impotent man," and others in the cartoons. The dress of some of them formed an interesting piece of patch-work, and if presented to the Durham Museum, as I felt inclined to have done, would have been the greatest curiosity there.

On Easter Sunday we set sail from the Island, with a fair breeze, and have been running from 150 to 200 knots a day ever since ;—to-day April 22, we are in North Latitude 5°. We have not seen many tropical wonders yet ; two or three sunsets have been superlatively magnificent, though very short, the brilliancy and translucency of the red and yellow lights have been almost beyond conception. I have seen more gay and varied coloring in English sunsets, but not the purity and depth of sky seen through the golden light. Some of Claude's pictures come nearest to it. We have had two short visits from a shoal of porpoises ; they rushed and leaped alongside of the ship in great glee, and the pure water allowed us to see them as clearly as if in air. The deep (not dark) blue of the sea has been one of the most beautiful sights ; in cloudy weather it is of rather a rich lead color. The flying-fish have delighted us much ; they are very beautiful, and have a steady flight like a martin skimming along the surface of a river ; their dark green backs, and glittering white bellies, make them very brilliant. A single shark seen by one of the party, a few Mother Carey's chickens, and some large dark brown sea-birds, complete the list, with the exception of a small boneto caught yesterday. * * * *

Last Sunday we had the communion in the Cuddy ; there were thirteen present, including one of the cadets, a very nice youth of sixteen. He is very regular in attendance on daily service and our evening meetings, and is an inquirer after religion. I trust, and believe, God is working in him, to bring him to himself ; among the rest we have seen no similar marks.

Madras, July 6, 1841.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

You shall have my first letter from this our new home, whither by God's providence we have been safely and quietly brought. We made land early on Sunday morning, July 4, with a very light wind. At daybreak we were off the Sadras' hills, which are about thirty miles south of this place. We were about four miles from shore; the appearance of land was a long flat beach, behind which green wood closed the prospect at once—the land being the most perfect level that I ever saw—about five or ten miles inland rose the hills, very like the Malverns, but about half their height; we could not distinguish their colors; on the top of one peak was evidently a hill-fort. After an hour or two's sail we were off the seven Pagodas. These are the remains, I believe, of a great city in Hindoo days of glory: two of them now stand in the sea, which has encroached on the land at that point; one of them I saw distinctly through a glass; it was just like Mr. Thomas's model. We lay becalmed almost all the day. In the morning, one "Catamaran" came alongside; in the evening half a dozen or more sold fish to us: there were large ones, containing four men, and using a "lateen" sail. A catamaran of this size consists of four or five logs (i. e. rough trunks of trees) lashed together, about two feet wide at the front part, which is a little turned up so as to rise more easily over the water, and about six at the stern: it floats six inches above water, and lets the water through the interstices. The four men paddle along slowly, by means of rude paddles, which consist of a split

bamboo five or six inches wide, quite straight, and without any blade. Several men came on board ; their dress does not go so far as "shirt-collar, and straps," but consists of a cap and a piece of native cloth passed between their legs, and fastened before and behind with a string round their loins : to this string they attach their fishing-lines in a coil, and adroitly throw them out at a single cast the whole length. They are mahogany-colored, and their method of speaking is, as Mr. Thomas says, like the rattling of pebbles in an iron pot. After morning service we had the communion, for the last time that many of us would join in religious worship, before we meet in God's house above. We were favored in being becalmed till sunset, otherwise landing would have broken up the Sunday. As it was, it was very warm, the thermometer standing at 88°, and no air to be felt. We anchored at eleven o'clock at night : nothing was visible but the light-house, the palace of the Nabob of the Carnatics, with thirty or forty windows, and the lights from a few houses along shore. We were up at daybreak, and there lay Madras before us, about sixteen large English ships (an unusually large number), and two or three times that number of "lonies," or small native sloops. There was nothing in the appearance of land at two miles' distance to distinguish it from England. To the right it was almost concealed by shipping ; then appeared a row of houses, flat-roofed and chimneyless, about six hundred yards long, and not unlike the middle part of Brighton. Next, was a sort of common of equal extent, with some tents pitched upon it ; then came Fort St. George, skirting the shore for half a mile, and containing within its formidable walls several

lofty houses, a church with a spire (the oldest Protestant church in India), and a flag-staff. Further to the left still, was a line of trees as far as the eye reached, broken by the tops of a few houses, by one pagoda, and an *ice-house* ! The morning was cool and refreshing, for though the sun shone *clearly*, which it had not done before for a fortnight, the land breeze blew cool and fresh. Within an hour after daylight, when we had by signals been made known on shore, a fleet of "Masulah" boats came off. There is an exact model of one in the Durham Museum,—the only fault of which is that it is too neat. They are nearly flat-bottomed, and the sides rise up straight from the water about five feet in height : they look very like our life-boats ; they are rowed by six or ten men. Their oars are composed of long poles, at the end of which is tied a heart-shaped blade. The men work hard, but the boat does not move more than three miles an hour : the sides are composed of three broad planks laid one above another, about an inch and a half in thickness, and sewed together ; they are sharp at each end, and steered by an oar. We went ashore with Mr. and Miss C—— : the surf was very low : the waves were not two feet high, and a skiff might almost have crossed it. Our crew had some dress on, viz. a jacket, drawers, and a cap of white cotton, edged with dark blue ; they were Roman Catholics, and sang hymns to the Virgin, intermingled with an occasional "Hurra." Most of the rowers in these boats are like the Catamaran gentry, naked. The better boats, as ours was, are painted red outside, and over the stern where the passengers sit there is an awning. Immediately on landing we felt the heat to be scorching : we landed just before the row of houses

which I mentioned as lying most to the right hand of Madras, and which contains the custom-house and merchants and government-offices. The sun was reflected from these, and from the pale red sand which composes the road, and was like a furnace. We received a note at once from Mr. G. Arbuthnot, inviting us to his house.

Now I must begin to tell you of the novelties of this land: there is nothing like what we have seen before, except English faces, curs (called Pariah dogs), and sparrows. All is so new that I scarcely know where to begin. The country, as I said before, is a perfect level, and when riding through it you know no more of it than you would in riding along a road cut through a forest. The road is half over-arched with luxuriant and bushy trees, not high; many of them are banians, which have suckers hanging from their branches, but I saw only one case where they had reached the ground and taken root. The cactus, which we prize so much in our green-houses, is much valued here as a hedge for a compound or garden, to keep snakes out: those which I have seen in blossom have been yellow or rose-colored, pretty but not gorgeous. The soil is not so black as I expected; sometimes it is quite concealed by the thick foliage of plantains or young palmyra-trees. One of the most striking sights is the immense multitude of natives. Mount Road, which leads from the fort towards St. Thomas' Mount (ten miles off) is a fine broad road, with occasional bungalows at its side, and native villages (or pettahs) branching off from it. Each time that I have been in it, it has been crowded for two or three miles with fully as many pedestrians as you would

find in Regent Street in the gayest hour of the day. To tell you the style of dress among the people, would be like telling you the shape of the clouds; they are endless in variety. The children amuse us much,—little mahogany creatures running about naked, generally with their heads bare, and shaven all but a tuft of the crown; the bigger boys and men have a roll of cotton-cloth round their loins, and a turban on their head. This is the case with some; others have fuller and more flowing costumes; some, a jacket and trousers, but quite unlike ours in appearance. The dress of a servant is a white wide turban, a long close shirt down to the waist and knees, and opening in front, and a roll of cloth wrapped round the thighs and loins like thick drawers, causing a protuberance in front. Almost every man, and many women, paint their foreheads; some have a round patch of the size of a sixpence between their eyes, others one, two or three diverging lines drawn upward from the top of the nose to the forehead, of white or yellow ochre. The men are moderately good-looking, the women and girls are immoderately ugly; they are always carrying heavier burdens than the men. They bore the lobe of the ear, and occasionally wear ear-rings in the form of a brass ball, as large as a turnip-radish; most commonly they enlarge the hole till you might pass your thumb through it, and then making a roll of betel leaf which is dark red, they place it in the hole, which looks very ugly. All living creatures (except the English) are thin; some men are bags of bones, all are slim: the cattle are also thin; there are three kinds of these: 1st, the Brahminee, such as you see in the Zoological Gardens, all milk-white, with humps. 2d,

the common bullocks, exactly like the preceding, only *without* the hump; all draught-work is done by these—two of them abreast, yoked to a “bandy” or cart; the horns of both these are singular-looking, more like goats’ horns, eighteen inches or two feet long, rising from the top of the head, and keeping the same angle as the face. 3d, the buffaloes, which are not unlike the preceding, but are gray-black in color; and the horns, which are long, fall back almost horizontally; all are thin like Pharaoh’s kine, and the calves are quite amusing for the length of their legs. The fowls look like plants run to seed, as if their legs were the most important feature: they are all legs. I am obliged to conclude hastily, as this is last post-day. You shall have another long letter by next month’s post.

Your affectionate Son,

HENRY W. FOX.



RESIDENCE OF THE REV. H. W. FOX, MASULIPATAM.

(From a Talbotype view)

CHAPTER IV.

ENTRANCE UPON HIS MISSIONARY DUTIES AT MASULIPATAM—EXTRACTS
FROM JOURNAL.

AFTER a short stay at Madras, Mr. Noble, my brother and his wife, proceeded to their post of destination, Masulipatam (or Bunder as it is called by the natives) the chief town of the Teloogoo nation.

Masulipatam contains a population of 80,000, and lies on the coast, three hundred miles north of Madras, between the rivers Kistna and Godavery.

The first necessary object for both the missionaries, was, to acquire the native language. As soon as tolerable progress had been made in this, they directed their attention to different branches of missionary labor. Mr. Noble undertook the management of a school for the education of the upper ranks in Masulipatam, where a good English education is given, and the Bible is made a text-book of instruction. This school has continued to prosper to the present day, and Mr. Noble, without intermission, and in the enjoyment of good health, has been able to superintend it. This branch of operations might have been greatly enlarged, could more suitable teachers have been engaged from England. My brother undertook the office of

preaching to the natives, both in Masulipatam and the surrounding country, in other words, the work of an evangelist to a heathen nation. But when it is considered that the nation contained ten millions of people, the idea seems almost preposterous, that one individual should have been suffered to go out single-handed for such a work. Yet such must continue to be the case, whilst we at home remain insensible to the claims of the heathen. We have at length become conscious of the inadequacy of one clergyman to attend to the wants of our own crowded parishes of five or ten thousand professing Christians; yet how much greater is the destitution, when only one is allotted to millions. But our domestic wants weigh so strongly with many, as to prove a barrier to their advocating the cause of the heathen, because we can ill spare men from home. A short-sighted policy this, as if we had not an abundant storehouse of material amongst ourselves to supply all vacant places, if only it were moulded by the hand of God's grace, to fit it for his own work: and whether a church that pays heed to His command, and is zealous in extending the knowledge of His name to the ends of the earth, is likely to enjoy that blessing, or one who turns a deaf ear to the call, and shuts itself up within the narrow limits of its sea-girt isle, is a question easily solved.

Bunder, Sept. 5, 1841. (Sunday.)

MY DEAREST SISTER,

I like to give a short time on a Sunday to you. I used often to do so of old, and every old thing I like to renew or continue. It is no sinecure to be a missionary. I do not mean anything regarding any work

I have at present to do, for my present is just like the work I have had in past years—language-learning—and our movements and changes have hitherto prevented this from coming in any sufficient quantities to prove a weight to me; but I mean that a missionary life does not deliver one from spiritual trials, such as used to beset me of old. There are just the same temptations to indolence and love of ease, which have been my besetting sins all along; just the same reluctance to prayer and reading of the Scriptures; in fact I see nothing but the grace of God to prevent a missionary from being as cold and dead a Christian as ever vegetated in an English parish. Perhaps there are more temptations of this kind, for all around is ungodly. Probably my work will be deadening to my spirit, up-hill work with the lowest, most corrupt, and darkened of any men that I ever met; but my Saviour is at my side, he can deliver me; but we do indeed need the prayers of fellow-Christians for ourselves as well as for our people. It is one thing to give up home, country, friends, &c.: to be a missionary is another,—to take up our cross, forsake all, and follow Christ. For that *all* which is to be forsaken has followed me here; it is not without but within: a man may travel and yet not bear his cross; all this I knew and expected; now I experience it. It does not dishearten me. I never expected that the being a missionary was to work any such wonderful change which belongs to the work of the Spirit alone. But I have great cause to thank the Spirit, for having made the circumstances of separation work for good in me. It is my own fault, my own sin that they have not worked more, yet I think I am not forejudging in say-

ing that I have been led to see and know more of Christ and his kingdom during the last six months. Absence from home, without hope of ever seeing it again, of seeing you, my dearest Isabella, and all whom I have loved very, very much, is a daily trial ; it is not a missionary trial, it is no more than every Englishman in this land is exposed to, yet it does teach one that there is no rest on earth for man. For if ever I feel inclined to look forward to some plan in the future, it is presently stopped : for I never plan anything with the idea that it will be in India, but in England ; and immediately a painful recollection comes across me that I shall never be there again, or if ever, it must be some years hence, and sorrows will have come and changes taken place, which will make each person and scene memorials of pain. We must rest only in the hope of heaven, our reward is not here : now is the time for work, and blessed be our Lord that he has given me such a sphere for it, and health and strength to labor. I feel that on me, humanly speaking, rest the souls of thousands yet unborn, for this will naturally be the fountain for spreading Christianity among the ten million Telugu,—in fact among all the centre of India, and according to our zeal, wisdom, and faith, will the event be. Pray for wisdom for us, especially pray for faith. * * *

Your very affectionate Brother,

HENRY.

Bunder, Oct. 19, 1841.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

* * * * * By the time you receive this, you will, I trust, have taken your degree. I can only hope

that the months immediately succeeding it may be as much blessed to you as the corresponding ones were to me. The time for quiet meditation which I had at Brighton, and the assistances which I possessed there, were instrumental in bringing me out of a cold, inconsistent, and unhappy state, to a better knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. I can daily bear more sure witness that peace is to be found in him only, and I pray daily that you may soon find it there. Your residence in London will be to me a time of anxiety on your account, for it is a place, as you know, full to the brim of dangerous temptations and deadening influences. Should you settle there, let me beg of you to keep your Sundays to yourself as sacred days, and to attend some church where there is a clergyman whom you know to be a sincere Christian man. There is nothing in this life so joyful as a Sunday spent much alone in communion with God. My dear brother, forget not to pray often and much. You remember the verses,

“And Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees.”

Your affectionate Brother,
HENRY W. FOX.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO THE SECRETARY OF THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, DATED MASULIPATAM,
APRIL 1, 1842.

And now to turn to the various papers which you have sent me :—first about Mr. Humphrey ; I was

much grieved to find that such sad opinions had spread into the missionary field, and I feel very thankful that our Society has been enabled to act so decisively. I have heard of similar opinions among some Propagation Gospel Society missionaries in Bengal, who go among the native Christians, telling them they cannot be saved unless baptized by, and living under, the ministry of apostolically-descended episcopal clergy ; which has often reminded me of those Pharisees who came down to Antioch, requiring the converts to be circumcised. It is evil enough at home, but it appears to me to be even more destructive in missions, to set the form before the spirit ; and futile must be the attempt to win souls to Christ, by any other means than by himself. How the movements in Oxford teach one the folly of the idea, that the enlightenment of the present age, would prevent men from returning to Romish doctrines. I have traced very many resemblances between actual Romanism and Brahminism, and some of the features of the resemblance would suit our friends in Oxford.

JOURNAL.

*Masulipatam (Tuesday), May 31, 1842. * * **

To-day I have got a new Moonsee, son of my old one ; he is called Malampilly Subbaroydu ; the first is his "house name," i. e. surname, and belongs to his family in common with himself ; it is derived from the name of some village. The second is his personal name, answering to a Christian name : it is the name of the great serpent, which in some of their mytho-

logical books is said to be coiled round the world; like a similar reptile in the Scandinavian mythology.

* * * I began reading Genesis in Teloogoo with him. On coming to the passage where man is said to be made in the image of God, I began to ask him what man was: "Was he mere body?" "Didn't know." "What was the difference between a man and a dog?" "A different shape." "If I was to make an artificial man, would he be the same as a living man?" "He would not speak." "But if by machinery I could make him speak, would there be any difference then?" "No." However when I told him that man was a soul, a spirit, he generally acknowledged it. I next asked him if God had a body. He could not tell, but thought he had. I asked him where God was. Was he in the room? He laughed at this: but when I told him my body could not continue its functions without God was present to make it do so, he allowed his presence, and thence from his not being visible, that he had not a body. Again, on coming to the passage, "God sanctified the seventh day," I wanted to gather his notion of the Teloogoo expression, which is literally "to make clean or pure," and accordingly pressed him for his thoughts; he could get no further than that it meant "making it clean;" but how a day could be made clean, he could not guess; when I pressed him to think, his answer was, "Well, it is enough, let it pass." At last he thought it meant, "made it a good day," which he explained as "a lucky day," "a day of good omen." On telling him how ill they treated their women, by utterly neglecting to give them any education (for none of them can read or write, or know anything beyond menial household duties), I was

met by the general answer, "It is my people's custom;" which I believe is to them a stronger motive of action than anything else, except a rupee.

Masulipatam.—*June 4, 1842.*—To-day I have procured a new Moonshee; a respectable Brahmin who speaks no English: but like most of them he shouts his own language; he is a Neeyogee, which is one of the divisions of the Brahmin caste; these subdivisions of caste cause as great a disunion as the major divisions. A Vaidikee Brahmin will neither eat nor drink in the presence of a Neeyogee Brahmin, nor intermarry with him. He is a worshipper of Vishnoo peculiarly, and consequently wears the one yellow, and two white perpendicular streaks on his forehead: his theory of divinity, so far as I understand him, is new to me: he says, there is one God who has put on a thousand forms, amongst which forms are Vishnoo, and Siva, and Brahma (as son of Vishnoo), and all the train of inferior deities, besides all Avatarams, or incarnations of Vishnoo; and that God lives in the heaven without a body. On coming to the passage in Genesis i., where it is said, "God made the *whales*," I asked him the meaning of the Teloogoo word, and found that it referred to some large fabulous fish (which he did not believe to be fabulous) not less than 1200 coss (a coss is two and a half miles) in length and 800 in width, which he says lives in the depth of the sea.

June 9.—A few days ago my elder moonshee Markamdeyooloo, when he came to me, showed me the interpretation of a Sanscrit word used to express a "Brahmin," which was "one who keeps sin off from himself and from others." On my expressing my astonishment, and asking who the persons are who do so,

he added, "Oh! Priest could do it." I told him I could not, for that I sinned every day; on which he drew a comparison between the drunken habits of some Europeans, and my soberness, to the effect that I thus kept myself from sin. He asked me what sin I did; I told him, amongst others, I forgot God, and neglected to worship him. "Oh," he said, "if we pray a little time to God in the morning, that is quite enough; we need not do anything more;" and then asked me, If I knew what things were sins, why I continued to do them? I said, it was because of my sinful nature. He then made a general assent, and added, it is for this reason the world is increasing so much. I did not understand what he meant, and asked him to explain himself;—he said he would do so, by telling me what he had learnt from his priest. (N. B. He is a most garrulous old man, full of curious nonsensical mythological stories.) When God had created the world, he peopled it with men without sin, and consequently, these, after living about 100 years or so, had accomplished so much goodness, that they all ascended to heaven, and the earth was left without inhabitants; on this God exclaimed, that "This will not do, we must not make men so good." And so he created another set of men, but put some sin into them, and therefore they had not, so many of them, left the earth for heaven, but have multiplied.

My new moonshee has a most scrupulous dread of contamination; he has not been so much in communication with Europeans, as most others with whom I have spoken; but even amongst them I have observed a shrinking from being touched by a Pariah like myself. This man however will not sit within a yard of

me, and if my hand accidentally draws near him, he draws back in haste and fear; one day a pocket-handkerchief was lying on the table before us, and the wind accidentally blew it towards us, and it seemed as if it would touch him, but he gave such a start of horror and a jump, as to escape its unholy touch. I asked him to-day, when I found him at one corner of a small room, where I had put him for a few minutes, at the same time that Amah (wet nurse), a Pariah, was with baby in the same room, how near a Pariah might come to a Brahmin, he said, Not nearer than two yards. I asked him if the latter should be touched by the former, what he must do.—He said, he must bathe. But what till he had bathed?—"He must not eat, nor make prayers to God, nor do worship."

Monday.—June 13, 1842.—Yesterday afternoon, as we went out for a walk before Church, we met Vencana, a young Brahmin boy, a friend of ours, and a companion of his. I had the day before lent him "Draper's Sacred Stories," and he had it in his hand to tell me the story of the part which he had read, which he did very nicely in Telooogo. He then asked me rather abruptly, whether among my people, the birth of a female was considered a good thing, or a bad one? I answered of course, the former: he said, it was not so among his people. I told him I knew it was not, but that their opinion was a very bad one;—he quoted in defence of it some padyams, i. e. verses, which struck me so much, that this morning I got him to write them out for me; they were to the following effect:

"The tree may spring up in the jungle, but a female must not be born,

Mountains and great stones may be formed, but a female must not be born.

Birds and beasts may be produced, but a female must not be born."

After a few more words on this subject, Vencana asked me, what seemed to be another great question, "Whether riches or learning was best," or rather, how they were considered among my people? After telling him how many preferred the former, and also their folly, I pointed him to the true learning and knowledge of God, and how the love of God could alone bestow happiness: whereon the other boy asked, in a tone of some surprise; "Can a poor man love God?" I answered, "Of course he can; why not?" "How can he love God," he said, "when he has no rice in his belly?" * * *

My new moonshee is an intelligent man: the other day I was speaking about man's sinfulness, and inability to obtain heaven by his own works, and he persevered in the doctrine, that "good men did a certain amount of sin, it was true, but then they balanced it by a large share of righteousness (punyam); so to-day I brought before him in detail, the argument, that we may know a tree by its fruits, and as it is evident that a vast number of men sin largely, so their nature must be also sinful; this illustration he tried to answer by a second. "Take a mango-tree," he said, "the young fruit when very small is worthless; even after it is full grown it is sour; but if you wait till it is ripe, it is delicious; thus you have a variety of fruit from one tree." I think he was satisfied by my answer, that these were not different fruits, but different stages of the same fruit. His first difficulty was, his disbelief in man's nature being one only, and not varying according to individuals:

we had some discussion on this point, in which he gave in to what I advanced; but whether he was convinced, I am by no means certain:—his second was, he would not believe man's nature to be *only* evil, but evil and good mixed: this point too he seemed to yield at last; but then after all, he said, "God was very merciful, and would take away our sin;" when I pressed on him that God is very just, and the case of a prisoner and judge, he at last seemed to have come to a standstill, and exclaimed: "Well then, how can our sins be taken away?" Then I was gladly enabled to lay before him Jesus as our Redeemer and our Sacrifice, as bearing our own sins, and suffering our punishment. To all which he listened patiently, but objected, how could one man suffer another's punishment, such would not be allowed in a court, &c. To which I answered, by the common, but imperfect illustration, of a man having his debts paid by another; and also that He who bore our punishment, was not man only, but God, the Judge himself. He said no more about it; presently he began some sentence with the common saying: "God has made all religions, and therefore, &c." Here too I think I succeeded in showing him that these religions were contradictory, and consequently could not all be true, and how could God create a lie? "Who made them" then? "Man's evil nature." Thus our conversation ended, and we went on to chaunt and translate the verses of Vencana.

Masulipatam, Tuesday, June 14, 1842.—Last week I began instruction among my servants. My Maitee, who is my head servant, is a Mohammedan, and an intelligent fellow, though he is very ignorant of his own religion, and has been cast off by his own people for

marrying a Hindoo woman; he speaks a little English. Besides him I have at present, the cook, two horse-keepers, the gardener, occasionally the waterman, an old man rather dull of understanding, baby's Tani-ketch, or nurserymaid, and sometimes a little idle inattentive son of hers, Latchmi, i. e. the sweeping woman, who is very dull, and lastly, the two little girls of Maitee, whom Elizabeth has taken into the house to instruct, the one eight, the other ten years of age. They sit down on the ground in a semicircle before me. I began with the first two chapters of Genesis, explaining as I went on, and pointing out some of the attributes of God, the creation, fall, and punishment of man;—the last few days I have been insisting on our sinful nature, and God's wrath upon sinners, and going through a list of the most prominent sins, most of which they assent to, but they seem astonished at being told of the sin of idolatry. I am also trying to make them learn the Lord's Prayer, but find them slow, both at comprehending, and remembering it. Three or four of them seem to understand me pretty fairly; how far my words convey, or give rise to correct ideas in their minds, I cannot well tell; for if they answer me in any long sentence, or try to explain my words to each other, I only very imperfectly catch their meaning. I find great difficulty in expressing myself to them in Teloogoo; for very many of the words which I have been in the habit of using, when conversing with my moonshees on similar subjects, have been of Sanscrit origin, and like the big Latin words in our language, are unintelligible to the poor. I have begun it, because I did not feel it right to let them go on without any instruction, when I could say

a few words to them, but I am a most incomplete wretched instrument for conveying knowledge to them. It may be, the Lord may cause light to shine in their dark understandings through my words, for it is out of weakness that he delights to bring forth strength; but I cannot at present look for any such event, according to the ordinary course of his dealings. I continue to instruct my servants every morning at nine o'clock: after going through the two first chapters of Genesis loosely, and the subjects contained therein, especially the fall of man, I for several mornings dwelt upon sin and punishment, and detailed the ten commandments, and several other rules whereby we learn what are particular sins. The servants chimed in with all I told them, except that idolatry was sin, which was evidently novel to them. I then led them to Jesus as the Saviour for sin, and read to them his birth, as recorded by St. Luke; and am now going through some of his miracles, e. g. casting out devils, raising the widow's son, healing the centurion's servant and Jairus' daughter; stilling the tempest; Mary Magdalene in the house of Simon the Pharisee. Two or three of them, viz. Mahommed, one of the horse-keepers, and the gardener, evidently understand me pretty well, and take an interest in what I say, but the rest are inattentive, or do not understand me. I do not think they have any *system* of belief to be overcome, but will be willing to believe what master tells them to be true, the Mussulmans no less than the Hindoos. They can now repeat about half the Lord's Prayer, and understand its meaning pretty well;—as soon as they know it all, I shall commence our instruction in the morning with that prayer.

CHAPTER V.

FAILURE OF HEALTH—RESIDENCE ON THE NEILGHERRY HILLS—ACCOUNT
OF MARY PATERSON—RETURNS TO MASULIPATAM, RESTORED TO HEALTH.

THOUGH apparently possessed of more robust health than his coadjutor, my brother found the Indian climate much less congenial, and it was not long before the intense heat produced a nervous debility and prostration of strength, which quite disqualified him for work.* It was necessary for him to seek for relief in a change of air; a short voyage along the coast, and a residence of a few weeks at Vizigapatam were tried without success, and it became needful to have recourse to Madras for medical advice. From thence he was ordered to the Neilgherry hills, which are the nearest sanatory station for Southern India; rising from the plain to a height of several thousand feet, two hundred miles inland from the coast, they afford

* It frequently happens that the most vigorous English constitutions suffer most from the heat of a tropical climate, whilst persons of consumptive tendency, or sluggish circulation, enjoy better health than they would at home. So it proved in my brother's case: both he and his wife were blessed with strong and vigorous constitutions, and left England in the enjoyment of perfect health, but the very redundancy and fulness of a healthful temperament seems to have proved a bane in the exciting and enervating climate of India.

a most delightful and refreshing temperature, and abound in scenery of the wildest and most romantic character. Ootacamund forms the principal residence for invalids on those hills, and thither in January, 1843, my brother proceeded with his wife and little boy, who had been born previous to their departure from Masulipatam.

A very interesting circumstance occurred about this time, which rendered their visit to the hills a period of great usefulness to one young person, who had previously been sunk in the depths of heathen degradation.

It so happened that there were two children who had come down from Masulipatam to Madras, whose father, a European physician, had died when they were young, leaving them property; but the mother, a Teloogoo woman, who had been a dancing girl, had brought them up in heathenism:—after much legal delay, Mr. Tucker was appointed guardian to these children, a girl fourteen years old, and a boy thirteen, and he entrusted the former to the care of my brother and his wife, when they were proceeding to the hills. The girl was perfectly wild and ignorant, and it was with difficulty she could be taught to use a spoon instead of her fingers, to sit on a chair instead of the ground, or to wear a European dress. Her notions of religion were of the most debasing character, and her mind was thoroughly imbued with the heathen superstitions which she had learnt from her mother. There was therefore a great work to be done, and that at a somewhat advanced period of childhood, which threatened to render the task more hopeless; for there was not only an entire education to be imparted, a

character to be formed, and a mind developed ; but there were counteracting habits and prejudices to be removed, and all the destructive influence of her previous associations to be overcome. My brother and his wife realized the difficulty of the task, but were encouraged by a hope, which God was pleased most abundantly and graciously to fulfil. "We gladly accept her," he wrote, "although the responsibility will be great ; the formation of her character will be a great work ; assist us in it with your prayers—she may be a chosen one of God, who shall hereafter be for His praise."

After having passed through a preliminary process of breaking in, the character of this girl began rapidly to develop, and greatly to improve.* During a residence of two years on the Neilgherries, so great was the change, that she returned to Madras, where she was sent to a boarding-school, quite a transformed character. This transformation consisted in her having laid aside her heathen ideas, and conformed in all outward customs to those with whom she lived ; it was a great struggle for her for some time to dine at table, lest "every one should see her eat." During this period also, her mind was improved by the careful instruction which she received, nor did it rest there ; for God seemed so to bless the Christian teaching she received, that she gave evident signs of an inward and spiritual transformation of His own gracious working.

The improvement of her character continued after her removal from school, and there was every reason

* I may mention that from the beginning she was treated by my brother and his wife as one of the family, and was not allowed to associate with native servants.

to believe that she had become a truly converted follower of our Lord, when, in the year 1848, she was removed by an early and sudden death—at the age of 19.

My brother took a lively interest in her to the last, looking upon her as one who should be a crown of his wife's rejoicing in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming. When on his death-bed, he sent her an affectionate message, little supposing that Mary Paterson, whose spiritual welfare he so tenderly watched over, had already gone before him to the mansions of glory.

The following passage relating to Mary Paterson, occurs in a letter dated Nellore, January 5, 1847: "Mary Paterson is now more than ever precious to me, as the crown of rejoicing of my dear wife. I saw her several times while in Madras, and it was an exceeding pleasure to have intercourse with so very transparent and beautiful a mind, which with so great simplicity is resting and living on Christ. Hers is indeed a wonderful case; the season of the year reminded us that only four years have elapsed since she was, in the same month of December, brought to us at Mr. Tucker's, a heathen wild-cat, and now she is such a beautiful Christian character! yearning and striving after the conversion of her mother and her heathen relatives, and desirous of being engaged in making Christ known to the Teloo goo women."

Further to illustrate the character of the influence brought to bear upon this young person's mind, and its happy effects under the blessing of God, I shall introduce, after the next letter, one of the many letters written to her by Mrs. Fox, whilst she was at school in

Madras, also two from Mary Paterson herself, which will serve to confirm what has been stated of her.

Ootacamund, Neilgherry Hills, April 3, 1843.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

You have occasion to be angry with us for so seldom writing to you, yet you see I do not hesitate to write to you after so long a silence, braving all your feelings of disappointment or anger. And this is because I am sure of your brotherly affection and forgiveness; and yet how backward we are in coming to Christ, who is closer and more loving than a brother, after we have offended him;—is not this for want of faith in his boundless love? I find myself now, after having been devoted to his service these nine years, with scarcely any knowledge of the love of Christ, and of course with but very little love for him. I now desire to love him, that is, I do so at times, for at other times I am indifferent, and have too much regard for my own ease, but the desire seems to be almost all that I have. Do I not seem to be unfit to be a minister of his? And may not his present dealings with me, by keeping me back from ministerial work by ill health, be intended to prepare me to make him known more truly, after learning to know and to love him myself? I can bless God, I think with all my heart, for having given me this past year of poor health;—I have found it healthy for my soul, and it is one of the tokens of his love. As yet, I cannot see my way before me, that is, I cannot at all guess at the human probabilities of my health being so far restored and established as to permit me to continue in India: to go away now, after I am drawn by so many ties to the poor heathen, would be

a painful struggle, and my corrupt nature I fear would repine at doing so, and yet I ought to acquiesce and rejoice in the will of God whatever it be: will you make it one of your prayers for us, that we may be guided to know what is God's will regarding us, and that we may be quick and ready to follow his guidance. * * * We have under our charge a half-caste girl, a ward of Mr. Tucker's: she was a perfect native, in habits, dress, temper, and mind, when she came to us in December; and now we have daily to wonder how great a change God has wrought in her, and he has done more without our means than by us, forestalling us as it were in our plans. When we first knew her, she had the most furious, uncontrolled, wild-cat temper which I ever witnessed; but since we left Madras in January, she has been peaceable and obedient, not once showing the slightest marks of her own fury, but accommodating herself to our dress, habits, and especially that of eating;—she gradually and gently acquiesced, greatly to our wonder, and that of others. She is now English in outward appearance, has left off chewing that nasty betel leaf, washes herself pretty clean, wears her clothes tidily, keeps her hair neat like an English girl, though I am afraid not quite free from inhabitants;—and eats with us everything set before her, except beef, which is an abomination to the Hindoos, both from superstition and custom, just as horse or ass flesh might be to us. She does lessons with Elizabeth, for two or three hours in the forenoon, reads and talks in Teloo goo with me in St. Luke's gospel, for half or three quarters of an hour after breakfast; listens to my teaching the servants, works with her needle in the evening, walks out with

us in the afternoon ; sits quietly at our morning and evening prayer, and says she prays, when I repeat the Lord's Prayer in Teloogoo, and goes to Church with me. However, she is very slow in her learning, either English, or any other intellectual study, not from want of natural quickness, or of memory, in neither of which does she fail, but from an extraordinary habit of inattention and repulsion to thinking, which I do not think you could believe till you knew a Hindoo. I have frequently told her in detail all the great events of Christ's life and ascension, and their bearing upon us ; but each time she has listened to them, as novelties she has never heard before ; notwithstanding, I am sure she understood what I said each time, and could have recollected it if she had taken the trouble. She is still the complete heathen : not but that she seems to have given up, as ridiculous, many heathen fables and superstitions, but she is still like the other Hindoos, an atheist, "without God in the world," professing like many of them to believe in our God, yet denying him his great attributes, or ignorant of them, so that to her, God is but a name. She leads us continually to the throne of grace, and there are many Christians here who are interested in her, and who are interceding for her ; and we trust that as God has shown to her so great mercies already, he will not leave her without bringing her to know him.

The three following letters are placed out of the order of their proper date, to connect them with the subject of Mary Paterson.

FROM MRS. HENRY FOX, TO MARY PATERSON.

Masulipatam, July 16, 1845.

MY DEAR MARY,

I thank you very much for the nice letter which Soobiah brought me a short time ago. Mr. Fox and myself were both much pleased to see how greatly you had improved in your writing; there were still a few faults in spelling, but these, if you take pains, will, I hope, soon be corrected. You will be glad to have a little holiday, and I am sure you will enjoy the time with so kind a friend as Mrs. S——. You will also have more time for reading your Bible and for prayer in your own room alone, than you would have had at school, and also more quiet, to think of your own soul, and of God's great goodness to you; this I hope you would also enjoy, dear Mary, for the best knowledge we can have is the knowledge of God, both by going to Him in prayer, and by reading his word; just as if we had a dear friend, whom we wished to know very much of, we should go to him often to talk with him, and it is just so in our prayer to God,—we must go to him, as little children do to their fathers, telling him all we want and all we feel, and believing that he is listening to us, and will give us all he knows would be good for us. How very good it is of God, is it not, dear Mary? to allow us to come to him in this way, and make him our Father and our Friend? All these great blessings, and every other blessing we have, are given to us through Jesus Christ, who died for us in our stead, that we might be made the children of God, and receive all these blessings from our Father. Jesus is

full of love to you, dear Mary ; he looks upon you, I trust, as one of his own dear children ;—how great his love has been in bringing you out of darkness into light. Oh ! then, seek to know him more ; go to him very often when you are alone, and ask him to give you more light, to make you know him better, and to love him more ; he will hear you, for he has said, “ Whosoever cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.”

In Christ’s name and for his sake alone, you must pray to God to forgive you your sins, and give you a new heart, and be assured that he will hear you and answer your prayer.

Give our love to John ; may Jesus bless you both, and make you his own dear children.

Believe me, dear Mary,
Your affectionate friend,
ELIZABETH FOX.

FROM MARY PATERSON TO MISS TUCKER.

Madras, Jan. 2, 1846.

MY DEAR MISS TUCKER,

It is a long time ago since I had a letter from you ; it makes me think that you have been very busy for the last six or seven months.

This is the third year since we heard about the true God : these three past years, God has been to us very gracious in everything, and especially that we can read now his most holy Bible ; and how kind he is to put us under the care of such a dear friend as your brother, Mr. Tucker.

I suppose you heard all about the death of my dear friend Mrs. Fox, though I am sorry for the dear

little children, but I am glad to think that she is now much happier than before.—I had seen her three times before she died, she was so happy to see me, and spoke to me a long time; though the doctor told her not to see any one. I am most thankful to have seen her before she left this world; (if she had died at Masulipatam I should not have seen her) and I hope I may go there also, where she is now, through Jesus Christ.

I think you know very well that I am not confirmed yet, but it was one of my greatest wishes to take the sacrament, but I did not like to tell Mr. Tucker; and one day he came to the school to see me, then he spoke to me about it, and asked if I should like to take it. I told him, I will be very glad to do so. Another girl, who is my best friend in the school, wished to take the sacrament with me, and so we did on Christmas day at Mr. Tucker's. Miss —— gave me a nice little book, its name is "Companion to the Communion." I like it very much. I am glad to tell you I got a prize again; if I had not been ill, I would have had the first prize, but this is the second—the name is "Bridges on the 119th Psalm;" it is a very nice one, and I like to read it.

Will you please tell your sisters that I am very much obliged for the nice little pencil they sent me;—My best love to them and yourself.

Believe me, my dear Miss Tucker,

Your affectionate friend,

A. MARY PATERSON.

FROM MARY PATERSON TO THE REV. H. W. FOX.

Madras, April 17, 1847.

MY DEAR MR. FOX,

* * * I am very happy to tell you that I was confirmed on Easter Monday at Vepery Church : you will be surprised to hear the number of candidates that were confirmed ; there were altogether more than three hundred, and the greater part of them were natives. I was quite surprised to see such a number of native Christians. The Bishop gave us a very nice sermon. You cannot think, dear Mr. Fox, how happy and sorry I felt that day,—happy, because there are many, many reasons that I should feel so, and it would be a needless thing for me to write and tell you why, for you know just as well as me, and perhaps more too : and this is the reason why I feel sorry, for all former things come to my mind,—what I was, and what I am now ; if it had not been for God's great goodness, I should never have known him, nor his dear Son Jesus ; and I feel that I do not love him as I ought, nor am I thankful to him for his great kindness ; will you pray for me, dear Mr. Fox, that he may give me his Holy Spirit, to help me to do what I have taken upon myself, that I may hate every kind of sin, and love him more and more. I must also thank you too, for you were the first person that taught me about the true God, and also dear Mrs. Fox.

* * *

Dearest Mr. Fox,

Your affectionate

AGNES MARY PATERSON.

Ootacamund, May 8, 1844.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I had intended to have begun a letter to you yesterday, to let you know that I did not forget your birthday; but various occupations obliged me to postpone writing till to-day. I did not, however, allow the day to pass by without especially asking blessings for you from our gracious Lord. It is one of the comforts which we have, in spite of the distance which we are from each other, that, though our correspondence takes nearly two months on the road, our prayers take not so many minutes; what we ask of God this minute for each other, may be fulfilled by him the very next. He is our most rapid, as well as most effectual medium of intercourse. My dear mother, may he richly pour out upon you and my dear father, all his best gifts; so much of health and temporal prosperity as may be best for your souls' health, and to enable you best to glorify his name. There are no bounds to the spiritual blessings I desire for you. May you grow daily in him riper and riper till the day when he shall put in the sickle. May you know him more and more in his great love, in his mighty power, in his wisdom, and goodness, and glory. May he daily become more precious to you. May you continually have an increasing communion with him, and have your hope of his kingdom grow lighter and lighter as you draw nearer to it. Though we do not hear from you every mail, we still have a sort of intercourse in dwelling upon your affection towards us and in returning it; and I am often able to fancy you at your various employments. I was very glad to hear by Isabella's let-

ters, a few months ago, that the dining-room was occasionally changed into an evening school-room. How much might be done in the mass, if every family would undertake to be teachers of righteousness, not of alphabet only, to a few children or young people. We shall never see the Church composed exclusively of godly people, but we may see a larger number of such in it than at present; and at least much happiness is gained, if not an eternal yet a temporal happiness, by increase of religious instruction. One sees that in this country, religious education, however slight and however little improved, humanizes the pupils far beyond the common alphabetical teaching. It was Mrs. Bailey's (of Cottayam) remark, that the children of her old pupils were much more manageable at first, than those who came from new families.

From your affectionate Son,

HENRY W. FOX.

During his residence on the hills, he had a daughter born, and also made an extensive tour through the Travancore and Tinnevely district, in company with the Rev. Henry Cotterill. He kept a journal of this tour, which is too voluminous for publication; but he derived great advantage from the opportunity thus afforded him of seeing with his own eyes the most important field of missionary labors in South India, and from becoming acquainted with many experienced and faithful men, whose counsel was of great value—whose friendship and Christian intercourse were a great privilege.

He returned with his family to Masulipatam, via Madras, in October, 1844, so completely restored in

health, as to give him the most sanguine hope of being able to labor for Christ in India, with fresh vigor; but further trials were in store more severe than he had yet experienced.

There was, however, a brief season of intermission: and for more than twelve months, he was steadily and actively employed in his missionary duties: studying the language, and as he got more freedom of speech, going out amongst the people, and preaching to them Jesus.

Masulipatam, Nov. 10, 1844.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

* * * * * It is on the good sword of the word of God that I have to rely here. I go out among the people, and get a little talk with them, so lamely and poorly on my part as to appear wholly inefficient; and the people either dispute and oppose, or listen with indifference, and were it my own word I had to tell them, I should soon get out of heart; but I know the sword of God, clumsily handled though it be, must reach the hearts of some of them; so I come away quite joyfully from the midst of the opposition or the sluggishness. It is like the Woucali poisoned arrows which Waterton speaks of; the Indian blows the arrow, strikes the prey with a trifling wound, and the arrow falls out again while the beast runs away as though unscathed; the hunter, however, follows, sure of finding the effect of his poison in the dying animal before it has gone far: so we now sow seed which we know is good and full of life; some of it must spring up, and some one or other will reap the harvest. Blessed be God for the assurance he gives us, and for

the certain promises he has bestowed upon us in connection with his work. Many thanks to you for Arnold's Life, which is on its way out ; it will doubtless arrive in due time. I long very much to see it, and expect to find my esteem for the subject of it much advanced, as I learn more and more of his character. How much I owe to him under the blessing of God, I have not yet fully found out. * * * * *

Masulipatam, Jan. 15, 1845.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I begin my letter with a desire to urge upon you to be very diligent in trying to get some one to come out and join us here : not that I suppose you are deficient in zeal for us, or in trying to forward God's work here ; but while I feel myself so very strongly the want of more missionaries, I can do nothing else than cry out to you and others to make known our wants with glowing tongues. I daily feel increasingly my insufficiency here, single-handed among so many thousands. Our dear brother, Mr. Noble, is tied up with the management of the English school, in which he has the head class to himself, and it is a most interesting and important sphere, to which if he did not give his time, it would be my part to give mine ; and this because no one will come out from England to take this work off our hands. Mr. Sharkie and Mr. Taylor, two valuable East Indian young men, are for the present occupied in the same sphere. I am alone in the work of preaching and general evangelizing in the town and villages : and what can I do ? I am lost and bewildered in the multitude of work : I am yet very imperfect in my knowledge of Teloo-goo, and a consider-

able portion of my time has to be devoted to the study of it; and when I go among the people, it is with a stammering tongue and a misunderstanding ear. There lies before me the crowded population of this large town of sixty to ninety thousand inhabitants: these are to be preached to, to have an impression made on them. If I go to one part one day, and to another part another day, my time and labor are dissipated. If I keep myself to one portion, my labor is swallowed up in the great flood of heathenism: it is like trying to clear a spot of ground in the centre of a luxuriant jungle,—the roots of the surrounding trees fill up the spot I am at work on faster than I can clear. Again, there are the villages in the suburbs: fine populous villages. Again, there are the numerous villages and still more numerous hamlets studding the country all round about. Where I am to begin, I know not. Then there ought to be schools to be looked after, to be established, to be watched and taught: I cannot so much as begin them. And so, though I may be preaching continually to the adults, there is the rising generation growing up in their heathenism; the most hopeful portion untouched. Besides this, I have my servants to talk to daily,—many cares and calls upon my time,—and above all it is only a very limited portion of the day that I can be engaged in out-of-door work. It is not as in England, where you might go from village to village, or spend two or three hours conversing in one village. Here we are restricted to the short periods before and after sunrise and sunset: exposure to the mid-day sun is a mere fool-hardy shortening of the time of work, at least to most constitutions. Besides all this, there comes the work of translations (only a portion of the

Scriptures have been translated), and so far as I can judge, a great part of what is done, needs to be done over again, to render it generally intelligible. Tracts there are in some numbers; books are only yet by ones or twos. Who is sufficient to unite in his own person these multifarious duties,—preacher, teacher, superintendent of schools, translator, not for hundreds, but for tens and hundreds of thousands? As far as man is concerned, does it not seem hard that our old school-fellows and fellow-collegians should refuse to come and share our burden, and make that easy which is now bewildering and crushing? Who ever heard of two or three men being sent to storm a strong fort? and I am sure that Masulipatam with all its idolatries and wickedness is a very stronghold of Satan's. I know that our dear Lord has sent us here about this work of attacking the town, and we often bless him that he has done so, but I do not think that he has intended us to be sent alone. I cannot help thinking he is calling others, but that they will not hear: the more so, because it is his revealed plan not to send so small forces for so large a work. Our dear Lord sent at first twelve and then seventy men through the little country of Palestine, which is not bigger than this district of Masulipatam by itself. Paul generally had three or four companions with him in his missionary work. Augustine brought no less than forty monks to evangelize England. Gideon had his three hundred men. God can, if he pleases, magnify himself by converting many souls where the instruments are so very poor and so very few; but we know that such is not his ordinary plan, and it can scarcely be that he would do so, simply to relieve the idleness or *vis inertie* of some

of his servants in England from the trouble of getting out of their snug nests to come here. Pray put this to as many as you can, young as well as old, that there is a great work to be done here, and an insufficient number of persons to do it. God has however commenced operations, surely He is even now calling for fresh laborers; put it to them whether they are not the laborers that He is calling.

There are doubtless, as usual, many young men hanging about Cambridge, taking private pupils only because they have got nothing else to do; some of them, doubtless, are men of God: I would that these might feel that God has a greater work for them here in the villages of Masulipatam, than the getting two or three men annually through their examination. It is painful to us out here to think how many young men there are in England in search of ministerial employment, looking out for curacies and the like, all the while that there is such a demand for laborers out here, and no supply of them at all. Do not take me to be in a complaining mood this month. I have not a word to say against any one, much less against the dealings of our blessed Lord in regard to us, who shows himself as tender and gentle as he is merciful; only that I continually feel that our isolated position here is a great weight, and the weakness of our force a hindrance to the Lord's work. Since I wrote to you last, the half-yearly examination of the English school has taken place: we issued invitations to all the Europeans, and many of the more respectable natives; almost all the former attended with a smaller number of the latter. The examination commenced at half-past seven A. M., with prayers as usual, and then the senior

judge, who was in the chair, read a short address in commendation of the school. The examination began with the fourth and lowest class, and went upwards. I cannot recount to you all the lessons of the different classes: suffice it to say that the first class, consisting of the young men from eighteen to twenty-nine years of age, have prepared, during the half-year, eight or nine chapters of St. Luke's Gospel in English, about half of an English grammar, a few chapters of a geography of India, most of the first book of Euclid, and have written short English themes every week. What they know, they know thoroughly, and their minds are rapidly rising above the ordinary style of that of the natives. In the first class are two very nice young men, members of wealthy and most respectable families, whose hearts seem much touched with the Gospel. The eldest of the two is much troubled about his sins, and says he has often risen at night and walked about for hours, troubled with the sense of them. He prays, I believe. He is a peculiarly amiable, loving, and lovable young man, and I feel for him much of the affection of a brother. Should it please God to convert him, he would have much to give up in his family and connections. On the last Sunday of the year I baptized our little Johnny by the name of John Arnold. The same morning I baptized our Ayah (i. e. nursery-maid) in the little native congregation meeting at Mr. Noble's house: she walks consistently, and seems to drink in with eagerness all spiritual truth we teach her. My servants, ten or twelve in number, are an interesting congregation every morning; two of them are now baptized; about two others I feel much interest, hoping

the Spirit is working in them, though it is only stirring up the mud. One of them, Harry's bearer, has been hearing me now for eighteen months or more: the other is mother of one of Mr. N.'s servants, who was baptized lately.

* * * Perhaps Tractarianism is not so much the disease of the Church in England, as the chief symptom; while individually we will not give up our lusts and plans, and submit ourselves in singleness to Christ as our whole Master, the Church as a body won't give up and send out missionaries to India. Those who come out will have to learn, that leaving England, and living in a hot climate, is not their *great trial*: it is still our sins, our flesh, and the world which it is so hard to give up: if it was not for the painful struggle against these, and the continual smartings we get by our sins, we should be living a heaven on earth in spite of absence, heat, and the rest. My own experience however is, that I have received more spiritual aid against the devil, and my own sins, and a more clear sight of our dear Lord since I came away from England, than I ever did before; whether this is to be connected with being out here or not, I cannot say; only blessed be the Lord for what he has given me, whatever be the occasion. * * *

Your affectionate Brother,

H. W. Fox.

Narsapore, April 21, 1845.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

* * * * The month before I left Bunder I had a great door opened to me, only that my own

defects made me but little able to enter it ; it was this, that I was able to establish in the house of a poor, pious East Indian, a weekly meeting of heathens ; I have to go into the bazaars, and call or drive them in, but at last I get about twenty or thirty hearers, Romanists, and heathens, and have a quiet talk with them for an hour. After I have got a free utterance, and they have got over their suspiciousness, I hope they will come of themselves, or what will be better, that I shall get the same hearers to come regularly :—when I think of it, I am astonished at the wideness of the door which God has so opened ; it promises so much more than mere street-talking, or rather, it is the next step above that ; for while conversing in the open streets, it is necessary to raise and keep up an interest. A regular in-door meeting is much more suitable for instruction. I shall now be as it were in the school of one Tyrannus, alias disputing weekly in the house of one Lewis. I begin to understand St. Paul better, in his requests, that his friends would pray for him :—1st. That a door might be opened for him ;—2d. That utterance might be given him ;—and 3d. That he might be enabled to speak boldly the mysteries of the gospel. Ephes. vi. 19, 20, contains, what I should much desire my friends to ask of God for me ; an utterance and a boldness : I am often quite tongue-tied. I am at all times a wretched stammerer ; I am often a coward, knowing how I stand before glibly speaking, noisy, unbelieving, scoffing fellows, much of whose language I cannot understand, and with whom my drawling tongue gives me no chance in discussion. I assure you I am often quite afraid of a noisy Brahmin. I

trust that my increasing knowledge of Teloogoo will gradually set me free from this cause of fear. * *

Your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

Masulipatam, July 9, 1845.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

I have not heard of your return to England, but take it for granted. * * * * What a great blessing is the unanimity and affection which God allows to exist between the members of our family ; for though we are scattered abroad over the face of the world more than most families usually are, yet there are few in which there is more frequent communication and more affection. I trust that the basis of it is sound upon Christ. * * * It is no light or shallow matter to be a soldier of Christ ; the cross taken up daily, the sturdy bending of the whole man into the one object of the glory of God ; the viewing the unseen world of God, (not of philosophy) instead of the visible things of time. This cannot be a shallow matter, it must be deep or not at all ; Christ altogether, or not at all ; no halves, no “dilettanti” work in such a business as this ; and yet how many hang about, calling themselves earnest Christians, taking up the profession, and in some measure the approbation of Christ’s service, and yet are never heart-worshippers at all ; never get beyond the approval of reason, or the likings of the mouth. Just now you are called to a particular heart-searching, concerning your motives in entering into God’s ministry, and the sincerity of your purposes, when you shall have entered. I made but little use of my preparatory time before I was ordained ; I was wrapt up in Hooker,

Butler, &c., to the exclusion of reading my own heart, and frequent prayer. When it pleases God to make you a minister, you must be just like an Oxford eight-oar at the races :—up till now you have been waiting, training, and are ready to start, but the moment you are started you must be off, straining every nerve in your work *till the end*. A minister is never off duty. I think it would be a good rule to count every day lost in which you have not been at least once engaged in pastoral work, conveying the knowledge of Christ to sinners, or building up his saints : i. e. either visiting people in their houses for religious conversation, Cottage lectures, sermons, school, or something of the kind. I have got into such a habit, if I do not either morning or evening get a distinct preaching of Christ to some poor souls, I count the day a lost one ; this is independent of in-door household teaching. Be a working clergyman, you have been long preparing ; now work, work, work, for the salvation of souls, for the extending of Christ's kingdom ; water your own field first, then everybody else's. If your parish be in a town, I hope you will soon know every alley and court in it ;—if in the country, every cottage and cottager. I am trying to get acquainted with my diocese, but ten years won't suffice me for the purpose, for the blind alleys are the rule, and streets the exception, and people are suspicious, and don't like to see a European wandering in and out about the privacy of their narrow lanes. These are usually too narrow to ride in, as the head is likely to come in contact with the overhanging eaves ; however I can generally on foot pass any one I meet, with crouching up to the wall in almost any alley, but perhaps I am unexpectedly brought up in

front of a house without any exit to the alley, and I have no reason to give for wandering about in what is practically a private road ; nor can I judge of the end from the beginning of the alley, as they literally turn and twist about, often at right angles, every ten or fifteen yards.

Your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

TO THE SAME.

I hear you are now very soon going to be ordained ; remember how that before Christ appointed his apostles he spent the night in prayer : an example to us how that we should preface so great a work as that of entering on the ministry of God's church by privacy and prayer. You may find a profitable lesson in the first chapter of Jeremiah, and in those chapters which record the call of Moses. In both, their exceeding humility is discovered, but it is mingled with a want of faith, which God reproves, at the same time that he gives us the blessed instruction, that it is his work his ministers go about, his word they speak, and that it is he who guards them from evil and enemies in their work. May you have such a knowledge of the love of Christ to you in your own heart, and such a burning love for him, that you may long and yearn after the souls committed to you. It is not men's bodies which are committed to us, it is their souls which, while it restricts us in some respects, makes our charge heavier and more difficult ; but then if it was not difficult we could do it of ourselves : because it is difficult, and when we know it to be so, then we are forced to seek

help from God. May Christ be with you in your ordination and in your ministry, blessing it to your own soul as well as that of others. Our united love to all at home.

Your affectionate Brother,
HENRY W. FOX.

CHAPTER VI.

DEATH OF HIS WIFE AND YOUNGEST CHILD—EMBARKS FOR ENGLAND—
ARRIVAL THERE.

TOWARDS the latter part of the year 1845, the health of his wife began to give way, and so rapidly did it decline, that there seemed no other remedy than an immediate removal to a better clime. In this state of anxiety he embarked coastwise for Madras, purposing to send his wife and children to England, and return to his own duties at Masulipatam; but on reaching Madras, the advice of his friends and the medical attendants, induced him to accompany her, for indeed her illness had become so alarming, as to render her recovery, even in a better climate, a very uncertain event. She was conveyed on board the barque "Diana," on the evening of the 30th October, 1845, and the vessel was to have sailed the next morning, but during the night, her complaint, hastened probably by the fatigue of removal, came to a crisis, and she died the following morning, owing to the bursting of an abscess in the liver, which produced suffocation.

She was truly in earnest about the work in which she had engaged, and though it pleased God thus early to remove her from the scene of earthly labor, the evi-

dences she had given of devotion to the cause of Christ, and of her own spiritual union with Him, furnished the strongest grounds for consolation to her surviving friends. Though the period of her labors had been brief, that labor had not been in vain in the Lord. Others besides Mary Paterson may at the day of our Lord's appearing, arise up and call her blessed, who otherwise had never heard the name of Christ, nor been admitted to partake of his glory.

She was removed on shore and buried at Madras ; every alleviation which the kind sympathy of Christian friends could afford, was enjoyed by my brother, and it certainly was a providential mercy, that the painful event took place before the vessel had proceeded to sea ; by which he had the satisfaction of having her committed to the ground by one of his dearest friends, Mr. Tucker of Madras ; but all the sympathy which friends can offer at such times, falls far short of staunching so deep a wound, and unless consolation be poured in from above, and the soul is capable of staying itself upon God, of finding consolation in the sympathy of Jesus, there must remain an aching void, which nothing can fill, a pain which defies the cure of human remedies.

Shortly after his wife's funeral, he was obliged to embark with his three children, and proceed on his voyage to England. He had not been many days at sea, before the youngest sickened and died ; the vessel put into Cuddalore, where the child was buried : there now lay before him, a long and dreary voyage, during which time, he was deprived of all the consolations of Christian communion ; there was no one on board to whom he could open his heart, or who could enter into

his sorrows ; although this proved a very painful passage of his life, yet he found the promise hold good, " Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and at no period did he experience the presence and power of God's love so fully, as during this desolate and sorrowful voyage. During it, he appears to have made a rapid progress in Christian experience : the result of his sorrows was to draw him more nearly to his God and Saviour, to wean him more thoroughly from the world, and to confirm him more than ever in his determination to spend and be spent for Christ ; so that he set his foot ashore on his native land, with the firm resolve, that by the help of the Lord, he would return to his work in India, as speedily as possible. But his own letters will best describe his feelings during this trying period of his life.

Barque Paragon, en route to Madras, Oct. 5, 1845.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

You will be astonished at getting a letter by Marseilles, but I think the occasion will justify the haste. I am now on the way from Masulipatam to Madras for the purpose of embarking Elizabeth and the children on the first ship for England ; whether I shall accompany them or not I cannot yet decide, but will tell you before I despatch the letter. You know how ill she was in the spring when I took her up to Narsapore : in the hot weather she got better, and recovered a large share of her strength, but since then she has worked herself too hard, and about six weeks ago was taken poorly again. I hoped she was getting over it, at least so far as to get through the approaching cold winter, but last week she fell off so suddenly and severely,

that both our doctors insisted on her going to England at once, as the only way of ultimately saving her health, if not her life. I doubt not that the present plan is the wisest, though a most bitter one to both of us. Both our own separation and that of the children is what we find very painful to look forward to. We shall be united again, if God will, before long; but the dear little children must grow up strangers to us, and we have no hand in their education. We had indeed looked forward to this, but hoped that they might have been six or seven years old before they went, and then they would have some distinct recollection of us, which might have been kept up.

Madras, Oct. 11.—We landed here, after a very prosperous voyage of two days, on October 1. It is decided that I accompany Elizabeth to England; but I shall not remain more than a few months, if it please God. I must be back to my work again. She is slightly improved since landing. We hope to sail about Oct. 25, and probably reach England about the end of February.

Your affectionate Son,

HENRY W. FOX.

Madras, Oct. 11, 1845.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

I wrote a few lines by Marseilles to my father and mother, telling them of my dear wife's illness, and our purposed return home; this will reach you a day or two later, though it goes as far as Malta by the same post. I do not know what to say concerning this most sudden and great change of prospect. Three weeks ago we had not the most distant idea of revisiting Eng-

land, now we are on our way there, and in the midst of preparations: it is no use trying to tell you my feelings about it, I have felt but little. Since the plan was first decided on, I have been laboring day and night packing up, preparing, leading Elizabeth, who is as helpless as a child, and have scarcely a thought in my head, or a feeling in my heart. They will come in the quiet of ship-board, just as they did after leaving England: this one thing however, you will feel very glad of our return, we feel it a bitter pain, it is bitter indeed to have plans broken up, to be stopped in the middle of beloved work, and hurried away from the spot; it will be also bitter as soon as we reach England, to be anticipating our speedy separation; and the children, how shall I leave them for so many years? It is the Lord, and we can say no more. I look forward with strong hope, that he will give us strength to bear the trial, which now seems, when we catch glimpses of it, almost unsupportable. The Lord's will be done—we are now experiencing what we have long known. Since we have got down here, the doctors have made out Lizzy's complaint to be, enlargement of the liver; if it is no more, there is but little more reason for apprehension than in a healthy person, for a sea-voyage, and return to a cool climate are almost certain specifics for it: we trust it is no more. But diseases of the liver are always mysterious, and no one can say but that an abscess may be forming, in which case we must expect the worst, for though not necessarily fatal, it too often is so. * * *

It was but on Saturday morning that we decided on leaving Bunder;—on the following Thursday afternoon we embarked for Madras; meanwhile I was

able to leave the house only twice, and scarcely able to say good-bye to any friends, English or Native; we seem to be flying the country. We left R. Noble well, and busy in his school; we could not but envy him, but the Lord wills it otherwise for us, and unworthy we are indeed to work for Him there. I left however, in the hope of being back again within a year; it would be a piece of little wisdom to return here in June to meet the scorching wind, but I hope that August may see me again in India. Mr. Tucker says, I ought not even to talk of plans so far distant, and certainly our life in India has given us experience to this effect. In coming to England, I feel assured that I shall not find any of you trying to tempt me to remain. The return will be indeed a hard thing, but not so hard as Christ underwent in leaving the brightness of his Father's presence for thirty-three years: the thought of Christ hardens my soft heart to bear sorrows—else how can I bear all I shall have to undergo? I am desirous of occupying myself while in England, in trying to stir up the hearts of young men to come out here: I say *trying*, for I am sure that the getting them to come, is as much a work of God's, and as little a work of man's, as conversion or any other great work. I have a certain stock of Indian information, which I hope to be able to make good use of, but I should have been glad to have had at least two years more of information, to enlarge, clear, and consolidate what I have got. One of my pleasant thoughts, in regard to returning is, that we shall all meet, dear father and mother, and all, in the bond of Christian love, and speak of Christ together. I think I shall enjoy this more than I did, and yet my deceitful heart has often

deceived me on this head; and when I have looked for a full heart to have Christian communion with brother Christians, I have often found myself as cold and lifeless as can be. * * * *

Your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

TO THE REV. R. T. NOBLE, MASULIPATAM.

Barque Diana, off Cuddalore, Nov. 6, 1845.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

Mr. Tucker has told you of God's dealings with me, and of his mercy to me, and to my dear Elizabeth. She came on board to die and to render up her spirit to Christ, and now she is sleeping in Jesus, till the day that he brings his saints with him. Just this time last year, you and I, with Sharkey, were going over 1 Cor. xv. in Teloogoo; now I am called to realize and experience its truth. Blessed be God, his comforts exceed his sorrows, and yet the sorrow is very great; no man can help me or comfort me in it, nor any creature supply the want created by the loss. You know what it is to be lonely, but you don't know what loneliness is after five years of such close and affectionate intercourse as I had with my dear wife. It is a terrible gap: nothing as yet fills it. I trust Christ will, and that I may suffer nothing earthly to try to fill it. He has repeated his blow, still in love, in taking little Johnny to himself: the dear baby never recovered the attack he had at Bunder,—was worse on coming on shipboard, and died yesterday afternoon, after no great pain. His dear mother has been spared the sorrow, and now has the joy of receiving him. I had no an-

ticipations of Elizabeth's danger, nor had she, till the night before she died. I got her on board about mid-day on Thursday, anticipating rainy weather—she was fatigued with coming on board, but was not worse all that afternoon or evening, except that she could take no food. She had a very bad night with her cough: about two in the morning she began to sink and be exhausted; the doctor who had warned me of her danger soon after dark, now spoke of *immediate* danger, and seemed to think the hope of surviving was small. The news startled her a good deal, but her increasing exhaustion, and the fatigue of her cough allowed her but little to think, and she scarcely spoke.—The abscess seems to have broken about eight in the morning, when the cough ceased, and she died without pain, quietly in my arms, on Friday morning. I believe she was spared the pains of death—exhaustion tried her much, but that was all. I have nothing to recall of her spiritual state in dying, she could scarcely speak, nor do I suppose she could collect her thoughts to pray; but I do not want it, I have much to remember in days past, and some things which occurred during the weeks we were at Madras; and I should have more, had not my own hard sinful heart given way to the bustle of packing and preparation, so that I much neglected reading and prayer with her. The strong assurance and feeling that she is sleeping in Jesus, and enjoying all his love, without sin and suffering, is so great a joy, as entirely to check my desires to have her back again, and very much to turn my grief into cheerfulness. God is good beyond my hopes or thoughts, in the abundance of comforts he supplies me in my thoughts; I want more humbling and a broken heart, and more thank-

fulness for his *redemption* of me. The thoughts of Bunder I cannot yet dwell on, either past, or future; but I have confidence, that when it pleases God to bring me back, he will sustain me under the pain. I hope he is now preparing me for working for him better than I have done yet. The kindness of our friends at Madras was extreme, all sympathized with me, and comforted me very much. On board I have no Christian friends, but much kindness from all, and a nice, respectable, gentlemanly captain and doctor—the latter has much that is hopeful. I have not yet gone to the sailors, I have been busy myself, and they engaged in taking in cargo at Pondicherry and Cuddalore—we hope to sail for good, to-morrow, or next day. I go on shore this afternoon to bury my dear little baby; the Chaplain will bury him—he is a Christian brother and very kind to me. The other two children and I are kept in good health. * * * *

Your afflicted and affectionate Brother,

H. W. Fox.

Jan. 5, 1846. Near the Cape of Good Hope.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

The probability of having an opportunity of sending you a letter from St. Helena, which will reach you a week or so before we arrive in England, induces me to begin to write to you at so early a time: and I am glad I have begun, for often and often have I wanted to express my thoughts and feelings to you, and have shrunk from beginning to do so,—used, as I have been so long, always to have her to communicate my every thought and wish to, and to receive from her the kindest and warmest sympathy, I feel very desolate now

that I have no one to tell it to. I cannot write to you at present in a sorrowful tone. I hope that the bitterest times are over, although as they have hitherto come at intervals, I do not know but that all my sorrows may be oftentimes yet renewed before I am able so fully to rejoice in Christ, as that this loss should not pain me. I look indeed to a time when my faith shall be so increased, and my affections so weaned that *all* my thoughts of my dear Lizzy may be those of gladness and thankfulness. Now I have many such thoughts of her, and am able at times heartily to bless our dear Lord for his mercy to her, and can see her as it were filled with the fulness of his joy, free from all sin and imperfection, and so happy, and dear little Johnny with her. However, at times all thoughts of her are very full of pain: I dare not look back, for every pleasant scene is the more agonizing, because of its former brightness, and I shrink from looking forward to think of my desolateness, and how I still have to go through the rough way and weary land, without her affectionate comfort and presence. However, in regard to those thoughts, I am convicted before God of having loved her more than I loved God; and I very often have ringing in my ears, "The idols He will utterly abolish." I do thank him for my own sake, that he has laid this burden upon me, in very faithfulness he has afflicted me, and for my own sake I am unable to wish that this sorrow had not come; for I could not without it have had such experience of Christ's tender love, of his powerful support and rich consolations. I do not know how those who are without Christ can go through such a sorrow: it seems to me as if it would have driven me out of my

senses at times, if I had not had, not only the comfort of divine truth in my mind, but the strength of Christ given me immediately from himself. He does appear to me now much more precious than he ever did before, and at times I have longings after being with him, and indifference to this life quite new to me: nevertheless at others I am reminded how much the work of subduing and weaning me from the world has yet to go on. It is better to depart and be with Christ, but if he sees fit to keep me here to accomplish his work in me more fully, or to use me as an instrument, I am well content.

“ If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
That shall have the same pay,”

says Richard Baxter ; and I often repeat the words with much meaning. Again, I have also to use Miss Elliott’s hymn :

“ Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.”

So you see there are many fluctuations in my state, but I think I may say that Christ has triumphed in me and glorified himself; his promises have not one of them failed, and they have shone out with particular clearness in his word.

January 8.—I have been deriving much comfort from the thought that all the pleasure and happiness which God gave me in my dear wife, was intended to foreshadow and typify, by very inferior and distant resemblance, the joys I shall have with him in

heaven. I wish I had thought of this while I was in enjoyment, the thought would have led me to sanctify the pleasure ; however, now it allows me to look back without the bitter pain which all recollection brought me a short while ago ; for as the pain arose from the knowledge that those pleasant days were passed never to return, so now I am able to look at them cheerfully and thankfully, as pointing out what I am going to meet with in the prepared mansions. I have also, at times, great consolation in regarding the work as God's work, and bowing in submission to his Almighty will, assured not only of his right to do as he likes with me, but of his tender love in all he has done. He has made me to overabound in numerous minor comforts and mercies, both before and since my dear Lizzy went, as though he would not let me have room for a doubt of his tenderness. This life on ship-board has been, and is a trying one for me, for I have to bear all my sorrow alone ; but in this God has doubtless had in view the object of making me feel more my dependence on him. We are a small party on board, and all on very good terms, and I receive nothing but kindness from every one ; but there is no one to whom I can open my heart, nor any congenial person. I hope that our captain, who is a most worthy, pleasing character, is a child of God. I have got the Doctor to spend half an hour in the forenoon, in reading the Bible with me, and he likes it, and I think is thoughtful about it. I have had a good demand for reading religious books, especially among the sailors, among whom are some very decent, respectable characters, who listen kindly and thankfully to all my entreaties to give themselves to Christ.

Jan. 15.—There is one young man among them who has, I hope, been brought to God since we sailed ; the commencement of the change seems to have been occasioned by his reading Baxter's Call, which I lent him the first Sunday I was on board : his progress in Christian knowledge and experience has been such as to make me very hopeful that the change (for a change there is) is the work of the Holy Ghost. He quite devours the books I lend him, and perseveres in reading the Bible. In one or two others I would hope an impression has been made ; but when I think of the wicked heart within, and the devil and world without, I desire to see tokens that the impression is made, not by me, but by the Holy Ghost. I preach twice on every Sunday : if the weather is suitable the service is on the quarter-deck in the morning, and about thirty of us are present ; at other times, in the cuddy, when we can only muster about fifteen. I have continued to preach extempore, which you will blame me for, and so I should myself, as I am but little satisfied with my sermons ; but for two reasons, the first of which is the exceeding difficulty of getting a good opportunity of writing on board, as you may observe by the early part of this letter ; and the second, the unseemly stiffness, as it seemed to me, in reading a sermon to a congregation such as ours, whether we are sitting in a room round a table, or in the open air on deck, when our ceiling is the awning, our pews planks supported by a bucket at each end, and when I stand on the top of the booby hatch, with the capstan covered with the union-jack for my desk. On weekdays I usually go forward for half an hour in the evenings among the sailors, after the day's work is over,

and get some very interesting opportunities of speaking to them in private; but if you could see my heart I think you would wonder and be ashamed at my want of love to the souls about me, and how I have to stir myself to seek their good instead of running to do it: it is the same at Bunder, it was the same at Oxford, when I would do good, evil is present with me. I trust this lonely time of sorrow on shipboard may be for my soul's growth, but the time is slipping away, and I do not find myself so chastened or weaned from the world as I hoped I should by the grace of God have been: I have learnt some lessons, if I do not forget them, of the evil within me. I wish that you all would join your prayers with mine, that my visit at home may be a blessing and grace to us all, and that our life and conversation may be such, as to stir up every one of us to more devoted and hearty service of Christ. I shall also be very thankful if you will pray with me, that I may be allowed while at home to be the means of getting more missionaries, and in spreading a more real and deep interest in missions. I look on this as my peculiar work while I am at home. I could have wished for another year of such experience as my last at Bunder was, but God may use my poor instrumentality for "driving out laborers" into the distant vineyard. If you can devise or plan any means to aid me, I shall be most thankful. I come home confident that all of you who so heartily bid me God speed at first going out, will not attempt to delay my return to my work. As for my own present wishes, I have not a desire except to be at Bunder again; but I know so far regarding the law of sin within me, as to be aware that my desires may change and try to-

lead me from my duty. I shall look therefore to you, my dear sister, to uphold me, should I give way; the parting with my dear children, probably for life, will be a sore trial, and now all the more bitter since God has taken my dear Lizzy from me. I cannot tell, nor are you likely to know, what she was to me, and how entirely we were one; there was not a plan, a thought, I believe scarcely a wish, but we had it in common: no sort of reserve existed between us. You know how much we were permitted to be together, and this enabled us to live in the closer unity; to love her was almost like loving myself, and I knew and was persuaded that I had her entire affection. You know that her affections were warm, even as your own are; and now there is this great separation of communion. I doubt not but that she loves me now even more than she could while with me, and her love is more hallowed in Christ, and I know that I do not love her one whit the less though the yearning after and longing for her at times makes my very heart sore: at such times I have no resource but to lay up my sorrows with Christ the man of sorrows, and he gives me comfort and even joy; "the oil of gladness for ashes." The world and life seem as if they never could be bright to me again; but if so, I may have the same brightness in the knowledge and love of Christ, and nothing shall prevent our joy when we sleep in Jesus, and when we rise in our renewed bodies to meet him as he comes down to earth. What a precious treasure is accumulating for us in the presence of God; how many are awaiting to rejoice with us, and yet I desire to look forward, not so much to the rejoicing in meeting them again, as to the joy of beholding the King in his

beauty. What an all-absorbing splendor and glory must that of God be! The poor heathen have not even these prospects among those of their heaven: to meet again in the life to come, is a thought which has not entered into their heads, and when they lose their dear ones they part with them forever and ever. Blessed be God for his Gospel, and blessed also be his name that he has made us to know it: and I add, Blessed be God for those years of happiness which he allowed me to spend with my dear, dear wife, and for the dear children he has given me, one of whom as a sort of first-fruits, he has already taken home: I have a strong assurance that he will hear our prayers for the conversion of the other two.

From your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

TO THE REV. R. T. NOBLE, MASULIPATAM.

Bath, April 2, 1846.

MY DEAREST ROBERT,

This will inform you of our arrival in England. We had a somewhat long, but a remarkably calm and prosperous voyage. I was quite alone amongst those on board, and found no one with whom I had much Christian communion. I saw God's hand, in leaving me without human sources of comfort whilst on board: I am sure I should have clung to them too strongly, but he did not let me want his own consolations. I had a time of very much inward trial, but he has enabled me to go through it, and has given me very much experience of his love. I believe that had I decided the question myself, I could have found no sor-

row so necessary to me, as that which he has given me; it is the heaviest I could have had, but the very one I needed. I have come down to Bath, where the family are now staying for a while; you may remember that it is here that my dear wife's aunt lives, and that it is with this place I have many associations; this gives rise to many renewals of my sorrows, and many trials of faith. We reached London on March 25th. I saw Mr. Venn immediately, and met most of the Committee a few days afterwards; both from him, and from several of them I received the greatest kindness and expression of sympathy. Mr. Venn is very sanguine regarding the increase of Missionaries this year, and mentioned two or three young clergymen, now about to prepare for going out. They are going to give me plenty of work at Missionary meetings in different parts of the country, which I am willing to accept, as it seems to be my work while in England. I have many doubts about my efficiency; but if it is God who gives me the work, he will also give me the ability. I have no plans yet so much as talked of; the most distinct one is, that I should reach Madras, if God will, by November of this year. I am desirous, if it may be, to have the cold season to work in, and am very anxious to rejoin you, to help you in bearing the burden of the mission. You and our dear companions in labor, and the school, and the Mission generally are often in my prayers. I cannot at this distance assist you in any other way. * * * * I am myself in excellent health, and only desirous to return again, if God will permit me to be employed for him at Bunder. I was very thankful to find my dear father

and mother, as well as the others, more than willing that I should return to Bunder again.

Believe me,

Your affectionate Brother and fellow-worker,

HENRY W. FOX.

CHAPTER VII.

EFFORTS WHILST IN ENGLAND TO DIFFUSE MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE AND
OBTAIN FRESH LABORERS—RETURN TO INDIA—ACCIDENT ON BOARD THE
RIPON STEAMER—JOURNAL OF OVERLAND JOURNEY.

MY brother remained in England about six months, and embarked in the steamer "Ripon," on his return to India in October. During his residence in England, his time was principally taken up by attending missionary meetings in various parts of the country, and in the month of May, he was present at the Anniversary Meeting of the Church Missionary Society, in London, where he seconded a resolution, which the Bishop of Oxford had moved, "in a speech," to use the words of Mr. Venn, "which is remembered by many who heard it, as singularly effective in the simplicity and ability with which he described his missionary labors."

The step which he had now to take was one of the most painful in his life; the loss of his wife called for submission; that trial was passive, it was suffering the will of God. But he had now to encounter a trial, which called for action—the tearing himself away from his dear children, and going out once more to his work, not as before, with a companion to cheer him on

his way, and to share his joys and sorrows ; but alone—leaving behind all he held dear on earth, and returning to scenes that would remind him, at every turn, of his former ties and his present desolation. But there was no hesitancy in making this sacrifice, for a more powerful principle than human love had possession of his heart, and formed the ruling passion of his soul ; instead of being sickened of his work, by the losses he had sustained whilst prosecuting it ; instead of turning from it with disgust, or returning to it from a stern sense of duty alone, his heart was wholly bent on prosecuting his labors ; the one purpose for which he desired to live, was “that he might preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.” Such was the sanctifying influence of affliction upon his heart, such the peaceable fruits of righteousness ; such the increased devotion and oneness of purpose that pervaded his soul.

The following letters and journal illustrate this portion of his life.

TO THE REV. R. T. NOBLE, MASULIPATAM.

Durham, June 15, 1846.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

I scarcely know where to begin my letter to you : ever since I wrote in April, I have been moving about in scenes full of interest to you, as well as to myself ; but I fear I shall but ill succeed in conveying to you a description of them all. My visits have been chiefly of a Missionary character, and I have often wished that you could be with me, to have been cheered and encouraged by what I witnessed. It has seemed to

me, that a more decided and warmer interest, and a higher tone is taken in reference to missions than used to be formerly. Men speak now of the duty and call that God is making upon us, and do not dwell so much in a self-congratulatory spirit upon successes ; at every meeting which I have attended, our Society has seemed the nucleus for assembling the really pious and evangelical clergy of the neighborhood. I may take a somewhat exaggerated view, because I now see things in a different position, as a deputation and Missionary, from what I used to do before we went out ; nevertheless, I think that there is much for which to thank God in the truer Missionary spirit that is abroad among those who are really his children. Still the interest has not come up to the point of men giving *themselves* up to be missionaries. I have never neglected to press the call as a personal question upon all the younger clergymen whom I have met with in my journeyings, but the result has been the same. "They all with one consent began to make excuse." I have been downcast at times, but I acknowledge that this is through want of faith ; God may yet press the matter home to the consciences of some to whom I have spoken. I have been struck with the circumstance that so many men apparently suitable, and who take much interest in Missionary matters, confess that they never yet put it as a practical question to their own consciences, "Am I called to go?" There exists a very serious obstacle to getting men, in the great demand which there is everywhere for curates ; this is much increased of late years, and both presents itself as an argument for staying at home, and also prevents young men from looking about them before taking orders. I have pressed the matter

upon —— and he is evidently uneasy in his mind about it, but is kept back by the view that he is now in a position of importance where God has placed him, and which, if he was to leave it, would as far as man can see, not be well filled up : so he does not see his way in leaving it ; nevertheless, it is *our* part to think of Gideon, and of the glory of God displayed in saving by few. * * * *

TO THE REV. J. TUCKER, MADRAS.

Durham, June 17, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I could fill many sheets in writing to you if I had time to write, or you to read them. Regarding my own unworthy self, I have arranged with Mr. Venn to return by the 20th of October overland steamer, so that I hope, if God keeps us and prospers our voyage, to be at Madras early in December. God is still dealing with me as before : keeping me in much sorrow, which time hitherto has not softened or lessened, but I feel that I need this chastening hand still. I have for six or seven weeks been running about as a “deputation ;” you know the harassing work which this is, and I have found it to be very trying to my soul, by interrupting my regular seasons of retirement ; I now want to be brought back again, and so God works in me painfully, but I hope it may prove profitably ; though all that I loved life for is gone, and life seems very dull, still I find the cares and business of the world as much a snare as ever. I still need and shall ever be needing God’s chastening and weaning from the world ; how blessed a day will that be when the glories of

Christ burst on our sight, and we shall be able to serve him without sin! My chief visits have been to London, Cambridge, Oxford, and Birmingham. You would hear from Mr. Venn the very favorable meeting which we had in Exeter Hall; there seems to be but one opinion regarding it, that the tone was high and yet humbled; the report was particularly good. I was myself much struck with the difference between this meeting and the one which I attended in 1840: there was no levity, no self-congratulation, and but very little lauding one another. The sermon on the preceding evening was in itself and its accompanying circumstances the most remarkable and admirable one that I ever heard. The good bishop* goes on working very hard, preaching, speaking, and travelling, but I am told he takes care of himself: he is to preach the Commemoration Sermon at Oxford this year. Cambridge is in a very hopeful state in reference to missions, as Ragland will be able to tell you. There are seven undergraduates who have made known their wish to Mr. Carus to be missionaries; but how many of them may eventually be allowed to go out, is of course doubtful. I found others, who look at the matter seriously: the subject seems really before the minds of religious men there. You know Mr. Venn's plan of paying them a visit every term, and of addressing four several parties of gownsmen. I hope things are in a train for his beginning a similar plan at Oxford. I spent a week there with Mr. Hill of Edmund Hall. I had two meetings of gownsmen, one at Wyatt's rooms, which they got ready for me, where there were about eighty present, and one in Wadham Hall, where there

* Of Calcutta.

were about a hundred, including Dr. Jeune, Master of Pembroke, Dr. Cotton, of Worcester, our Warden, who is Vice Chancellor, Golightly, and several others. I found everything asleep in regard to Missions, but I found a large number of religious, evangelical undergraduates, among whom my visit roused a considerable interest in the subject, and among whom much may be done by a movement from without. * * * * As a party, a *living, moving party*, the Tractarians in Oxford are defunct, without a head, broken up into six or seven fractions; they are doing more to their own injury than their advancement. In the country there is a great deal of Tractarianism among the clergy, very little among the laity; it presents itself to me as a mere embodiment or incarnation of worldly-mindedness,—so far being most evil, for it has supplied all the low, sluggish, unspiritual part of the clergy with weapons of defence against the Gospel. At Durham all is asleep as of old. I find what appears to me a greatly increased interest in missions in different parts of the country, and the Church Missionary Society seems to be a nucleus for all the evangelical clergy of a neighborhood; but still the same excuses and difficulties in the way of men coming out. There is much to be done yet before the matter is viewed in its true bearings by our clergy. I have been looking out everywhere for missionaries and schoolmasters; I hope I have found *one* of each class, but they have not yet come to any decision. * * *

Believe me,

Affectionately yours,

HENRY W. FOX.

TO THE REV. R. T. NOBLE, MADRAS.

Durham, July 17, 1846.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

This month has come round again quicker than the previous months have done ; up to this time the days and weeks have passed so very slowly, that I have several times dreaded the prospect of length of life, if it was to be stretched out so long as it has been of late. I do not think that this has been so much from a positive desire to be with Christ, as from the weariness of life, such as it has been ever since my dear wife has gone to her rest. I think, however, that a troubled one may look forward with desire to his rest. But I would that my love for our dear Lord was more ardent, that the meeting with him might be the prominent feature of my desires and anticipations. I now note, how, all my life past, I have been very greatly living on the world, and my joys and comforts dependent on the supplies of earthly goods ; it should not be so, yet now I feel it very difficult to find God my joy through the day. It will be a blessed time when we rest from our sins and short-comings, and our cold hearts are warmed with true love ; we may at least in this way long for rest. Since I wrote to you, I have been living quietly at Durham, making four or five excursions into the immediate neighborhood, for the purpose of speaking at various village Church Missionary Society meetings, and preaching : there is a very marked alteration in this neighborhood, in the interest taken in Missions ; it is to be attributed greatly to the subdivision of the Northern District, and the appoint-

ment of a Secretary for the County ; our present Secretary is a very hard-working man, with an untiring body, and with spirits and zeal to match. With all the increase of interest, I find that the amount of information, even among the better instructed, is very small, and in many cases incorrect. I do not see how this is to be remedied ; there are several very useful books, but it is difficult to get people to read them : and it is plain that the great subject of our Missionary duty, though decidedly advancing, is still very far from its right position, even among true Christians. The want of men seems to be but very little dwelt upon at meetings, and in private. I have found that in the minds of some warm advocates of the cause there exists the idea, that we have already reached the acme of Missionary exertions, and that all that remains is, to keep our present position. There is much more to cheer us in regard to the prospects of true religion in England than I used to think there was, while in India ; evangelical men seem to be as numerous as ever, and to stand upon a firmer and better understood basis than before : evil of course is overabundant, but people seem generally aware that there must be a struggle to combat it : the dissenters are in a low state, according to their own accounts, but while we cannot but grieve at this, I hope that it may be a forerunning state to many of the better ones coming over to us, so that Christ's true children may be the more united in action ; so far as I can learn, the prominent feature of dissenters at present, is warmth of hostility. The Tractarian party is not what it was, the men remain the same, and the evil they have done is very great, and it too remains ; but they are no

longer advancing as a party, and are more generally seen in their true colors; so at least it seems to me, although of course my circle of observation is only limited. Newman's secession seems to have been a very serious blow; it has not only deprived them of a head, so that they have become split into several parties, but it has shown, in a way that most can see, whither their views are really tending. * * *

The thought of leaving all, and returning alone to India, often very much oppresses me. I scarcely know how I shall leave my children. I now see that on first going out, I did but very partially know the suffering of absence. I then carried my home with me, and I shall henceforth be able better to sympathize with you in all you have suffered from this cause, than I have hitherto done. To the flesh, the leaving all seems too much to be borne. I have sometimes felt a good deal of willingness when I have been on my knees, and seen Christ's love shown in his forsaking heaven for earth, with greater clearness; but it is not always so: I know that when the time comes the pain will be great, but God will be a refuge to which I *may* run, if I choose. My thoughts are continually recurring to Bunder, full of happy and of painful recollections. I most often think of our evenings spent together, and the chapters in Isaiah which we read at those times, bring many particulars to my mind. May we be allowed to renew these meetings soon.

Your affectionate Brother, and fellow-worker,

HENRY W. FOX.

TO THE REV. R. T. NOBLE, MASULIPATAM.

Harrow, Aug. 27, 1846.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

* * * * * About the time of your receiving this, I shall be parting with my children, and all: will you remember me before God: it will be a struggle to flesh and blood. I scarcely dare to look forward to it now: will you ask of our Father, that he will be with me in that hour, and that I may glorify him by entire submission to his will. This life is not for enjoyment but for work, and discipline, and humiliation; hereafter, how greatly shall we rejoice in the full presence of our blessed Lord, which those dear ones who have gone before are even now enjoying: blessed be his name, both for their sake, and for ours. All you have said in your letter about more Missionaries, more and more fills me with an anxious and a painful yearning to see them move; perhaps I too much strain after an object of my own heart, and yet it is God's will that they should go out, and I am quite convinced that the lack does not arise from want of God's command, but from man's disobedience. I do try earnestly in my intercourse with men, but I confess that I am not so earnest in my appeals before God. There is still a chilly deadness on the subject of our clergy going out; unless by some unlooked-for change, years must elapse before the Missionary temperature rises to "go out yourself" degree. I have pressed the subject *individually* on at least 100 young men, but every one has got some one good excuse. * *

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL OF A JOURNEY TO INDIA BY
THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

On Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 20, 1846, the mails were brought alongside the Ripon steamer, which was lying out in the middle of Southampton water. This was the last visit which the steam tug was to pay us, and therefore all the friends of passengers who had lingered to see the last of them, had now to return: they quite crowded the deck of the smaller vessel, while the side of our huge steamer was also studded with those bidding their friends their last farewell. Each party exchanged huzzas as we separated, and, sore hearts as there must have been in each vessel, I did not notice many sad countenances: in my own case the bitterest scenes had occurred at a distance, and now I had to part with my faithful and dear friend E. who had continued by me to the last. At length the hawser, which held us tight to the buoy—our last link to dear old England—was loosened, our head swung heavily round, the order of "Go a-head, full speed," was given, and we rushed down Southampton water ten miles an hour. It was now about four o'clock, and the approach of dinner took us all down into the saloon to prepare for it. We were a crowded party, of above a hundred passengers, occupying every available seat at the two tables, which ran the whole length of the saloon. There were old Indian officers and civilians returning to the tropics, after a year or two of renovation of health in England: there were young cadets and writers about to launch into life, and enter a new world at a very early age, full of spirits and bright prospects; there were planters and merchants, young

and old, bound for Bengal, or Ceylon, or China. There were two other missionaries, Scotchmen, besides myself, and a young clergyman, who, with a party of merry young men, was going to spend the winter, touring through Egypt and Syria. There were two or three married ladies, with daughters, returning to join their husbands in India, and one with two or three little children. There were middle-aged Indians, who had been home to recruit and to marry, and were returning with their young and newly married wives; and there was a troop of young ladies (some almost girls,) accompanying relatives, or going out to join them. I could not help thinking how soon their fresh English faces would be blanched, and their lively health and spirits become dull, beneath a tropical sun. Long before dinner was over it was quite dark, and we had passed the Needles, and were steaming away in the open channel, with a slight motion in the vessel, scarcely enough to injure the most delicate of our party. I had the privilege of a nice, light, airy cabin all to myself, situated on the upper deck, so that I had the prospect of much comfort during the first half of our voyage. The captain of the ship, a fine old sailor, had installed me in the position of chaplain, and expressed his desire for regular religious services,—a desire which, as it afterwards proved, proceeded from a sincere and religious heart. Next morning, Wednesday, we found ourselves laboring against a heavy, short, but not high sea, and a blustering foul wind. On coming into the saloon I heard all sorts of complaints, how that in the middle of the night the engines had been stopped for an hour, to allow time for cooling one of the cranks, which had become almost red-hot;

how, that the engine would make only six revolutions in a minute instead of sixteen, and how that the lower-deck cabins were all full of water, which had dashed in through the ports: almost every one had their beds wetted, together with their carpet bags and portmanteaus. The steamer, a very fine vessel, was on her first trip, and had been hurried prematurely out of dock, so that everything went wrong about her. We continued in this way, steaming slowly down the channel, with the head sea rising, and the wind increasing to a gale: she rode it out well, however, but in consequence of the state of her engines, at twelve o'clock the officer in charge of the mails ordered that her helm should be put up, and that she should be run into some port on the nearest coast. We now lay broadside to the sea, which occasionally gave us some heavy blows and made us roll, and also washed over the fore-part of the vessel, and poured down into the hold through the open hatchways, which, in the hurry of departure, had no covering whatever over them. About an hour after, the head of the rudder broke off, so that the wheel was useless, and the ship unmanageable. We were now for several hours in the most imminent danger of going to the bottom, and it was only the goodness of God which preserved us. The water which poured down her hatchways was gradually rising up to the level of the fires, and there being no command over the vessel, the sea washed over her more and more. The captain, as he afterwards told me, gave us all up for lost, and retired several times to his cabin, and there kneeling down prayed to God to deliver us from the danger. The only hope consisted in our being able to make the

land and get into smooth water before the water gained on us. About four o'clock the boatswain very gallantly volunteered to be let down over the stern and hook on two chains to the rings on each side of the rudder itself: this he did, plunged under water every other second as the waves dashed up; by this means we again had power of steering, by bringing the chains round the capstan, and steering by men at the capstan bars. By half-past four we saw land right a-head, and also on the weather-bow. It was five or six miles distant, high, and dimly seen through the haze. Up to this time I had been lying quietly in my cabin, reading and dozing, and utterly ignorant that there was anything the matter, for we did not roll or pitch much, and there was not nearly so much noise on deck, as there would have been in bad weather in a sailing vessel. When I came to dinner I was much startled by one of our party saying, with a gloomy face, "It will be well if we get ashore at all; the rudder is gone, and we are in the greatest danger." I was glad to go to my own cabin to commend us all to God, and to seek for his presence and strength in the hour of fear, and he mercifully granted it: for though some natural shrinking from death remained, I felt happy and confident in reunion with Christ, after all should be over, and meeting those dear ones who have passed through the river of death before me. It was growing dusk as we neared the shore, but some one on board recognized the coast, and we found ourselves running into Torbay, a secure and sheltered anchorage. By half-past seven we had anchored in smooth water, and all our danger was over: had we been out at sea, in the Bay of Biscay for instance, or had the ship's head not

been put up towards the land before the rudder broke, it would have been barely possible that we should have escaped. As it is, our deliverance has been one conspicuously from God. When all was over, and about forty of the passengers were waiting in the saloon for tea, our captain sent for me, and asked me to return thanks to Almighty God for our great deliverance, which I did ; all knelt, and I hope many joined sincerely. There has been since then a return to usual thoughts and feelings on the part of most of us, at least so far as is observable, although there is a general expression of thankfulness and acknowledgment of God's hand in the escape, from most of us. Seldom perhaps has there been so much danger with so little suffering or inconvenience. We have in no ways suffered anything, except the wetting of some of the luggage in the cabins and in the hold.

Thursday Morning, Oct. 22.—At sunrise we found ourselves lying in Torbay, a fine semicircular bay, with bluff cliffs, and green hills surrounding it : on the right was Torquay, with its white houses perched up on the hill, about four miles off ; in the centre was another pretty town, and towards the left, lying snugly under the shelter of the western horn of the bay, was the small fishing town of Brixham. Four or five small ships lay in shore of us, and a fishing smack soon paid us a visit. By eight o'clock the purser of the ship started for the shore to convey the news of our disaster to London. He reached town by four the same afternoon, and a telegraphic express was immediately sent down to Southampton to order the Oriental steamer round to our assistance : he returned himself on board about one o'clock on Friday, to announce

the result of his expedition. Meanwhile we lay perfectly quiet, as steady as if we were on shore, all Thursday and Friday, with a fine bright sea and clear sky the greater part of the time, and with fine views of the beautiful coast around us: numerous fishing and other boats perpetually in motion enlivened the scene. A few of the passengers landed at Brixham or Torquay for some hours, and some even ran up to London and back. Late on Friday night the light of the Oriental steamer, and another smaller vessel were seen, and they soon ran alongside and anchored near us. The whole of Saturday was a day of bustle and confusion, baggage and cargo were being transhipped into the smaller steamer or into boats, and thence into the Oriental. By four o'clock they carried the passengers over in the smaller vessel, the weather being all the while very favorable, and while we were dining on board our new home, they finished all the carrying process, and we expected to start the same night. We did not do so however till daylight the next morning.

Sunday, Oct. 25.—On coming on deck I found that we were running along the Devonshire coast, about a mile off the shore: the coast was fine, precipitous, and hilly: the cliffs, often tinged with a ruddy color, mingled with the greenness of the grass which clung to their face. Many little combs and valleys appeared, in which lay hid a clump of trees and a cottage; we passed on beyond the Start point, sighted Dartmouth, lying in its little rocky cleft in the hills, and gradually edging away to the southward lost sight of land in a few hours. Although the wind blew fresh, the sky was bright, and the sea was smooth. Eleven o'clock

was the hour for morning prayers ; but as the time drew on, those ladies who were able to leave their cabins, together with most of the gentlemen, were assembled on deck, lying along the seats which were fixed there : most of them declared their inability to descend into the saloon, through fear of sea-sickness, and so it was arranged that we should have service on deck. I was glad to find that many were really anxious to have the service, and did not really make their sickness an excuse. Accordingly I read prayers on deck ; the ladies lying at full length, the gentlemen sitting or standing as they could, with their hats on, my hair blowing in the wind, and my voice going everywhere. I had to strain my voice, and found afterwards that I was heard, but at the time thought otherwise. I however preached, or rather made a short address on Rom. xii. 1, drawing attention to the call which God had made on us by his late deliverance, and then to his great *mercy* in Christ. The party, about forty in number, were attentive, but cold. All the afternoon I was qualmish and sleepy ; I had several walks and conversations with fellow-passengers on deck, and in the evening we had service again in the saloon, with about twenty present, and I preached from Luke x. 25-27, the obligation of the law. The day was to my own soul very lifeless and cold, and my preaching was similar. Towards evening the wind became light and the sea fell.

Monday, Oct. 26. A beautiful bright morning with a calm sea, saluted us on going on deck ; we are now well in the Bay of Biscay, and still quiet, although the wind and sea are rising during the afternoon.

Tuesday, Oct. 27. When I went on deck this morn-

ing there was a very perceptible change in the temperature; which showed we were approaching southern and warmer climes: it was a beautiful, bright, and cloudless morning; we were nearly across the Bay of Biscay, and had met with neither storm, nor sea, nor swell: it was more like sailing down the channel in mild weather. About noon the high land above Cape Finisterre became indistinctly visible from deck, and all the afternoon was enlivened by the brighter and ever-changing views of the coast, as we neared it and ran along it. As we drew closer to it we saw a long line of rocky and mountainous coast, running from North East to South West, the most westerly point being Cape Finisterre, which literally *finished the land* of Europe to the West, and the most easterly, dimly seen in the distance, indicated the neighborhood of Corunna. It has a curious effect, this seeing from the ocean, coasts and countries familiar to the ideas, and represented to the mind chiefly by a red or yellow mark on a map. One fancies Spain to be something peculiar; and so no doubt it is, when the traveller is winding among its hills, and can notice the costume, the style of building, the altered vegetation and other objects which present themselves to him. But seen at a distance which precludes minute observation, while it allows of distinguishing the outline, and even the coloring of the scenery, one country looks so like another, as almost to disappoint the spectator.

Wednesday Morning, Oct. 28. This morning about seven, the "Pottinger" steamer from Alexandria passed us, very close, we each stopped our engines and exchanged date of leaving port: we are both three or four days behind time,—we from our disaster in the

Ripon, they from some cause unknown. The passings and repassings, and the very style and size of our great steamer, as well as our destination, have the effect of impressing on one's mind the extraordinary intercourse of our nation with the world: we have four steamers monthly going into the Mediterranean, and as many out; communication twice a month with Alexandria, once with Italy, once with Constantinople, by a steamer from Southampton direct, and a steamer to and from Gibraltar, calling at intermediate ports. It is the sight of this which so forcibly impresses us with the great missionary duty to all nations, which God has laid on us.

I have got nice opportunities of getting at the sailors in their quarters forward, and am able to enter into profitable conversation with some of the passengers as we walk about the deck. It is however a time of great distraction. My cabin is so dark that I can scarcely see to read in it, and in the saloon I read or write in the midst of talk or card-playing. My cabin-companion has the merit of never being in the cabin, except at night, so that I have as many opportunities of privacy as I wish.

Thursday, Oct. 29.—By sunrise this morning we came in sight of Cape St. Vincent, and about eight o'clock were abreast of it. As we passed within half a mile, the cliffs and all upon them were distinctly visible. The Cape consists of two headlands, separated by a slight bay a mile wide; the cliffs are 200 feet high, either sandstone or magnesian limestone, or rather they presented the appearance of both these kinds of stone. They were precipitous, cut into numerous clefts, and many caves; and only in one or

two small coves offered a narrow beach at which a boat might land its crew. The first headland was crested by a monastery converted into a light-house: its chapel was marked by a black cross painted on its end; the whole was whitewashed, and dazzling in the morning sun. Above twenty men and women were looking at us over the walls. On the next point was a small fort, also white, in which the most conspicuous building was its chapel, with a tiny plastered dome over the altar; it seemed scarcely to possess a window, and reminded me very much of the Romish churches in India. After passing three headlands, the coast receded a little, but still presented a pleasing view with its variously-colored cliffs, its low hills covered with bents, and dotted with a few white specks of houses, and one or two mountains in the distance.

Friday, October 30, 1846.—And now we have been at Gibraltar; and how shall I describe it? We were but three or four hours on shore, and in continual excitement for some hours before and afterwards.

All Thursday afternoon and evening we were steaming along out of sight of shore; during the evening we were talking over our intended trip ashore, and making inquiries of those who had been there before, regarding the objects of interest and the method of seeing them. We expected to reach our anchorage shortly before daylight, and proved to be correct in our calculations. About half-past two in the morning I was called up with the announcement that we were passing through the Straits, and on going on deck found the land visible on both sides; the night was a starlight one, and the outline distinctly visible of hilly promontories on each side of us, apparently not two

or three miles distant. In reality they were more, for the Strait is twelve miles from shore to shore. Here were the pillars of Hercules, and the boundaries of the ordinary navigation of our true ancestors of classical days. On we steamed, with several light-houses on the European shore guiding us into port, and soon we drew near enough to distinguish the rock of Gibraltar itself, and some of the lights in the town at the foot of it. Gibraltar is not strictly the narrowest part of the Strait,—it is rather beyond it.

By four o'clock in the morning we were deep in the bay, lying about a mile off the western face of the rock, fired two guns, showed a blue light, and cast anchor. By six o'clock there was enough daylight to distinguish objects, and presently the view became, not only interesting, but beautiful. We were lying in a glassy bay about three miles deep and as many across; immediately to the eastward rose up the rock of Gibraltar, forming the greater part of that side of the bay.

By seven o'clock we embarked in one of the numerous boats which were clustered about the ship, whose owners were clamorously in broken English seeking for a freight: they called themselves Englishmen, but their complexion and countenances told their Spanish origin at least on one side. They soon rowed us ashore, and we set foot on English ground once more, with some feeling of pride at the sight of the red-coated soldiers here in the land of Spain. We were no sooner landed than we were bewildered by the variety of novel sights which beset us on every side: nor were these diminished as we proceeded through the double gateway into the main street of the town. I had previously heard that at Gibraltar every costume

might be seen, and the fact was speedily verified, to our great delight. There was the tall Highlander in full costume mounting guard at the gate, and the English soldier, in his red or blue artillery uniform; then there appeared the stately Arab, with his handsome features, and curled beard, his long blue coat with hanging sleeves, and large white turban;—next came the Barbary Jew or Mussulman, distinguished from each other, only by the black color of the cap of the first, or the red of the latter: their shorter tunic of blue with a red band round the waist, or their long loose capote of heavy cotton striped blue or white, formed their summer and winter dresses. Then came the Gibraltar Spaniard, in trousers, and jacket, or shirt sleeves, like the untidy English of the lower orders, and most of them with jaunty-looking round beaver hats, low crowned and adorned with a couple of tufts or favors of the same material and color as the hat. Presently there came a Spanish Muleteer, the very original of the pictures of a Brigand so familiar to us in England. A short, tidily-cut blue jacket, dark breeches, open from the knee to the calf of the leg, with buttons for show rather than use, white stockings, and a knowing hat or cap, formed their costume. The women, of the upper ranks, were in black, with shawls or veils over their heads, instead of bonnets; the poorer women with scarlet cloaks, adorned at the cape, and armholes with black cloth. All had a dark hue, a sort of black pallor, an inky blood peering through a white face. The appearance of the town is not English, yet it is difficult to say in what particular point it differs from an English town. The streets and alleys are regularly built, though rather narrow:

the houses are substantial, and, in the main street, three stories high ; in some quarters, only two stories. They are all plastered and washed with either white or yellow ; the absence of all smoke and the light color of the dust renders everything clean. The most remarkable features are the flat roofs, with occasionally a row of flower-pots adorning the parapet, and the green Venetian shutters at every window. There are abundance of shops, for articles of English or French manufacture, but they make no show, as they have but in few cases regular shop-windows ; the goods are exposed in windows like those of an ordinary house. However, the motley appearance of the crowds in the streets, and that of the mules dragging the carts, instead of horses, sufficiently show the foreign character of the place.

The Journal is continued, giving a lively description of first impressions at Malta, Alexandria, Cairo, and the Desert ; but this is a journey so frequently performed in the present day, and possesses so little novelty, that the remainder is omitted. He reached Ceylon on the 6th, and Madras on the 10th of December, 1846.

Madras, Dec. 12, 1846.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

Here I am at last, by God's mercy, surrounded by much kindness, and attended by gracious marks of God's love on all sides. I looked forward with many painful anticipations to my arrival here, and I have found them fully realized. Every sound and sight recalls my dear Lizzy to mind ; there is not a spot in

Madras which is not associated with her ; many houses and rooms remind me of her presence, and I cannot go about the streets without remembering the last time I did so, when I had left her for an hour or two only. The children also continually come to my mind, and I feel that I am very desolate. Last evening I went as usual to the Friday evening meetings at the Brownes, and how empty did the house seem, for when last there, she was lying in one of the rooms below, and the dear little children's voices were scarcely hushed before the hour of the meeting : every one there looked just as they did a year ago—husbands and wives still preserved to each other—but to me how great the change. Do not think I am complaining, I can call God to witness, I do heartily bless him for the change, both for her sake and for my own. I would not have it otherwise, but yet it is full of sorrow for the present. I do not want you to grieve with me, for I cannot think of giving you sorrow ; but I want you to pray for me that I may glorify God in this land, and time of trial, by looking beyond this life, and rejoicing in his promises. I have had many sorrows of late, and I feel I am going to have more, but I think I have learnt to look on sorrows with a welcome eye, as God's best gifts. I have been thinking of God's tenderness in his dealings with me ever since my dearest wife died. If I had had to go back to Bunder, and let the children go away at once, how almost insupportable would have been the trial ; but he allowed me to come home to you all, and be comforted by your affection and love ; and in England I visited but few places which were closely associated with her : and now, after I have had thirteen months of teaching, He

has brought me back to Madras, first to break, as it were, the greatness of the pain of revisiting the scenes of our happy days at Bunder. The sea voyage home was indeed a time of great trial ; but then to make up for that, He made it a time of much converse with Him, and of many consolations. * * * *

Your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

JOURNAL.

Cullapilly, February 13, 1847.—I am now out on my first excursion to the villages, since my return to India. I have commenced by coming here to the great annual bathing festival, which occurs on “Sivarátri,” or the Siva-night. It is a considerable village about twelve miles due south of Masulipatam, situated on the most northerly branch of the river Kistna, and containing a considerable pagoda, devoted to the god Siva, under his common name of Nagaswara-swámry, or the Lord of Snakes. It is curious that the bathing in the river Kistna, a personification of Vishnu, should be held in connection with, and in honor of the rival god. It is a festival of three days’ continuance, the main features of which are the religious bathing by thousands in the river, and their repairing to the temple of Siva to make their obeisance and offerings to the idol. I left my house at four o’clock in the morning, and proceeded through the entire length of the native town on to the open country beyond it. In consequence of the many showers which had fallen rather heavily a few days previously, I found the wet portions of the plain filled with water ; in crossing the



GOPURAM, OR GATEWAY OF THE TEMPLE AT COILAPILLY, WITH IDOL CAR.
(From a Talbottype view)

first the water reached my horse's girths, and in the second he began to sink so deep in the treacherous mire, that I was obliged to leap off and lead him through the mud and water for two hundred yards, knee deep. A great part of the rest of the country (for there was no road) was of a miry and treacherous character ; so that when the sun rose I had still three or four miles of my journey before me. By this time I had no longer any difficulty in discerning my way, for I found crowds of people streaming in from all directions along the main path ; and for the last two miles I was continually passing a string of people trudging to the festival, the majority on foot, and a few in common bullock-carts. There were old and young, the tottering and bent figure of the old woman, and little children toddling alongside their parents, or carried on their sides. There was about an equal number of men and women, but nearly all were of a poor and shabby appearance. On reaching Cullapilly, I found the pagoda very prettily situated, on the side of a tank full of water-lilies, both red and white, and the whole place alive with the visitors to the festival. After giving directions about the pitching of my tent on the bund of the tank, about a quarter of a mile from the pagoda, I rode down towards the river, which lies at about half a mile distance from the village. There was a solid stream of people the whole distance—a few returning from the water-side—but the majority on their way thither ; and already I could hear the roar of the voices of the multitude engaged in their ablutions, and the occasional screechings and drummings of music, proceeding from them. As we drew near to the river we passed several small raree shows, consist-

ing each of a box gaily painted with mythological figures, and opening with folding-doors so as to display inside the tawdry image of either Vishnu or Siva ; these were placed in the road by their owners, who stood by begging for money, and reaping a rich harvest from the piety of the people. When I asked some of them why they provided mere toys for worship, instead of serving God, they made the common answer of patting their stomach, to show that it was their livelihood. There was also a large number of clamorous beggars, lining one side of the road for the distance of about a quarter of a mile : each beggar spread out a long cloth or mat by the roadside, and as the people came back from the river they threw a few grains of rice, or now and then a single chili, or less frequently a cowrie shell (in value about one fiftieth of a farthing) on each cloth ; so that there was a prospect of two or three handfuls of rice being gathered from each cloth. I found the crowd of bathers lining the river-side for a distance of 600 yards or half a mile : the river here, though the smallest of the main branches of the Kistna, varies from a quarter to half a mile wide, and at present is about seven or eight feet below its banks : on the higher bank were collected the crowds of visitors ; some sitting, some standing idle, some engaged in preparing their food, but the majority were changing their wet clothes, or rubbing their colored powders on their foreheads, or preparing their diminutive amount of alms : in the river itself stood hundreds in the act of bathing. The process appeared to be generally of this kind : the party after scrambling down the steep and slippery bank, proceeded into the water till a little beyond the knees,

of course without removing any part of their dress. Some friend commenced by pouring a number of pots full of the water over their head and back ; then there was the raising of a little of the water to the mouth in the two hands and drinking it, then the throwing two or three handfuls of the water upwards, by way of libation, then some over the head backwards, and then plunging the whole body several times in the water. Men and women were mingled together promiscuously. I stood watching them for a considerable time ; the noise of so many voices was sufficiently great to render conversation of scarcely any use, so I was a silent observer of many hundreds going through a ceremony which they all believe to acquire for them a great amount of religious merit, and which many believe removes their sin. I saw two or three men with little baskets, which they took into the water with them and dipped in the water. On inquiry, I found that the basket contained the little household god of the party, an image a few inches long.

On my return I found a boy going about chanting and begging, with a long piece of wire run through both his cheeks. Siva is the bloody deity, and it is in honor of him or his wife that cuttings or mutilations are made : this is the only one I have seen to-day, but I am told this evening, that near the temple there are some men cutting themselves, and piercing their flesh.

As I returned, I found the same close streams of people still moving down to the river : there could not have been less than four or five thousand in all, either on the river banks or on the way thither, during the three quarters of an hour that I was there. There were about twenty bullock-carts covered with mats,

in which women of the wealthier class changed their dress, and about a dozen palanquins, in which those who could afford the expense had come to the festival; but the mass were on foot. Before I left Masulipatam I was told that not many people of wealth come out to this festival, on account of the sums they are expected to expend in case they do so. I found this to be the case; the majority of the visitors seem to be of the lower classes. On coming back I found a considerable part of the road leading to the temple lined with temporary booths for the sale of toys, bangles, ornaments, or simple articles of food. The booths reminded me much, as indeed did much of the scene besides, of the outskirts of an English race-course: of course the booths had no table or anything to raise them from the ground; they consisted of a few sticks so arranged as to allow a cloth or mat to be stretched on them, which sheltered the seller and his goods from the sun. I was glad to take rest and get my breakfast in my tent; it was not long before all the neighborhood was covered with groups of people cooking their food, eating it, or lying down to sleep after it: for out of the six or seven thousand strangers, who have come for this occasion, none seem to have any place to lodge in,—the open field is their parlor and their bed-room. The continual noise of their talking, and the unceasing hummings of the large drums at the pagoda, have been far from agreeable all day. In the afternoon, finding that no one came to my tent for conversation, I went out into the crowd and wended my way to the temple, after two or three conversations by the way. The people were loitering about, with no other occupation than that of a few jugglers and mountebanks to amuse

them. While waiting about the temple gateway, watching the continual passing of the crowds in and out, there came forth a bridal palanquin, in which was placed a small brazen trident, eight or nine inches high, half wrapped up in cloth. This is the "Trishúlam," and is, I believe, a representative of the god : by the side walked a man with a horse-hair flapper, to drive away the flies from the god. Before the palanquin went a brahmin who laid down on the ground, every here and there, a large leaf, and on it placed a handful of boiled rice : he was followed by a boy who gathered leaves and rice into his basket. I found that nearly every one that went into the pagoda, purchased as he went, a little earthenware saucer, such as is used for a lamp, with a wick and a few drops of oil to offer to the idol inside. There was no uproar, or riot, or excitement, only a large crowd ; I obtained a good many opportunities of speaking to groups of people, and two or three times went over the history of Christ as the only Saviour from sin. I had no opposition, for which I was thankful. On returning, after about a couple of hours' ramble, I brought with me to my tent a crowd of people, and sitting there I continued for two hours more to talk to successive groups who sat on the ground, until I was quite tired. A good many asked for tracts, which I supplied : I was glad that there was not any of that eagerness for tracts which I read of, as sometimes occurring ; for on such occasions I feel the consumption is not repaid by the number who read them ; the desire being, not that of reading, but of possession. I have had many good listeners, no positive opposition ; my only annoyance has been that of two or three people, who were so fond of hearing the

own tongues speak, as not to allow me to finish a sentence.

It is a serious reflection that I am here alone in the midst of Satan's kingdom: here he is rampant and triumphant; not a soul out of the thousands here but is a sworn servant of his: he has all his own way with them, and would do his worst towards me; it is a consideration to make me run to Christ more lovingly and earnestly, as my only defence against the powerful and evil one.

Cullapilly.—Monday, February 15.—The noise on Saturday night of the crowds of people who were bivouacking in the open air all round about, and of the beating of the drums at the pagoda, continued till a late hour: and I was wakened about four in the morning by the same drumming, and by the voices of the crowds who were beginning to wake up. During the night there had been a minor procession of the idol in a little car: the great procession in the great car was to take place this afternoon, Sunday. When I went out for a morning walk soon after daybreak, I found the people streaming away to their villages just as they had been crowding from them the previous morning; though the festival is one of three days' duration, yet the greater number are content with the first day, and before mid-day about two thirds had left the village for their homes. There was some bathing again in the morning, I was told, but the number of bathers could not be great. I had all the forenoon to myself in quiet, but from the middle of the day I had a quick succession of visitors, some boys, some grown-up men, who came to hold a conversation, but most of them to ask for tracts. I had again many favorable opportunities

of telling them of Christ as their only way of salvation. Their continual struggle is for works of their own ; I as continually press upon them the impossibility of bringing out of the unclean man anything which can cleanse him. I had a long and very interesting conversation with a well-behaved and intelligent Mussulman, who, with every appearance of lively interest, honestly confessed, when it was pressed upon him, that a forgiveness of sins from without was necessary, and that he could not find any such in his religion. In the afternoon I went to the pagoda, where the crowd was great, as well as the noise : I could not hold much conversation in consequence, but I was remarkably enabled, as to-day also, in giving such ready answers to those who put foolish, captious questions, as quite to silence them. About half an hour after dusk they began to prepare for the car procession ; the car, a lofty frame-work of wood of a pyramidical form, strongly tied together with a net-work of ropes, was covered over with dingy red cloth, and adorned with long strings of leaves, on which were suspended pumpkins and gourds. No fewer than three "Zemindars," or wealthy landholders (they call them "princes") attended the festival, and added to its splendor, such as it was, by their own bejewelled persons, their matchlock and spearmen, and three or four elephants and camels. I stood near the car, to see the idol brought from the pagoda in order to be placed in the car : the crowd was great, but a number of lighted torches made every object distinctly visible. Just now several Brahmins came forward in a rude manner and told me to move out of the way, for the god was coming : at least their gestures told me so, for the sound of the

drums prevented me from hearing more than a word or two. I took it to be merely a piece of impudence on their part to require me to do that which they had not the slightest right to do in the public street, and so I stood my ground. Several with vehement gestures told me again, and one of the Zemindars talked at me with words inaudible from the great noise. As I thought it better not to oppose their wishes, I moved on a few yards : but that would not content them, and presently I found that the spearmen and others who were pushing the people about, began to push them against me, and others began to hustle me. I fancy that had it been right to do so, I might easily enough have stood my ground against them ; but as I had no reason to irritate them, but the contrary, I moved down the street, and as I went, I found three or four people throw dust upon me. I was more astonished than annoyed at this rudeness, which is so unusual towards a European : I presume that the excitement of the festival, the concealment which the darkness afforded, and the presence of the Zemindars, emboldened them to forsake their usual submissive conduct. I stood in a side street and saw the cumbrous car dragged slowly on, and when it was passed I looked down the street filled with a dense crowd, upon whom the light of the torches streamed. I returned home to the quiet of my tent, to reflect on the contrast of a quiet English Sunday, with the singular, profane, and idolatrous scenes I had witnessed.

To-day I have had numerous visitors in my tent. One man much interested me : he stayed more than an hour, spelling out, for he could not read well, first, the ten commandments, and afterwards a little tract of

eight pages. It was a laborious task for him as well as tiresome to me, but he persevered through it, asking me questions as he went on about what he did not understand. I told him all the way of salvation; he seemed cordially to approve of all, and to be pleased with the good news he heard; he was not one of those dull men who chime in with any new thing which they hear, but an intelligent, lively person. I have had no great opposition or discussion, or any new subjects started. Several have harped on the trite topics, that all things are God, and that he is materially the substance of all: others again, that our bodies are created by him, but he is the soul of all men, that there is but one spirit, ours and his being the same; others, that God is the author of sin, "for if He is not," they say, who is?" Others, that the way to purify the soul is, to restrain and get under the senses: others, that believing in or serving God is necessarily connected with the ascetic life of a hermit. It is quite remarkable how readily they fly off from the subject; pretending to answer some questions I have asked, they will go on with a long rigmarole about what has no more to do with it than the man in the moon.

All these three days God has very mercifully kept me from the adversary, by keeping from me those noisy and difficult discussions which, from my imperfect knowledge of the language, I so much dread. He has also kept me in great peace, and made me feel much enjoyment in this sort of life.

I have given away about 150 tracts; rather withholding them than offering them to the people: most of my visitors have been from Masulipatam, of the rest not above half a dozen are inhabitants of this village.

Sallapilly, February 16, 1847. This forenoon was spent like several others; in the early morning I took a walk, and on my return through the village I wanted to find out the school. It is curious what falsehoods they unblushingly tell: from not less than eight or nine people I have had an answer to my question of where the school was, to the effect that there was no school at all in the village, while some of them, on my charging them with the falsehood, have pointed out to me where it was. In my tent I had visitors for two or three hours: among others a man came and sat down outside (he would not come in) and conversed for about an hour: he had the usual appearance of a "Sanyàssee," a mendicant friar, but was not one of the filthiest and worst class: the marks by which I discovered his character, were his greater quantity of hair on his face, the larger amount of ashes on his forehead, and particularly his strings of beads on his neck and arm, his cloth of the sacred yellow, and the tiger's skin carried on his back. He was not strictly a Sanyàssee, but was employing himself in going about to beg money to build a Pagoda in his native village: he had collected, he said, 400 Rupees, (£40) but 200 Rupees more were needed: for some weeks past he had not got a farthing. He was a cheerful, good-natured fellow; had no objections to make to what I urged upon him, both in regard to his sins, and to Christ's redemption, and appeared an ordinary sort of man, unable to read. Though I had dwelt for some time on their sin of taking God's name in vain, at last he went off in a jovial mood chaunting "Bhagavan! Bhagavan! Narâyana! Narâyana!" names of God. This they think purges the sins away. He, like



TENT OF THE REV. H. W. FOX, PITCHED NEAR CULLAPILLY.
(From a Talbotype view)

other religious characters I have seen among them, seemed to be totally devoid of anything like seriousness or devotion. As I sent off my tent about two o'clock, I walked into the village to get into the shade of the houses, and went to a street full of Brahmins, where I had been treated somewhat rudely in the morning. In a few minutes I had the whole horde upon me, and there ensued a discussion most utterly profitless, except to myself, to whom it served as a grindstone to sharpen me for further contests. About two o'clock, Brahmins, old and young, with pride and impudence strongly marked in their faces, surrounded me, and sometimes one, but more commonly three or four at once, assailed me with childish and ludicrous questions, many of them of a quite unanswerable character: "Why were some men born rich and others poor?" "How was it that my caste (which they confound with religion) had denied the divisions of caste?" On my telling them of the evidence we had to the truth of Christ's life from enemies as well as friends, one of them answered me in a thoroughly Hindoo fashion: "Probably," he said, "these were only sham enemies pretended for the occasion; for instance, (pointing to two men) if I want to get possession of this man's house, I persuade the other, who is a friend of mine, to pretend to be my enemy, and then I bring him into court to swear that the house is mine, and the circumstance of his being my enemy adds much to the weight of his evidence." Sometimes they were so eager to beset me with what they thought flooring questions, that one would pull the other by the arm to stop him, in order that he might get his word in, and then they would ask me a series of ques-

tions one after another, giving me no time to answer. "Is there any difference between God and your body?" "Who knows the difference between right and wrong?" "Is your God, the God of the whole world, or only of your country?" I turned the tables on them by laughing at their hot eagerness to assail me, and at their unfair dealing. I could only feel at the end, that God had graciously delivered me out of the hand of the enemy, and also I felt sorry at these poor men wilfully refusing the light and the treasure. But I rejoiced to find Satan alive to the fact of his kingdom being disturbed; anything is better than the deadness of some places; I had not expected such decided opposition as I have found here: they are quite alive to the fact that Christianity will not allow idolatry, and fight shy of this subject. On leaving Cullapilly I took a Brahmin village in my way here, intending to leave a few tracts in it. I found a boy to whom I had given a book at Cullapilly: he first told me that he had read and understood it all, but immediately after he said he had not looked into it, but had placed it upon one of the rafters of his house: when he went in to look for it, he came out again and said it was gone, some one had thrown it away; but when he was urged to produce it, he presently pulled it out; and that without any marks of shame at his falsehood. When I had offered the tracts I had brought, the Brahmins would not have them: they said, "We believe our religion, and don't want to hear anything against it." I had a ten minutes fruitless discussion on horseback with five or six of them; they were so silly and captious that I could tell them nothing valuable. If I asked them, "Have you not committed many sins?" They

answered me quaker-like, "What difference is there between sin and righteousness? who can tell?" Here however I made them look foolish by obliging them to answer their own question, by further asking them whether lying, stealing, &c., were not sins? Nevertheless they shuffled, as well as they could, by mentioning cases in which, according to their views, it was necessary, if not right, to lie and steal. If I incidentally spoke of God, immediately they interposed "Who is God? what God do you mean? what form has he got?" When I illustrated the sure punishment of sin by the case of an English judge punishing a convicted felon, they tried to be off at a tangent, by appending the statement: "Yes, one of your judges will punish the felon, but if he was open to bribes he would perhaps let him off," although this was nothing to the point, for I had distinctly stated the presumption that the judge would act justly. I was glad during the discussion that a couple of women were standing listening in the door-way of the house where we were talking; to have a female listener, is to me, as yet, a very rare occurrence.

I have changed my quarters by coming to this village, about five miles north of Cullapilly; it is a considerable village, the capital of the country, and the residence of a zemindar, or land-holder, who has quite a grand palace, far superior to anything I have seen elsewhere.

Thursday, February 18, 1847.—The last two days have been occupied with visits from many of the residents of the place: a great many Brahmins have come to see me, but none of them disputatious, or noisy, or learned. A young Mussulman has struck up quite a

friendship with me ; and I have had many interesting conversations with him. He consents, he says, to our religion, and he listens quietly while I speak to *others* of Christ, as son of God, and the only sacrifice for sin ; but as soon as I begin to press it on *him*, with much bitterness he repudiates the idea of Jesus, whom he acknowledges as a great *prophet*, being divine ; nothing, he says, shall convince him of it : in this respect, he says, “ Christians resemble the heathen,—the latter worship a stone, the former a man.” I have been pressing him, however, with—1. The absence of any remission of sin, in the Koran, or by his religion ; 2. The total want of evidence of the divine authority of that book ; 3. Strong evidence to the facts of Christ’s life and death ; and 4. That if Christ is not God, there is no forgiveness of sin for mortal man. I think he feels the force of these points : and as he lives in Masulipatam, I hope to have many more conversations with him.

A man yesterday fancied that we Christians were Buddhists, and disbelieved the existence of God. One of the village schoolmasters came to me to-day : his object was to beg a present of me. He was a man of about forty years of age : his wife was dead about four years ago, and he wanted to marry again, and had made proposals for a girl in a neighboring village, but the sum required for her was 150 rupees (£15), a sum equivalent probably to a year and a half or two years’ income. Part of this sum was to go to the parents, part to jewels for the girl, and part for the expense of the wedding. When I told him this was buying a wife, he did not deny it ; and when I advised him, as he was a poor man, to look out for a cheap bargain, he

told me that this one was very cheap ; he could not get one for a less sum, and this was confirmed by the bystanders. When I told him that the next best plan was to wait till he had saved money enough for the purchase, he was not at all satisfied. The girl is eight or nine years old ; and on my asking him by whose wish the engagement had taken place—the girl's or her parents' ? he answered, "Of course the parents, she is only a child ; how can she know anything ?"

The young Mussulman told me, as we were walking through the burial-ground of his people, that the graves for men were dug about three feet deep, but those for the women about four feet : the reason of this is, that the women, being shy and modest, like to lie deep, well out of sight.

Weyoor, Wednesday, Feb. 24.—I remained at Cullapilly till Saturday morning, when, striking my tent at daylight, I started across the country ten miles, till I came to the high-road at a village called Neddamole, where there is a travellers' bungalow. On my way I passed through two large and several small villages, which I hope to visit in due time. The impression left on my mind by riding about the country, is that of a thick population ; the ground is at least three fourths under cultivation, though in a slovenly style. At Neddamole I stayed till Monday afternoon ; being in the bungalow instead of in my tent, the people did not come to me, but I went to them morning and evening ; and Sunday being cloudy, I went also in the middle of the day : it is a small, poor village, inhabited by Brahmins, Sudras, and Mohammedans ; of the former many are unable to read at all ; I had paid two

similar visits to the place before, two years ago, but I found nothing but languid indifference: it was difficult to get a small audience, and when got, it was difficult to retain it. On Sunday afternoon I walked over to a village about a mile off, and coming to a house where a blacksmith was making a cartwheel, and the owner of the cart, a good honest Sudra farmer, and one or two others looking on, I sat down beside them and had an interesting and friendly conversation with them for more than an hour. The former, speaking of the famous idol of Juggernaut, in Cuttack, affirmed, that at the time of the car festival, the idol miraculously ascends into the car itself; similarly regarding the *lingam* (φαλλος) idol at Cullapilly, the story is current, that it sprung out of the ground itself, and they say that the Zemindar of Cullapilly possesses an ancient description, bearing witness to the fact. The Hindoos abound in miracles in defence of their idolatries, which, however, like ghost-stories, always occur at some distance, or else took place in their father's time, "a long while ago."

On Monday evening I moved on along the Northern high-road to a village called Pràmarra, about seven miles distant from Neddamole. It is a large village of about 300 houses, and at least 1500 inhabitants; here I met a very different reception from that at Neddamole. Before my tent was pitched, I had four or five of the chief men of the village, of both the Brahmins and Sudras, waiting upon me, and addressing me in most humble terms, "Your worship, my lord, &c." They showed me all over the village the same evening. With this commencement all was in keeping during my stay; my tent was crowded for two and

three hours at a time with attentive, obsequious visitors: the Curmuns (the chief Brahmins) were in frequent attendance. One of them much interested me; he was a rough, sturdy man, apparently of an independent character; from the first conversation I had with him he seized with apparent heartiness upon the truth of Christ, and continued to reprobate idolatry: he paid me no less than six visits in two days, and in the presence of many people continued to denounce the idols and to tell them that "the only way of remission of sins was steadily to contemplate Jesus Christ, the only true God." He and another of the same family told me, that though worshippers of Siva, yet they did not worship any image, nor go to the temples: the man's manner marked his sincerity, at least I hope so. He confidently said, that on my return to the village on my way home, he would accompany me to be baptized, and "as for his caste-people rejecting him, what did he care for that?" It may be that the Holy Spirit will work in him as a chosen vessel: it may be on the other hand a mere trick of his to obtain some end at present concealed. I fell in one morning with the astrologer, or walking almanac of the village. His business is to tell the people about the day, its luckiness, or otherwise; for instance, he began reading to me from off his almanac, "This is Tuesday, such and such a date of such a month; there will be a conjunction of the planets at four o'clock: at that hour no work must be done, &c." He and many others are fully persuaded, that according to their mythological geography; there are seven seas surrounding the earth, severally composed of salt water and fresh, of milk, of spirits, sugar and water, butter, &c. They all cry

out in astonishment when I tell them I have been in Ceylon, or *Ravana Lauka*, as they call it; they all think it is a land of hobgoblins and giants, which no man can visit. I find also a very common notion among them that we Englishmen will not let Hindoos go to England. They are delighted to hear any accounts of England, and I kept some of them interested for a long time to-day on that subject. One of their first questions is, "What sort of grain grows in your country?" Another is, "Are all the people there white? or, are there any laborers there, or are they all gentlemen?" They are ludicrously personal in their inquiries, not intending them as rudeness, but knowing no better manners. Their salutation is, "Where do you come from, where are you going to; in what employment are you, how much pay do you get?" Then they go on with, "Have you a father and mother, brothers and sisters; are you married, have you any children, are they boys or girls?" More than once I have been asked by Mussulmans why I had no beard.

After staying two very interesting days at Prâmarra, I came on this evening seven miles to this place, where there is a travellers' bungalow, and a large village. I passed through three considerable villages on the road, and saw many others at no great distance; when will men come out from England to preach the Gospel up and down the country-side?

Beizwârah, February 27, 1847.—I have advanced twenty miles from Weyoor, straight along the high-road, in order to be in time for the Mangalagherry festival to-morrow. This place is a town rather than a village, and has the greater number of its houses tiled, instead of thatched; though still their walls are only

made of mud. I have now reached the foot of a long range of hills running north and south, which, though not above seven or eight hundred feet high, are steep and rocky; just at this spot there is a break in the range, of a mile in width; the break is entirely filled by the river Kistna, which here makes its escape into the interminable plains eastward. A steep hill on either side, whose rocky foundations dip into the water, seems to keep guard over the stream, as the Pillars of Hercules guard the Straits of Gibraltar. In consequence of its being situated on the Kistna, Beizwárah is accounted a holy place; and at the same time as the Collapilly festival, there is a great concourse assembled here from the neighborhood "to bathe and to visit the god." Perched up on a lower crag of the hill, is a small pagoda to Dúrga, or Káli, the blood-thirsty wife of Siva. It is the first I have ever seen, for her worship does not seem to be at present common in these parts. I went up to it last night, and though of course I could not go inside, the priests, who were Brahmins, showed me the goddess. It was an ugly image, two or three feet high, of which the head only was visible, the rest being concealed by a sort of cloth which was tied to the neck, and fell down on all sides like a pinafore; it was sprinkled with red drops, I suppose, to represent blood. The eyes were two glittering pieces of tinsel, with a black spot on each for the pupil. I had a long conversation with one of the priests, a poor half-clothed young man, who wanted to be very civil, by bringing me an orange from among the offerings before the idol. I, of course, would not take it; he pretended to believe that the idol was divine, but it was painful and piteous to observe the poor

man thinking only of his livelihood, and sticking to that first and last. Truly there is no life in these people, no sense of anything greater than themselves, or any belief in anything more important than this life : this is visible enough among worldly-minded people in England, but even they acknowledge such existence by shrinking from and disliking allusions to them ; but these poor people play with such subjects, as a child would with a snake, not knowing that there was more in the reptile than what it saw. I passed from him to visit the hermit of the Hill : not one of those dirty, obscene beggars who call themselves Fakeers or Sanyás-sees, and hang about towns and villages, but a real hermit, who has lived there in his cave, as he told me, for thirty-five years. I had heard of him from others, and found him just as I had expected. I believe that formerly he really practised asceticism, but he has long given that up, and seems to be enjoying the results of his asceticism in the respect and presents of the people. His cave is made into a very comfortable abode, and its site is particularly well chosen, inasmuch as it escapes all the heat and glare of the sun after an early hour in the morning. I found him sitting on his stool with three old Brahmins from the town chatting with him ; he had chairs, a cot, a table, and many more little conveniences than most natives have. On an old rug on the cot sat cowering and mumbling like a monkey, a young man, who apparently aspires to be the future possessor of the cave. The hermit, himself, was a comfortable, fat, elderly gentleman, with a clean cloth round his waist, and a clean skin on his body, which, by its comfortable folds, showed the good living he enjoyed. He saluted me in a very friendly manner, and

gave me a chair, and then began to enumerate the number of European gentlemen who had paid him a visit, and exhibited their kindness by leaving him a present. I treated him with great respect, and after some general conversation, I told him I had a question to ask him, for which I should be much obliged if he could give an answer. "I had committed many sins," I said, "and I knew that it was only just that God should punish sin ; how could I escape this punishment ?" He answered me very readily by the old tale, " You must meditate upon God, you must pray, you must give alms," &c. ; and he was quite satisfied with his answer, as were also the Brahmins who sat listening. I told him in a humble way, that even I was able to discover that this would never do to remove my sins ; for all these prayers, devotions, alms, &c., proceeded from out of my evil heart, and how could they, being evil, cure its corruptions ? I added, by way of illustration, (what I find to be unanswerable, and a most useful simile) that in Masulipatam there are salt wells, and consequently the water in them is useless, and I knew that if a man was to draw a few buckets full of the salt water out of one of them, and then pour it back again into the well, he would never by this means make the salt water sweet. He acknowledged my illustration, and passed on to general conversation : but I brought him back again, reminding him that he had not satisfied my question ; he merely repeated his former recipe, and I told him again that I knew it would not do, for that for years past I had been praying to God, &c., as he told me, and yet all this so-called righteousness had not removed my sins, nor given me that peace of mind which ought to accompany forgive-

ness. He still had no other remedy to give me, but said if we poured good water into the salt well, would not that cure it? I acknowledged it might, but "where is the good water to come from? my heart produces only salt water." At last I told him and his friends that I would go home and try their experiment with a salt well near my house; this made them laugh, for they saw my intended application. On finding that the conversation was going to turn in other directions, I told them plainly that I knew a way of remission of sins: and then unfolded Christ to them, dying on the cross to suffer our punishment and to pay our debt. After talking on this subject some time, I left three or four tracts with them and came away.

This morning I spent an hour or more in the street in a warm conversation with about twenty people, chiefly Brahmins: they, maintaining the efficacy of self-righteousness and the very divinity of the stone idol, I preaching to them "God is a Spirit," and the alone efficacy of the blood of Christ to remit sin, and to give righteousness.

Mangalagherry, March 3, 1847.—I had a pleasant ride here on Saturday afternoon, being in the shade either of a range of hills, which skirted the road for some distance, or of that of an avenue of trees under which the road ran the whole way. I arrived at the close of the first day of the great annual festival. Mangalagherry is a small, but for India, a well-built town: that is, its houses are all made of mud, but the largest number of them are tiled; and there is a regular street dividing the town into two equal parts; it probably contains 3000 or 4000 people: there is a large temple with a handsome Goparam (i. e. tower

over the gateway) about 120 or 150 feet high : just beyond it rises the hill to the height of 600 or 700 feet ; half-way up the hill is a small pagoda, where the most sacred idol is kept. It is a stone one, about two feet high, called Narasimha, and represents an uncouth incarnation of Vishnu, half man, half lion. There are several miracles connected with it : the first is, that when the people come to make their offerings of sugar and water, the priest pours them into the mouth of the idol, which as soon as it has received half of them begins to reject the rest as a sign it has had enough : the next is, that whatever quantity, even an hundred gallons, is poured into the idol's mouth, small as the idol is, it holds it all : the manifest refutation of this is, that from out of all the crevices of the rock round the temple the sugared water trickles down in large quantities ; but the stupid people are persuaded that this arises only from the spillings at the time of pouring it into its mouth. Another is, that if a number of vessels full of this liquid be left in the temple during the night, next morning they will be found half-emptied ; the idol never taking more than half. I told those who reported this miracle to me, the story of Bel in the Apocrypha, and it greatly amused them, being so closely to the point. The fourth miracle is, that if this sugar and water be left on the hill any time, neither ants nor flies are attracted to it. The festival consisted in nothing more than certain nightly processions. On Sunday night an indecent representation of one of the scenes of Krishna's life (another incarnation of Vishnu) took place in the public street by means of figures about two feet high. The next night was the marriage : this consisted of a procession of an image of the god, so

wrapped up in swaddling-clothes, that I could make out nothing of its shape, seated upon the folds of an enormous *cobra da capello*, and overshadowed by its outspread hood: along with this image, and, like it, borne aloft on men's shoulders, was a small shrine containing two brass idols, which represented the two wives of the god. The procession moved slowly about the town, pausing every now and then, while music was played before the idols, rockets were let off, guns fired, and a fire-work or two burned. The great night was Tuesday, but nothing else took place beyond the dragging about a great car, in which was seated a little idol. The crowd was enormous; on Sunday the town was crammed, but on Monday all the ground round about was also covered with people, and on Tuesday it was still closer and more widely crowded. The poor people came from all directions; many of them twenty or forty miles, and some even more. Of course there was no room in the town for them, so they just lived day and night on the open plain. Each night, about seven or eight o'clock, I saw numerous groups of women and children, worn out with the heat and excitement of the day, lying down all round the temple asleep; the men were still moving about. All the main street and neighborhood were crowded with booths, where ornaments, toys, food or sweetmeats were to be sold; indeed in many respects, allowing for difference of customs, it was like a great English fair, without its riot or drunkenness, but instead of that defiled with idolatry. In the place of mountebanks or wild-beast shows, were a number of people whom I might call fire-dancers: a man three parts naked, would take two thick torches made of cotton rags with

oil on them, and having lighted them, he would dash them one against another until he was enveloped in the cloud of sparks which flew from them. All this while dancing about violently, he would vary the spectacle by beating his naked breast and back with the burning end of the torches, or hold them both before him in such a position that the flames pass close by his breast and face. Sometimes he would sit down on the ground, and take a roll of rags about an inch thick, light one end of it and put it into his open mouth holding it on his tongue without extinguishing it; meanwhile another man fantastically dressed was beating a small gong: I saw four or five sets of these characters in the space of one hundred yards. Another man varied the amusement by mounting on stilts and running through the skin of his back and arms four skewers of wood, the further end of which terminated in small flaming torches. On inquiring many times the cause of all this outrageous and unmeaning self-torture, I was assured it was not from religion or devotion, but simply to collect a few pence from the by-standers.

On Sunday I was alone, and spent the greater part of the day quietly in the travellers' bungalow just outside the town; in the morning and evening I spent more than an hour on each occasion in disputing with and preaching to large numbers of listeners. Unlike the people of Cullapilly, they everywhere, and at all times, treated me with great respect and civility: the immediate cause of which is probably the well-known good-will of the excellent collector of the district to the Missionaries. On Monday morning I was joined by Mr. Gunn from Guntoor, the American Lutheran Missionary; for in India we are able to put the Evan-

gelical alliance into practice : and morning and evening we sallied forth into the crowd : however, the better to get at the people, I pitched my tent in a grove of tamarind-trees, in sight of the great temple, and just outside of the crowd. Here I had crowds of listeners: as many as could find room sat down in my tent ; they crammed all the space round about the doors on each side of the tent, and looked in through the windows. I must have had from fifty to sixty people at a time, most of them attentive and continuing for a length of time : among them were a good many women. I continued for an hour and a half or more, at a time, to preach to them, about idols, sin, and Jesus Christ the one sacrifice for sin. When tired, I read to them the ten commandments, explaining and applying them, or else a tract, commenting on it as I read. The crowd being great, and the noise from the distant crowd reaching to the tent, and as I had my audience not so much before me as at my right hand and left, I had to exert myself much, and to shout loudly : this, with a temperature of about 94° was exhausting, and when the two days were over I was greatly fatigued, and my throat very sore. But it was a subject of great rejoicing, that I had been permitted to preach Christ to such great numbers, who had never heard of him before, without obstruction or opposition. Though I sat preaching in Satan's own seat, yet he seemed restrained, and the power of God to be withholding him that he should not work out his malice against the gospel on its ministers. I was not a little amused at the looks of wonder which I saw continually in the crowds who looked at Mr. Gunn and myself, and at the crowds which usually followed us to the bungalow ;

for their looks confirmed what they told us, that they had never seen a white face before. I believe this is the case with a large proportion of the villagers.

Wulloor, March 5.—I have returned again into the Masulipatam district which I had left on going to visit Mangalagherry: in doing so I had to recross the river Kistna; the branch in which I found water was about half a mile wide, and in parts fifteen feet deep. I crossed three other branches of about a quarter to half a mile wide, but at this season they are only dry beds of sand: during the floods they tell me that not only are all these branches filled with deep streams, but the intervening islands are also covered, so that the stream flows along a mighty river five miles wide. I pitched my tent in a clump of tamarind-trees just outside the village, and for these two days I have had conversations with the people much as usual. I had a variety however in the case of one man, a Sudra, who has learned Sanscrit, and read some of the Purānas, and is a Pedānti, one of a sect similar to the new Platonists. He professes to reject not only idols and their worship, but also all distinction of gods, affirming there is only one; yet like the Greek philosophers he conforms to custom, by a large mark of Vishnu on his forehead. I first met him in a crowd in the village when I was talking to a number of Brahmins about their idols; and then he was violent and almost unmannerly in discussion. When however he came to my tent he spoke more quietly, and was very much interested in the answers I gave to a variety of questions he asked; many of my answers, regarding the spiritual nature and the unity of God, quite agreed, he said, with his own views: there were others which

no less pleased him, although novel, for they approved themselves to his judgment. Although he made no objections to the great scheme of redemption, yet he did not grasp it with any readiness; the reason was plain, as I afterwards told him; he did not *know* or *feel* that he was a sinner, and therefore cared little for the good news of forgiveness of sins.

The village is a large one, and is the residence of the richest Zemindar, a large landholder of this district. He lives in a good-sized house, inside a fort with lofty mud walls: this is erected, not for defence, but only for show; for the grandfather of the present possessor was the first of this race of Zemindars, and made his fortune since the commencement of this century; since which time all these districts have been as secure from an enemy as the inland counties of England. On the same principle of display, he keeps in his service 400 men, about sixty of whom are dressed and armed as Sepoys, and about a dozen as cavalry. He has seven fine elephants, and a large number of camels. He is a man of Sudra caste, but like the rest of his tribe, he is fed on, and led about by a number of Brahmins: he is fond of hog hunting, and keeps about fifty dogs for this purpose. The only useful thing that I heard of his doing was, the establishment of a native school inside the fort. Though he was for several years the ward of the East India Company, being a minor, no pains were taken to give him any instruction: he does not know English, and is as little fitted to perform the duties of his station, as any other Zemindar; and it would be difficult to say less of his qualifications than this. I understood that his wife could read Telugu, and even a little English. I

learned this by a little boy who is a scholar in the school, coming to me for some tracts and books for her ladyship. The mother-in-law of the Zemindar also sent for several tracts, which he specified, and afterwards sent one of his chief people to see if I had got "any curious books:" by which he meant, any copies of their religious books, concerning the possession of which I had been speaking in the morning.

Neddamole, Bangalow, March 9.—Leaving Wulloor on Saturday morning early, I rode over to Weyoor, distant only four or five miles. I remained there in the bungalow all that day and Sunday, visiting the village in the evening and morning. I had long conversations on either occasion; on the latter the only noticeable points were a testy old Brahmin who would be satisfied with nothing I could say, and a younger man who maintained with vehemence that the idols were not idols, but gods: when I used the term idol, or image, he shut his ears and cried, "Alooh! I cannot listen to such a word." I think he was only half serious; the rest of the people laughed at him. He reminded me of a Roman Catholic priest at Secundrabad, who was very indignant at his opponent in a controversy charging the Romanists with worshipping a wafer. "How unfair it is of you," he wrote, "to say we worship a wafer; you know that if we thought it was so we would not worship it: we believe it to be the body of Christ: it is *that* which we worship, and not bread, when we adore the host."

At daybreak on Monday morning I left Weyoor for Pràmarra, where I had been so well received ten days before, and whither I had promised to return. I met on going into the village several of my previous

acquaintances, who seemed glad to see me ; they had many questions to ask me about Mangalagerry, so that two or three times I had to go over the stories of the trickery of the priests, and the story of Bel. It was excessively hot all day in my tent, and I had not so many visitors as before : but of those that came I had the opportunity of repeating the gospel to several, and of pressing upon them the danger of delaying to come to Christ. I found the Brahmin in whom I had been much interested before, still professing the same belief in Christ, and distrust in Vishnu, Siva, and all other idols. He did not conceal however from me that he received four rupees a month for singing Siva hymns in a neighboring village. He had a long conversation about how he was to get his livelihood in case he was to turn Christian, and wanted me to promise I would support him ; I told him I could not promise to do that, but that God's promise was true, and consistent with reason, that those that come to him he will provide for. "Oh," said the man, "that won't do for me." So I said to him : "If you cannot trust God's promise for support in this life, how can you trust his promise for what is so much greater and more difficult, eternal life in the world to come ?" I afterwards could not help thinking how inconsistent we Christians are on this point, trusting to God for forgiveness of sins, for a kingdom and a throne, and yet mistrusting him daily in matters which concern our temporal support or comfort.

On both occasions I have pressed him to take a copy of a tract or a gospel : but he has with unusual pertinacity declined. I was pressing him to take and read a copy of St. Luke, and asking him how he could

expect to know the way which leads to life, if he did not read regarding it. "How can I understand it?" said he, pointing to the book; "perhaps it has sixteen different meanings, and how am I, even though I sit all day over it, to find out the right one?" His notion is an authorized Hindoo one, viz. that the sacred books are purposely so written, that every sentence may be capable, not of one meaning only, but of many: and a teacher or a commentary is thus required to understand the text. In ingenuity this exceeds the pope's reasons for keeping the Bible from the people. In regard to the variety of meanings capable of being drawn from one set of sentences, it shows that "there is nothing new under the sun." Yet who would have expected the principle of tract No. 90 to have been forestalled in an obscure Hindoo village.

I still have hopes of there being something at work in the man's mind. I had intended to have remained there two days, but I found the heat to be so great that I judged it better not to remain in my tent any longer.

Masulipatam, March 27.—I have been here rather more than a fortnight since my return from the villages. My employment is to go out before sunrise into the town, which is close to my house, and there spend an hour or so in conversing, preaching, and disputing with a crowd of people in some corner of a street. I get ready listeners, though not so favorable ones as in the villages. Nevertheless, I make the name of Christ known to many, and give away a few tracts. Nearly the whole day I am engaged with visitors in my house: many boys from the English school come and spend hours with me: many grown up natives pay me visits, with whom I have long and interesting conversations.

I have adorned the walls of my principal rooms with pictures, some portraits and views, others of birds and animals, and on my tables I have placed a variety of nick-nacks and curiosities—little mummy figures from Egypt, chimney-ornaments from England, a small globe; and these form grand attractions to my visitors, who are as delighted, to see these things as a child is to see a raree-show. Besides this, fame has carried abroad that I possess some magnetic fish and ducks, and a camera obscura, and other wonderful things from Europe; and I often find after a long conversation on other matters of a higher kind, that I have been honored with the visit in consequence of my visitor's curiosity to see the wonderful things I possess. I, of course, gladly exhibit them, and so I hope I prepare the way for more confidence and kindly acquaintance with my native neighbors, besides conveying to them as full statements as I can of the way of salvation through Christ. With the younger part of my visitors I find that so simple a thing as a magnetic toy goes to shake their confidence in their heathen miracles, as exhibiting to them the existence of natural wonders greater than those which their people tell them regarding the gods. The fish and the duck that will come when they are called, and have the semblance of life, although they are manifestly only tin toys, afford a ready comparison with the idols, which can neither stand nor walk, nor hear nor see, and yet are said to be alive.

A few days ago while conversing with a crowd of people in the street, and when some of them were asking me the common question, "Suppose we join your religion, how shall we get our livelihood;" and while I was endeavoring to show them that those who

committed their souls to God, would be found far from losers in regard to their bodies, I used the illustration of the Prodigal Son: "Suppose," I said, "a little boy was to leave his father's house, and go to a far country, surely he would soon find himself in want: then half starved as he was, if he was to return home, and humbly ask for food, would not his father most joyfully receive him, feed him and clothe him, as a recovered lost one?" "No," said the man I spoke to, "the father would have nothing to do with the lad; how could he tell what he had *eaten*, while he had been absent from home?" meaning, that as the father could not tell whether the boy had not eaten food prepared by people of inferior caste, and consequently lost his caste, he would count him as unclean and drive him away. I was scarcely prepared to hear so unblushing a statement of the hard-heartedness to which the system of caste reduced people. The speaker was not a Brahmin, nor apparently anything more than an ordinary Sudra working-man.

On several occasions of late I have had the low morality of the Hindu religious books brought out in common conversation. Pressing on the people the fact of their having sinned, which some deny, but which they commonly evade by asking, "Who knows the difference between right and wrong? what is sin?" I asked them, "What is lying; what is theft. Are they right or wrong? are they sins or not?" I have been answered several times, "Why that depends on the occasion; if a man lies or steals to satisfy hunger, of course there is no harm in it." Sometimes they say, "Of course everybody tells lies; how could the world go on without lying?"

I was much shocked one morning by that old wicked statement made to me by a farmer just come out of the country. I was asking him as above mentioned, whether he had not sinned; whether, for instance, he had not told many lies. "And if I have," said he, "who is it that made me to tell them; who else but God? It is not my fault." I told him that thus he was charging God with being a liar, for if I was to send my servant into the bazaar and make him steal, I should be just as much a thief as he was. "Well, what then," said the man, "God *is* a thief and a liar; if not, how does it happen that some men are born rich and others poor." I turned away from him, saying, I dared to speak no longer with such a blasphemer, and began to express to the bystanders my horror and grief at these expressions: they only laughed, but the man seemed a little ashamed, for he came back presently to justify himself, saying that in his religion, his god (Krishna) was related to have both committed thefts and told lies, and as he believed all this, he was surely right in saying what he did. The worst of it is, that it was not the man's own idea, but the systematic doctrine maintained by a large proportion of the Hindus, that men are mere puppets, and God is the immediate instigator of all their actions, both good and bad.

Sallapilly, Feb. 17, 1847.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I have no one to disturb me here, but the natives who come to my tent, and this is in the way of busi-

ness; the intervals between their going and coming, and my evenings are all my own for reading and writing. I thus combine more active employment in real evangelization, with improvement in Telugu, and leisure for my own use. I am more and more inclined to carry out Mr. Venn's proposed plans, so far as the seasons allow me; about six months I must be under cover of a roof, but the rest of my time I hope to spend in my snug tent. I wish some of the Cantabs knew what a happy life it is; to have it not as a *παρεργον*, but as actually one's business to be preaching Christ to those who have never before heard of him, is very joyful:—when I have been to a village and told the people there of him, and left tracts with them, I come away joyfully, recollecting that there is one more obstacle to Christ's coming removed: whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, He has been preached among them, and so the end is coming all more quickly: besides this, the seed is sown, and some will spring up to bear fruit, and Christ shall see of the travail of his soul in that village. * * * * I look back to my visit to England with much thankfulness and pleasure: perhaps with more than if it had been made under more outwardly happy circumstances, I feel so thankful for all the happy intercourse we had together, and the interchange of affection between all the members of the family, and especially for the love you have all shown to my dear little children. But I cannot say I look with satisfaction on my missionary work there. I look indeed with exceeding pleasure upon all the meetings in the North, which I went to with Blenkinsopp: I enjoyed them thoroughly—but what I considered my more important season in the South, I regard with less

satisfaction. It is perhaps, because I expected to see results in the shape of men, and saw none, nor any prospects of any. This is want of faith, but it also arises from feeling, that I might have said and done more.

Your affectionate Brother,
HENRY W. FOX.

REV. J. Y. NICHOLSON, EMMANUEL COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

Masulipatam, Feb. 25, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have been purposing some time to fulfil my promise of writing a long letter to you : I promised Ragland that I would try and do so on my journey up here from Madras, but that journey is over ; and I have got myself settled in my new house, and I am out in my tent in the villages, and yet my promise is unfulfilled ; so I take advantage of a forenoon in which I am staying in a travellers' bungalow, and therefore have no native visitors as I have when I am in my tent. I wish that you and all your missionary circle could be with me, either in my house at Masulipatam, or in my tent in some of the villages, that you might yourselves see how free from personal hardship a missionary's life is in India. I have a large new house, one end of which lies empty for want of some brother missionary to come and occupy it : in it I have every comfort and convenience I could wish. I have my drawing-room and dining-room, my bed-room and bathing-room adjoining, and my study besides : so that I live like a prince.—Then I have the society of my dear brother

Noble, and of two Christian families, and sometimes of one or two others like-minded, among our European residents : so that I am really without any outward want. When I come out in my tent, my servants pitch it for me in an eligible situation, in or near a village ; it is just twelve feet square inside ; it has double walls and top, separated the one from the other by a space two feet wide, and here I have my tables, my chair, my bed, my books, and a great part of the day long I have an audience of black faces, and turbaned or shaven heads inside and outside the door. I say, that I wish you could see how free from outward hardships we are ; for I fear that it is the dread of them which keeps so many men from coming out to us ; and yet, supposing a missionary's life was one of hardship, surely we have no right to shrink from it on that account. Our dear Lord's life was one of hardship, and we are not to be above walking in his steps : as Christians, we are born to hardships, and blessed is the man who receives them from the Lord. Through much tribulation must we enter into the kingdom of heaven ; why then should we shrink from our allotted tribulation ? All the way as I came along the road from Madras, I was thinking how I could tell you of my journey ; it is scarcely worth while to describe to you the journey itself in detail ; it is enough to say I was on horseback, and travelled a stage of from ten to fifteen miles every morning and evening, halting at comfortable bungalows, or houses built by the government for the use of travellers ; there is no inn-keeper in them, but the people attached to them are always ready to procure me milk, and boil my kettle, and for dinner kill me a chicken and curry it.

I enjoyed my journey greatly, as the season (the beginning of January) was cool and bright, and the crops on the ground made the boundless plain through which I rode greener and prettier than I had ever seen it before. In the loneliness of my journey,—for I had no one to speak English to, except in two or three towns where I stopped for a few days,—I had much enjoyment. But the subject, about which I was continually thinking I would speak to you, was that of the desolation of the country in a spiritual point of view. I rode 250 miles in a straight line, through a populous country, passing through villages every three or four miles, and seeing many others in all directions, and occasionally coming to considerable towns; but in all that district there was not a single Christian Missionary; not one person from whom a heathen might hear the word of life;—my road lay parallel to the sea-coast, at no great distance from it, but I might have gone inland for 100, or 200, or 300 miles, and except in one place have found the whole land equally wanting in Christian teachers. On Sunday evening I went into a village and had a long conversation with some Brahmins; the discussion coming to no satisfactory conclusion, the chief speaker said, “Well, come to-morrow, and we will have a full talk on the subject: you shall bring your books, and I will bring mine, and we will see which is true.” I could only tell him that by the next morning I must be on my journey again; and I thought of the almost impossibility of a Christian preacher ever reaching him; the village lay 200 miles from Madras, and 150 from Guntoor, the next missionary station. And now that I am moving about in my own district, I often think of you and the missionary

collectors who assemble in your rooms : I pass from one large village to another, I see the intermediate distances broken by smaller villages ;—the country as distinguished from the town is, I think, more closely peopled than that in England, and yet I am alone in visiting the people ; I find generally the very name of Christ unknown, and perfect ignorance, as to either the sin or folly of idolatry. The whole district without another missionary in it, is nearly 100 miles each way ; it is impossible that I can visit even the chief villages for two or three days each, during the six months in the year in which the weather allows me to be out.

And now, my dear friend, in regard to these wants which I feel an hundred times more than I express, and which you would feel similarly if you were here ; I wish you would try and impress upon your missionary circle, that in reference to this heathen country, thus destitute of the preaching of the Gospel, God has given England the great commission to evangelize it : in giving it to England, he gave it peculiarly to the Church of England as the established and principal Church, and in giving it to that Church, he gave the commission peculiarly to our universities, as the nurseries of the ministers of that Church for both home and foreign service. And in all Cambridge, to whom has that commission come so markedly and surely, as to the members of that little body, into whose hearts it has pleased God to put the desire of collecting subscriptions for missions, and to assemble for information on the subject ? I do not think that you ought to be content, if two or three out of your number go out annually as missionaries, but rather expect that every

one should do so, unless some one or two may have peculiar indications that they are not to go. It appears to me, that in the case of those whom God has called to missionary work, by having given them an interest in the subject, the peculiar indications for the guiding of their course, are not to be sought on the side of going, but on that of staying. If no extraordinary indications of God's will regarding them hereafter occurs, their course is to come abroad, as the called of God. You will remember in that vision of Isaiah which Mr. Carus read to us, when assembled in his room on the Sunday evening of the missionary week last year, Isaiah's call consisted simply in his standing near and hearing God ask, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" If your friends will be content with a call like Isaiah's, they have had it already. I wish however peculiarly that they had it ever ringing in their ears, that God has given Christian England one peculiar mission, which is—not to stay at home and work among her own ignorant and poor, but to go abroad and evangelize India first, as most closely united in social and political ties; then Africa, China, and all other countries which have become our neighbors "by commercial relations." We are all daily longing and praying, for the speedy coming of our blessed Lord to restore all things: and sometimes we are apt to wonder why he delays his coming; but it is not *He*, but *we*, who are the cause of the delay. He cannot come, as he said, until the Gospel has been preached in all nations for a witness; and he has ordered his faithful people to go and preach it. But we don't go, and the Gospel is not yet preached, and so his return is delayed. When I have been in a village preaching

the Gospel of the kingdom, I feel "Now there is one more obstacle to Christ's return removed." This is the joy of a missionary which I suppose you in England do not feel; for there is no promise connected with pastoral work in England in reference to his second coming. It is not said, "All the souls in Barnwell parish shall be converted, and then will the end come," but, "The Gospel is to be preached unto all nations, and then shall the end come." The Gospel has been preached in all England ten times over—in India not yet once. He who wishes to have a peculiar part assigned to him in hastening the return of his Lord, let him pray to be made a missionary. The excuse I used to hear in England about our large towns and their neglected state and their heathen population, and so on, often occurs to my mind: I call it an excuse, because, except in two or three cases, I have observed it to be palpably no better. Young men say they can't come out to Masulipatam, because the heathen thousands of Manchester or St. Giles have a prior claim on their labors, and so having pacified their consciences, they take a nice curacy in a village or country-town. Any one who urges this ground for staying at home, ought, as it appears to me, in more consistency to go to St. Giles', or Manchester, or some such place, and be content with nothing else than such a heathen, demoralized sphere; if he gets tired of it and leaves it, he must then come out to us, or else find some new ground for remaining in England. And now having given you a long talk, which I hope you will make use of to those whom it may most concern, it is but fair that I should give you some Indian information, and not make the letter a mere sermon. So I will tell you

what is daily coming before me—the notions and views of the respectable classes of the heathen in this part of the country. The first point then is idolatry ; they believe, and that without shame, that the idol is indeed very God. For instance, at a great bathing festival which I witnessed ten days ago, I asked the people what they came to do ; their answer was universally, “ I came to bathe in the sacred river Kistna, and when that was done I went to the temple to see the god.” “ And what sort of a god is he ?” “ He is of the lingam (*φάλλος*) shape.” And then they told me how the idol lingam had been self-born out of the earth generations ago, to the truth of which an old inscription bore witness. This is not strange ; for the universal notion is that God has a material form, and one object of their religious worship is, to be permitted to have a sight of that form. This is a view I have daily to argue against, by the simple proof, if he had a material form, wherever God is, there would that form be visible : all acknowledge that he is omnipresent,—that he is now near us ; how then if he has a form does it not appear to us here ? Connected with this is their saying, “ He is the all-pervader—he is in everything.” By which they mean that everything is materially made of him, and is a part of his substance. So low are their usual views of the Godhead ; but they yet descend further, by both incidentally and positively charging God with being the author and perpetrator of sin. “ Is he not the Creator of all things ? If he did not originate sin, who did ? If God made me a sinful being, he is to blame, and my faults can’t be laid to my charge. I am not an independent being ; I have no choice of good or evil ; I only do as he wrote at the time of my

birth. Men are but puppets, God pulls the strings, and for his amusement sometimes makes us commit sin, sometimes perform righteousness." This is the common language I meet with daily ; it is what they have received from their fathers, and I can only answer it by an indirect appeal to their moral sense which I always find existing in them, and bearing witness to the truth of God, although it lies half dormant behind a tissue of blasphemous dogmas. When I charge them with sin, the commonest answer I receive is, " Who knows the difference between right and wrong ? I do not know whether I have ever sinned or not ; how can I remember ?" And when in answer to this I take the practical course of enumerating a variety of sins, and asking them if so and so is good or bad, and beginning usually with falsehood and theft, I receive not unfrequently these answers, " Why lying is necessary, how could the world go on without it ?" or, " If I steal to satisfy my hunger, there is no harm in it." Of course when I press them further, their moral sense speaks out, and they usually with a laugh acknowledge the sin ; but yet these subterfuges are not merely made for the occasion in order to parry my questions, but they are the self-deceits by which Satan has hardened and set to sleep their consciences. They have no thought of the judgment to come : they all acknowledge, at least after a little disputing, that there is a hell, and God will punish sinners in it ; but it is manifest that the idea has no living existence in their minds. No doubt the universal belief has gone far to produce this end ; fatalism has added to it. One man said to me yesterday, " If we join the Christian religion, shall we obtain absorption by it ?" meaning, of course, that

union of the soul which dwells for a while in the human body with its great Divine origin, so as to lose all individuality, as a drop of water in the sea. Now it is to these people that I invite—no, not I, but God calls some of your circle to come and preach the free salvation of the soul and body through the sacrifice of Christ. I preach this to them continually, the need of a remission of sins, Christ's suffering the only remission, his resurrection and ascension, his coming again, and the great resurrection and judgment: it is indeed a happy work to be so employed; would that there were more to enjoy its happiness. How gladly should I welcome some one or two of you, who might come out overland by July or August, when the worst of the hot season is over: a couple of months spent in Masulipatam would give the bare rudiments of the language, and then we could go out together into the villages for six months, and hear nothing but Teloogoo all day long. I would suggest in answer to any one who might say, "I have not qualifications for a missionary life;" that so various are the spheres of missionary labor, requiring such very different kinds and degrees of talents, that if a man is not fit for any of them, he is certainly not fit for any ministerial sphere in England. Some have great difficulties in regard to opposition on the part of their parents; I would suggest in such cases that they should get some friend, whose age, character, and position has weight with their parents, to open the subject to them. The subject which, coming from a young man, a father might at once treat as visionary and absurd, may, when quietly brought forward by one of riper years and judgment, at least claim a calm consideration. My

paper obliges me to conclude by assuring you of my being

Your very sincere friend,

HENRY W. FOX.

Mangalagherry, Sunday Evening, Feb. 28, 1847.

MY DEAREST ISABELLA,

I have been thinking about you often to-day, and so I think I will spend half an hour this evening in writing to you. The cause of my thoughts recurring to you so often I believe is, that I have been reading Newton's Cardiphonia, which I used to read at Rugby, and have scarcely ever looked into since. Newton is much mixed up with my recollections of Rugby, and that brings to my mind the time when I used to receive from you a long letter regularly every Sunday morning, which served as my food during the following week. I believe those letters of yours were, under God, among the chief means of fanning into a flame the smoking flax, and bringing the full light of Christ's sun to break through my twilight. I was then, as I am now, lonely: I had friends and companions, but none in Christ, for it was before — was touched by the Spirit of God; and I used to look to you as my chief, and indeed only Christian companion, though so far off: and now it is the same, my heart flies to you as the dearest companion on earth, and distant as we are, I seem to have more and closer communion with you than with any one alive. While I am writing, (nine o'clock at night) the roar of the devil's festival is going on, about a quarter of a mile off, the cracks of the fireworks, the braying of harsh trumpets, the screeching of clarionets, and the hammering of tomtoms,

rise above the confused sound of a thousand or two of people, and tell me that the procession of the god has set out from his temple. I have only just come back from the town to the bungalow; crowds of poor beings, worn out with the excitement of the day, were lying asleep in all directions on the ground; vast crowds fill the street and neighborhood of the temple, in the midst of whom are several men like madmen, dancing about with two lighted torches (made of cotton rags) in their hands, which they dash together till the sparks fly out, and almost cover their naked bodies; or they beat themselves with the lighted ends, or they hold them, so that the flame scorches their chests or their faces; and one man was walking about on stilts, with four long wooden skewers run through the skin of his arms and back, and the further ends of them on fire: and all this is not for devotion or religion's sake, but to get two or three pence by it. This, for the time being, is Satan's seat, where he sits triumphant; but I trust the time has come, when the Lord Jesus is going to turn him out of it. After a long talk in the morning, for an hour and a half, till I was quite hoarse, about idols and the true way of salvation, I have been spending a quiet Sunday in the travellers' bungalow, reading the first nine or ten chapters of the Acts, which I thought was a good preparation for going to the people again, when the heat of the day was over. However, I shrunk a good deal from going into the noisy crowd of devil's servants, all alone,—not that I had anything personally to fear, but the contest seemed great. I was able to remember, and take courage from the remembrance, that the one Lord of heaven and earth was on my

side, and would be with me in the midst of them ; and when I went, I had about an hour of remarkably quiet, satisfactory preaching, to attentive and assenting listeners, many of whom were Brahmins, and one or two learned ones ; so that Christ has prevailed, and would not let Satan have his way. In this work of mine, going about disturbing Satan's snug nests, the thought is hourly pressed upon me with exceeding vividness, that I am in the midst of a battle with the powers of darkness : it much helps to keep me watchful and prayerful, for how can I stand against them one moment, if my Jesus does not uphold me ? As a man I may contend with the Brahmins, who are but men, but how can I in my own strength contend with Satan and his busy hosts ? It is just like going into some of the dark recesses of a pagoda with a torch ; out fly the unclean bats by hundreds : so the torch of Christ's gospel will bring out the evil spirits to try and flutter it out, but blessed be God, it shall scorch their wings instead. During the fortnight's tour, in which, like a knight-errant, I have had to meet all comers, whatsoever they be, I have been wonderfully preserved. Again and again, to my astonishment, have I come out of discussions victorious, where I am sure that nothing but God's hand shut up the mouths of opponents ; not once has he let me be put down, or vanquished ; and this is the more markedly his doing, because my imperfect ability of speaking and understanding, renders me so very liable to be crushed or confounded by a noisy Brahmin ; but He would not let it be so. "He has made his saints victorious," and on the very head of language he has loosed my tongue to an extent, I certainly did not expect in so short a time ; and I can be-

gin to expostulate, to urge the horrors of hell, the certainty of punishment, the love of God in dying for us, upon my hearers' consciences. He is a wonderful God, full of kindness, and bearing with our sins, and shortcomings, and cold hearts. Leaving the noise and crowd of the town, I walked up the silent and lonely steps on the side of the hill which led to the pagoda of the idol, which is so fond of sugar and water, and there looked down on the town, half hid among the trees, and the tall goparam, a tower rising above all, and the milk-white buildings inside the pagoda, gleaming in the bright moonlight, and the many lights down the street, reaching far away; and as the roar and drumming came up to me, I remembered how, at that hour, (eight o'clock) our friends at Guntoor, only thirteen miles off, were met together for evening worship, and how at the same time the thousands of congregations in quiet, happy England, were just assembling for afternoon service: while here, the thousands assembled to worship a dirty stone, were indulging in dissipation and devilry. Blessed day when Jesus shall come to set all things to rights; "The times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," poor souls, now taking it all easy, but then shrinking with horror from the sight of him coming on the clouds of heaven. Oh, dear sister, what a joyful day for us! to rise with dear Lizzy and little Johnny, and our dear brother and sister, and the other loved ones in Hove Churchyard, to meet him in the air, and so we shall ever be with the Lord. We may well work on with patience, so long as he has work for us to do, with such a joy set before us. May it please God early to make my darling Harry and Mary rejoice in this prospect through their love to Christ.

I do greatly long and pray, that they may be spared the uneasy pantings after the world, and from the dishonor done to Christ by most in their youth, and that they may early, even from now, know what is the settled joy and peace of real believers.

Your very affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

Masulipatam, March 22, 1847.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I cannot sufficiently thank you for the letters which I have received from you so regularly every mail since my arrival. I received my mother's letter of January 29, yesterday. The receipt of them is a great break on my solitude: at times I feel downcast by my loneliness, and at such times it is an inexpressible relief to look across the water and feel your affection and your sympathy. Your love towards, and care of, my dear children, is a fresh source of love to you, and most thankfully do I feel to you for your kindness to them. You may say that they are your grand-children, but it is not all grand-children that receive such parental love. Christ has emptied me of earthly sources of satisfaction, in order to fill me with his fulness; and when I am suffering from a sense of my earthly emptiness, I can sometimes pray that he would empty me still more, in order that I may have more room for him. I do sometimes feel weary and ready to faint, but he reassures me, and he never lets me have those heavy thoughts about the future, which I used to entertain. I have returned from my village tour, as the weather was becoming too hot to live in my tent: the last day it was up to 98° for some hours. On my return,

the weather feels cool enough, but it is beginning to warm up; the season however is favorable as yet, and we have had several cloudy days, very unusual at this season, and I am in excellent health and strength. I am too busy at present. I cannot get my work done: as my house is near the town, I have visitors half the day long, occupying all my leisure time and a good deal more. I also go into the town itself morning and evening, and have long and animated discussions. You remember that till now I had kept to the outskirts and villages in the suburbs; now I am able by Christ's help to go into the streets and bazaars and meet all comers. So that I am able to attack the stronghold of Satan: the English school is also beginning to receive its visible blessing; there are two dear little boys in it,—one fourteen, and the other almost sixteen, very desirous of being baptized, and showing marks, as we think, of the work of the Holy Spirit in them. One is a very respectable Brahmin, and the other a respectable Sudra. We must wait a little time before we take the step; they come to Mr. Noble or to me every day. I see also a good deal of other boys in private: the magnetic fishes, ducks, &c., and other toys and pictures, are a great attraction, and make my house quite a show-room; and as I generally get an opportunity of telling my visitors of Christ before they ask to see the curiosities, it all works for good. * * * *

Your very affectionate Son,

H. W. Fox.

TO THE REV. JOHN EMERIS.

Masulipatam, March 27, 1847.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I feel that I must at last begin a letter to you this Saturday evening, though it is late, and I can do no more than begin it. For on looking over my old journals (teeming with the sins of my youth,) I found lately, that the 27th of March was the day on which in 1840, I came to the final decision to be a missionary. Do you remember the occasion when you came to my lodgings,—those nice little rooms of Sims' in Holywell Street,—and after spending the evening together and praying, I made the decision? It is a memorable day for me, and it might be well to keep it as a day of commemoration; but I am no longer master of my own time, and I can keep no days except Sundays, and they are busy ones. It was a day ushering in great mercies and much toil, for both of which God's name be praised. Instead of seven years, it sometimes appears to me like seven centuries, and I am tempted at times to complain, "When will my weary time be over and I shall be at rest?" Nevertheless it has been more a time of work *in* me, than of work which I have done all this while. I seem to have been only learning: now I hope I am at work, but it is only since the last two months. If God gives me work to do, and life to do it in, I hope I may be able to thank him for it. At times I am able to feel very thankful for my work, and to wonder how I could wish to be anywhere else; at others, I am ready to faint and complain of weakness, want of refreshment,

and of the sorrows laid on me. But I must not let you fancy that this has been all God's dealings with me. I have not written to you since I was at Nellore; my dreaded approach to Bunder was mercifully smoothed, so that I had less pain in my return here (although every spot teems with recollections,) than in any other place; and for some weeks after my return I was full of songs and joyfulness; so graciously did God deal with me; and now I seldom have much acute pain from recollections, though now and then a heaviness comes over me when the sight of some place or person reminds that once I was surrounded by a family, and I am now a lonely one: but Christ comforts me wonderfully, assuring me of his presence and consolation; and that it is far better to go mourning all my days, if so I may serve him more faithfully and cling to him more closely. My great grief is my neglect of privileges. I think it is a common sin among Christians. What might we not have if we received, as we are offered, the fulness of the riches of the infinite Christ! what ecstatic joy! what triumphant faith, what earnestness and continuousness of prayer, and what lovely sights of Christ and communing with him! And we lose all by our laziness, our self-contentedness.

April 5th.—Ten days since I began this letter, and these days incline me more and more to ask your prayers, that my faith fail not. I do not think Christ will let me fail, yet the struggle against unbelief is sometimes very great; my temptation is to look away from him, and then bewail my want of earthly consolations, and next to look to earthly sources to supply them. I arrived here on January 20th, very soon after

the Bishop paid a visit of a fortnight here. * * *

When he was gone, at once I called for my tent and baggage, and went off into the villages, where I spent a happy, and I trust, profitable month, daily preaching to numbers the free remission of sins, through our precious Lord. To my astonishment (and it was all *His* doing) my loneliness, for I scarcely spoke a word of English all the while or saw a white face, was so far from being a burden, that I actually enjoyed it. I look forward with great pleasure to going out again as soon as the fire has gone down sufficiently, in August or September: for while I have more continual and favorable opportunities for preaching the Gospel, I have also abundant time for reading and writing. I began and went through the first volume of Elliott's *Horæ Apocalypticæ*, and only regretted I had not taken out the other volumes also: it is a wonderful book. If I had the learned leisure you possess, and had any other use for my books beside looking at them in my book-case, I should read *upon* this book,—that is; I should get up the History of the Christian World, religious and political, according to the scheme of Revelations. I do beg of you to get the book and read it. * * * * *

Many of the boys in Mr. Noble's English school come and spend hours with me during the heat of the day, and with some I am almost as affectionate as a father and his sons. There is one of them, a dear boy of fourteen, who wants very much to be baptized, but whom we delay, as he is still in the legal power of his father: he is, I am sure, a true child of Christ, and a few days ago had a great struggle to go through, on occasion of an idolatrous ceremony in his father's house. After a long debate with himself,

whether he would worship the Brahmin priest, if required to do so, and many inward struggles, at last his eyes brightened, and he said, "He (meaning his father) can only hurt my body; he cannot hurt my soul; I will not worship the man." And afterwards, when he had been spared the trial he dreaded, the first words which he spoke, on coming to tell me of it, were, "Sir, Christ has heard our prayers." * * * * *

Believe me,

Your own affectionate,

HENRY W. FOX.

Masulipatam, April 20, 1847.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I purpose now to try and make up for the shabbiness of my last little note to you. At the same time I seem to have very little to tell you, except my own complaints against myself. The unbelief and hardness of my heart display themselves in a way, which I cannot say I did not expect, but in a way, and to an extent which I think I have not yet experienced. If I were to enter at length into it all, it would seem to be, and probably would be, a piece of that mock-humility which so often occurs in letter-writing. They show themselves, however, in resisting the will of God, and refusing to take his rod patiently, in spite of the experience he has given me of his power and will to supply all my wants immediately from his own treasury. I have begun to repine and complain of my loneliness and want of outward means of happiness: it is with me just like the Israelites, hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, from which God had been pleased to remove them. I get so hardened, that I

cannot believe God, nor throw myself on Christ, to do and receive his will : pray for me, that I may be delivered from the bondage of sin. I can see clearly that this is a time in which God is searching and examining me, and finding nothing in me, no faith, no strength ; and when his hand is heavy upon me, then I faint and cry out for very weariness. Sometimes the temptation assaults me in the way of utter distaste and disinclination to my work, and I forge any excuse to myself for turning away in the morning from the town where I ought to go and preach, and when I do go, I go as one *driven* there by conscience, instead of being drawn by love. I know part of this is physical, for the lassitude of the hot weather has begun : but from whatever secondary cause it arises, (the hardness of my heart being the first cause,) the result is a want of lively affection to Christ, of appreciation of his love, and of joyful anticipation of his second coming. Again I ask you to pray for me. God only can deliver me and restore me to the light of his countenance : you have doubtless gone through similar trials, and I know it is needful I should have them, that I may be an able minister of his word. I do not remember that we ever talked over together the subject of our Lord's second coming : my impression is, that in our family circle, the subject is one which has not received much attention ; my own thoughts however are much upon it, especially of late ; nevertheless there are many things regarding it I cannot make out.—That he will come in the flesh in infinite glory, visible to all men, and that at his coming the dead shall be raised, and the living changed, is a fact which 1 Thess. and 1 Cor. xv. do not allow us to doubt. Further, that up to the

time of his coming, the mass of mankind will be unconverted and unbelieving, is also distinctly stated in Matt. xxiv. and elsewhere, by the comparison of Noah and Lot's days; also that till then, his true people will be a small, scattered, reviled, and suffering family. As to what takes place after his coming, I see but very indistinctly; we shall be glorified saints, there is no doubt, from that moment, and this is enough for all comfort and joy: "it is enough that Christ knows all, and I shall be with him," so that whether 1000 years are to be spent here on earth, or eternity is to be connected with a *new* earth or not, our joy will arise from being in his presence (in which is the fulness of joy) capable of beholding him without sin and weariness. I feel more desire to understand that which precedes his coming. I have a strong anticipation that the time is not far distant; but I am not satisfied that this anticipation is strongly grounded. The signs preceding his coming seem to be, 1. The destruction of Roman power, at its height and glory: and to this it is rapidly growing up, ready like a fatted beast for slaughter. 2. The breaking without hand of the Mohammedan power, with which my mind has been much impressed since I passed through Egypt. 3. The preaching of the gospel *as a witness* through all the world; if at least I am right in attaching the early verses of Matt. xxiv. to the end of the world, *as well* as to the end of the Jewish times. 4. Then come as attendant signs, the pulling down of the great powers of the world, under the designation of sun, moon, stars, in Matt. xxiv., and of the ten horns in Daniel. Of this there are yet no symptoms, but Dr. Arnold does not stand alone in speaking of our country (the most prosperous of all)

as tottering on the brink of a precipice, from which no human power can do more than retard our fall; and further, in Daniel, the fall of these powers is spoken of as almost contemporaneous with the coming of Christ. 5. There are also to be great wars, (from which Europe does not seem to be far removed,) famines and pestilences, and persecutions of God's people; the latter of which is made very intelligible by the rapid growth of that godliness-hating system of Tractarianism; a system which cannot abide anything which is spiritual. So I have occupied a good portion of my letter on a subject which you could read about anywhere, as well as in an Indian letter, but it is one which is not only intensely interesting in itself, but which is continually in my own mind. I have been wondering lately, how I can so long have passed by the never-ceasing references to it, in almost every chapter of the New Testament. Elliott's book on the Apocalypse has been adding to my thoughts, by giving me fresh light on the subject. And is it not a subject for Christian brothers to talk about, and peculiarly those who must look forward to that day for their meeting?

Things go on here very hopefully, to my eyes at least. I go daily into the public streets, and preach, and discuss, no man hindering me. I get some noisy, rude discussions, more often a quiet hearing, and a triumph for the gospel which none can gainsay;—and so, with only about five weeks' work in the town, I find I begin to attract attention, and thus I trust the gospel may be brought into notice. They come also very freely to my house, so that I seldom spend less than two or three hours, and often much more in speak-

ing to them in-doors on the same subject. Books and tracts get abroad in this way, some of which I know are read, and some give rise to thoughts in the minds of the readers. The English school also makes a stir in the town: the heathens feel that it is thoroughly opposed to their religion, and is counteracting the influence of family and friends, and old teaching in the minds of the boys and young men in it. There is a great change of feeling and views in many of them: they approve of Christianity, but their hearts are not yet moved; however, there are many signs that the Holy Ghost is beginning to breathe upon them. We have as yet no open opposition from Satan; but as soon as there is any open victory for Christ, we may be sure the old enemy and accuser will not be content with working only in secret. I dread more his underhand working in our own hearts. In a few days we expect to have Mr. Sharkey, just ordained, and his new married wife; and I hope that he will be permitted to work also in the streets, for he has a perfect knowledge of Telugu, and no native can answer him;—only this won't do, unless he has also the anointing of the Holy Ghost, which I trust he will have. In July we shall have a further addition, in a young country-born European, as a Catechist,—he will live with me. So I hope that the Lord is intending to do great things, by thus preparing an increase of means. There is an exceeding interest in the variety of the states of mind with which I meet; though very often the blasphemous statements unblushingly set forward and persisted in, are most painful and oppressive: statements, not only opposed to Christianity, but utterly subversive of every particle of any religion, and yet not merely the results

of the heat of controversy, but the real expressions of the feelings of the speakers. I think herein lies a peculiarly Missionary burden, such as a pastor in a nominally Christian country has seldom to bear. I was much interested in your short notice of the Missionary Gazette, that is to be, or rather, that is, I hope by this time in existence. I hope you will send us it out, it is just the sort of thing to which I should like to contribute; and during the cold season when I am out in the district I should be able to draw up some papers for it occasionally. I wrote a long account of Mangalagerry festival, and sent it to Mr. C. Hodgson for his Missionary Magazine by last post; I am going, if I can get time, to send some copies of my pictures,* with short descriptions accompanying them to the Illustrated London News:—it will, at an easy rate, extend an acquaintance with India, and in some cases with the heathenism of India. I have not yet heard from Blenkinsopp, according to his promise; nor have I written to him, not by way of returning his silence, but from press of work. I continue my purpose nevertheless, of writing him a long letter before he gets into the midst of his summer Missionary meetings. I shall often in spirit go along with him to them, according to their dates; for I more often recur to my Durham meetings than to any others.

Your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

* He took out with him on his return to India, a camera and other apparatus for taking Talbotype views; some of the woodcuts herewith, are from the pictures thus taken on the spot.

TO MR. AND MRS. STOKES, GUNTOOR.

Masulipatam, June 14, 1847.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

It was yesterday evening that I heard of the affliction into which you have been brought, and I have felt very much with you in it. The Lord has made me to feel what sorrow is, in order that I may the better sympathize with others, who are in like trouble. O! that I might prove a comforter, or at least speak some word of comfort: but our Lord, who for the same purpose, went himself down into the darkest depths of grief—he is able both to mourn with you, (what a precious sympathy is his!) and also to pour into your wounds all the comfort he knows is needful. In all our sorrows he was afflicted, and yours is not excepted: he was watching every sharp pain your dear baby suffered; and now he knows all its father's and mother's mourning; not one of your sighs or tears escape him, or is lost to him, but he mourns along with you, fully purposing to comfort you, and, I trust, to give you all the brighter joy in the place of sorrow. Will it not be a subject for abundant thankfulness, if all the earthly joy you had in baby, and the loss of which is now so bitter a grief, be all supplied from above, and direct from our Lord himself. This I think is one of his great purposes in taking away his creatures from us, that having let us know through them, what joy is, we may now be made to seek for joy from him, without any intervention or instrument.

It is a sore trial which God is sending upon the poor B——s. Please to give them my affectionate Chris-

tian love, and bid them not faint. The hour of extremity is God's opportunity, and if He is going to give them that which is hard to flesh and blood, He is also providing for them some rich treats of his own presence, which they know not of. I am sure that God's tried ones are his precious ones, and they will know it to be so one day : but for the present we must hold up our failing knees and hands, and bear the Lord's will patiently. Assure them that we shall in our unworthy way, seek deliverance for them : we shall, I trust, also be frequent in asking the Lord for you.

Believe me,

Very affectionately yours,

HENRY W. FOX.

JOURNAL.

Masulipatam, July 8, 1847.—In my usual morning visit to the streets of the town, I fell in with a boy who had lately left Mr. Noble's English school. After an interesting conversation, in which it appeared what a consent of the understanding there might be to the truth, without any inclination of the heart towards God, he began to speak about my going regularly to the streets to preach and converse about religion. He said, "The people crowd round you, not because they care to hear what you have to say, but they think you are mad, and so they come for mere curiosity's sake." I was struck with the remark, which was made in great simplicity, and I believe that there is a great deal of truth in it. Indeed this regular street-preaching quite puzzles them ; they do not know what to make of it, and from the remarks I hear about it, many of

them do not like it, for it seems like a systematic attack upon their religion in their homes. They are on the whole, however, very civil and attentive, though very often silly.

A few days ago a Brahmin, with whom I have been long and intimately acquainted, lost his only child, a little boy about two and a half years old. Added to the natural feeling of a parent, a Brahmin has an additional source of grief in the thought that it is only by the ceremonies and prayers of his son after the father's death, that he can be delivered out of the pains of purgatory; and so he who dies without leaving a son behind him is especially cursed. How far this feeling affected the individual in question, I cannot say: for he is a believer in nothing save money; but it is probable that superstitious feelings may have remained where belief has ceased. However, his natural feelings were roused, and when he came to see me next day he told me that it was no use staying in his house: if he sat down to do anything, he could not do it, and that he got up and wandered restlessly about; and besides, there was the baby's poor mother crying without stopping. I felt much for him, knowing that in all the range of his thoughts, and in all heathenism, there was not one word that could afford him any comfort. I pointed this out to him, telling him how much I felt for him, and begging him, as I knew he placed no belief in heathenism, to look and see if the comfort during sorrow which we Christians receive, and of which I gave him assurance from my own experience, was not a most forcible evidence of its Divine authority. "*You are now in sorrow,*" I said, "*and feel what it is; and you find that neither in*

yourself nor in that which is around you, have you the slightest alleviation of it ; surely that religion which does what man cannot do, must be from God.” He acknowledged with much heartiness that it was so, and said that it was an undoubted proof, much stronger than external proofs. I asked him then where he believed his child was ; he said he believed it was with Jesus Christ, but he should never go there, nor see it any more. I asked him if he had a word of comfort to give to his poor weeping wife ; he acknowledged that he had none : nor indeed could he have, for if he did believe in his fathers’ religion, he must suppose that he would never meet his child again ; for already it was probably wandering about in some other transmigration ; nor could he look to the sorrow as being from a Father’s hand, but only that it was a curse incurred by sins during some former state of being. However, having learnt from me before, he now said, “ God has given me two blows,—the death of my relation a week ago, and now the death of my child ; my sin must be very great.” These were ideas he had gained from me, and were not indigenous ones. He promised to consider the Christian religion closer than he had ever done, and took away a Gospel of St. Luke, with the promise of reading it carefully.

Masulipatam, July 15, 1847.—Yesterday morning I went to a collection of huts, inhabited by Chuklus, and lying on the outskirts of the town, half a mile distant from my house. These people are shoemakers and workers in leather, and are consequently considered the most unclean of all the most despised of the parish class : their habits have not indeed much to recommend them. As soon as I entered the thick cluster of huts,

I was surrounded by twenty-five or thirty of them ; half were men, half women and boys. After a while I asked where their god was ; they pointed out a square hut in the middle of the cluster, with mud walls four feet high, and a sloping roof of palmyra-leaf thatch. There, they said, was their Ammaváru or village goddess. On asking what was inside, they said, " A stone." Reproaching them for worshipping a stone, I said, " Go and fetch it to me." They made excuse first, " It is too heavy to carry ;" and when I said, " Let two or three carry it," they next said, " It is planted in the ground." After ten minutes' conversation with them, telling them of Christ, and his love and death, I went up to the hut and crept in at the low door-way, and at once noticed the lies they had told me. On a little raised dais of dry clay reclined, first, a slip of wood two feet long, on which was cut very imperfectly a rude figure of a man, four or five inches long, and in the style a school-boy might carve with his knife ; next to it was an old worm-eaten piece of wood, ten inches long, resembling nothing so much as an old tent-peg, or a withered root of mangelwurzel : these two, they said, were the husband or husbands of the goddess ; next was a misshapen rough stone, about a foot square,—this was the Ammaváru herself : further on lay three stones, about the size and shape of small paving-stones, these were her children. It is difficult to conceive that state of mind which should believe such coarse and common materials to possess a divine nature ; yet many, if not all the people about me, seemed quite serious in believing these stones to be their deity. They did not regard them as the creator or creators of the world, but simply as their gods ; whom if

they were to forsake, they would pay their lives in forfeit.

After leaving the hut again, I returned to the subject of Christ, and called on them to forsake these miserable stones, and come to Him as their dying but living Saviour. One man said, quite seriously, "But if we all turn Christians, what will become of the dead cattle?" For the Chuklus are the privileged consumers of all bullocks, cows, and buffaloes which die of disease or old age. "Suppose," he added, "some of us join your religion, and we will leave some behind to eat the cattle."

I suppose that, so long as the human heart can escape humbling itself before God as worthless and unprofitable, and to accept the righteousness of another and not its own, there is nothing too vile or degrading to which it will not descend. For indeed, what difference is there between these worm-eaten stumps of wood and shapeless stones of the chuklus, and the silver and marble be-jewelled figures of the Virgin and saints which I saw the people adoring at Malta, except a few degrees of civilization and elegance? Religiously and morally viewed, the one worship is just as degraded and humiliating as the other.

Masulipatam, July 31, 1847.—Ten days ago, Mr. Sharkey and I went out to the public bungalow at the village of Neddamole, ten miles from here; our object was partly to preach to the people in the neighboring villages, but chiefly to obtain, in the quiet of the bungalow, that seclusion which we cannot obtain in our houses here, where native visitors are coming and going all day long: for we wanted to make progress in revising and preparing some Telugu manuscripts for the press. We stayed three days visiting the villages,

morning and evening, and having some interesting opportunities of making Christ known.

Last Sunday, July 25th, we baptized in our little congregation Sitapàti, a young man of a respectable Sudra caste, and about twenty-one years of age. The way in which he was brought to us, encourages us in the hope that God has many other hidden ones, whom he will in due time bring out from among the heathen. About six months ago, he became acquainted with David, a young man of about his own age, who was baptized last autumn, and who had once been of the same caste as Sitapàti. I do not know that the acquaintance led to anything about that time, but two or three months ago, Sitapàti speaks of himself as beginning to think about his sins, and to feel anxious concerning them: in this state of feeling he asked his acquaintance, David, what was the cure for his sins? David told him of Christ; and it seems that almost immediately the young man was led to desire to be a Christian. When in this state, David one day informed me of him, and at my request brought him to me. I found him very ignorant, yet desirous of being taught, and professing a desire to be baptized. He came to me several times for instruction, and read a little of St. Matthew's Gospel. However, his relatives seem to have found out the turn his mind was taking, and he told me he was afraid of their locking him up in the house and not letting him go out. This led him to spend a great part of his time at the school-house, where David lives, as it was then the holidays; and during the time, of his own accord, he broke his caste by eating of David's supper, prepared by a Pariah cook. His father and elder brother, the former an old

man who had once been a gardener; the latter a strong, stout, and violent young man;—at last, finding that Sitapàti absented himself much from home, came one Sunday afternoon to the school-house to seek for him. This led to two or three interviews between him and these relatives, in the presence of Mr. Noble or myself; in which they endeavored by threats and enticements to induce him to come home with them; but he steadily resisted, and said, he wished to become a Christian, and told them their efforts were useless, for he had already broken caste.

On Monday morning, when they came to my house, the brother used all sorts of entreaties, urging how he had fed him, and taken care of him from a child, and taught him to read, &c., and would he now leave them? All the while his face quivered with passion, and had not the interview been in my presence, I am sure he would have endeavored to drag his brother off by force. Next day, when Sitapàti was in Mr. Noble's compound, his brother and another person, who apparently had been lying hid on purpose, sprang out and seized him, and taking him head and feet, dragged him out of the compound, and some little distance towards the place where they lived. However, the alarm was given, and Mr. N. and two or three servants ran out and overtook them, and insisted on the young man being released; which, after a short while, was done. Mr. N. then asked him where he wished to go, with him, or with his brothers: it did not require much, for the poor young man, whose face was bleeding from a blow received from his brother, to decide to return with Mr. Noble. Next day, with the too ordinary barefaced falsehood of a Hindoo, the brother laid a

complaint before the magistrate, that Mr. N. was detaining his brother by force. The collector sent for the young man, and in public court examined him for a long time, concerning the correctness of his brother's complaint: Sitapàti publicly declared that it was of his own good-will that he had gone to, and was living with Mr. N., and as publicly declared his purpose of becoming a Christian. This was truly making a good confession; for all round about were crowds of Brahmins and others, whose enmity against the Gospel is not small: some of them said among themselves, as I was afterwards told by one who said he heard the words, "I wish I could get hold of that young man—I would murder him." The magistrate, of course, dismissed the complaint, with a warning to the brother. Since then Sitapàti has been going on steadily, and daily receiving instruction in the knowledge of the leading truths of the Gospel, till last Sunday, when having assurance of his sincerity, and being satisfied that he knew what it was into which he was to be baptized, he was received into Christ's visible Church. His coming over to us, and the publicity which was given to it by his examination before the collector, made a much greater sensation in the town than I could have expected: it was added however to a recent baptism of a young Brahmin at Vizagapatam, which caused great sensation there, and was well known here; the effect was, that nearly half the boys in Mr. Noble's English school were withdrawn. After a while many of them came back, but in all he lost fifteen, among whom were some of the most hopeful and interesting youths. The school however was not left empty, for the vacancies were rapidly filled up by

new applicants who crowded to gain admission, among whom were the sons of the principal Sudra Ameen, and the Sheristadar of his court. The story which was current here, as it has been elsewhere on similar occasions, was that we had given the young man a potion, the effect of which was to attach him to us : the way in which they supposed it was done, was to sprinkle a powder on his head. The parents of some boys feared, or pretended to fear, that we should do so to their boys, if they remained in school : not considering that it would have been easy for us to have done so any time these last three years past, or when the boys come to our houses, which they freely do. But the fact is, like the Jews of old, they cannot but acknowledge that a wonderful thing has happened, an influence has been produced on a man's mind, to induce him to deny himself, and give up his family and his caste, and not knowing whence it proceeds, they attribute it to magic, or medicine. I do not think the Hindoo system knows anything of an influence of Divine power on the heart or feelings of man : it is more conversant with mere outward ceremonies, or at least with a mere intellectual theorizing on deity.

Neddamole, Aug. 11, 1847.—Mr. Sharkey and I have started for a month's tour through the villages, being desirous of taking advantage of the continuance of cloudy weather, which enables us to be out much during the day-time. There is so much rain, however, that we are not able to take out tents with us, but keep ourselves to the line of road on which there are public bungalows, and from them visit the numerous villages which lie within two or three miles of our resting-place.

Yesterday morning, at sunrise, we rode out to a large village named Tarakatoor, about two miles off: the land is about two thirds under the plough, and at this time the crops of black paddy are a few inches above the ground, and resemble young wheat. The village is inhabited almost entirely by Sudras who live by cultivation: there are only four Brahmin houses in the place; one of them contains a school, in which a small portion of the boys of the village learn to read and write. The village is under a Zemindar, or landholder, and seems to be in a more prosperous condition than many others; for the bullocks seemed to be numerous; no less than five ponies, not very much starved, were grazing outside the village, the houses were not ruinous, and several were of a slightly superior style to the mud cabins of the villages; and lastly, the pagodas to Vishnu and Siva, besides being rather larger, were in much better repair than usual. Both of us had several very long and interesting conversations with separate groups of people. At first, they were very suspicious of us, and would not so much as touch a tract, and fancied we came out as spies of some kind: when we told them we were preachers, as usual, they concluded that the East India Company had sent us.

In the evening we went to two distinct villages: Mr. S. to the main village of Kurumalapád, about a mile from this village, and I to the Pariah hamlet near it. Every village has such a hamlet situated about a quarter of a mile distant from it: in it live the poor abject Pariahs, who are not allowed to live in the main village where the Brahmins and Sudras dwell, and who are the farm laborers, or almost serfs, attached to the soil

which belongs to the village. Some Sudras and Brahmins, who are very poor, drive the plough themselves, but the majority employ these Pariahs instead. I found most of the men out in the fields weeding the corn, and for some time could only get desultory conversations with two or three women at a time. As it was growing later, one of the farmers of the main village was passing through, and I had a long talk with him in the hearing of a dozen or more of the Pariah men and women—he sitting on the ground, a few yards off, with his back against the mud wall, and I on a heap of lumps of dry mud, which had lately formed a wall. When I had told him at length about Christ, his birth, labors, sufferings, and his death, and had dwelt on these as the only expiation for sin, and then on the duty of all to turn to him, and call on him, he at last said, “Sir, I will ask you one thing. It is somewhere about a hundred years since your Company people (i. e. the E. I. C.) came to these parts; now, how is it, if all this that you have been telling me is so good, that they have never sent to tell us about it before?” I could only acknowledge that it was a grievous sin and offence of the Government, for which I had no excuse, and over which I often mourned. The extraordinary and unfounded dread which some people entertain lest the Hindus should be ready to rise in arms against the English Government, in case it was to begin to teach them and to send preachers of the Gospel among them, is daily refuted, not by theories, but by facts. For the natives, one and all, believe the missionaries to be emissaries of the Company, until we undeceive them. Yet neither on the establishment of the English school in Masulipatam, the declared and published ob-

ject of which was the conversion of its scholars, and which was generally believed by the natives to be established by the Government; nor on our going out to the streets or villages preaching against idolatry and proclaiming Christ, and supposed to be the Company's missionaries, has a word reached our ears hostile to the Company on this account. In regard to the civil and military administration, complaints (often unfounded) are not unfrequent: with respect to its supposed proselytizing, or rather preaching department, not one word. So much for the fears lest God's work should impede the progress of man's dominion.

Weyoor, Aug. 13, 1847.—After visiting two or three more villages from Neddamole, we started at an early hour yesterday morning for this bungalow, which is fifteen miles further on. I did not, however, like to pass by the large village of Prámarru, where I had been so well received at my two visits in February and March. It lies nearly half-way, and so on our arriving there about eight o'clock in the morning, left our horses with our horse-keepers, and entered the village. We soon met the Naich, or head Sudra of the place, with whom I had formed an acquaintance before, and he led us to the chief school,—the friendship of the master of which, I had purchased by putting the Naich's little boy to his school, and paying for him for four months. The schoolmaster was not there, but was away getting shaved, as it was a lucky day for that rare operation, and an old blind superannuated master was keeping in order about twenty boys. Here we spent more than an hour sheltered from the sun,—Mr. S. in one part and I in another of the spacious room where the school was held: he was speaking to

and reading with some adults and a few boys. I had a small congregation, varying from six to a dozen of the elder boys, to whom I acted as schoolmaster, sitting down and making them sit, and then making them read the Ten Commandments, and explaining them to them. Afterwards, when I began to speak of the forgiveness of sin, and asked who can take away sins, one quiet little lad gave me a nice answer, "Only God," he said, "can take away sin." When I praised him for his answer, the other lads, who were several of them Brahmins, looked rather contemptuously at him, and said, "Oh! he is only a barber!" for the barber caste is an inferior one. When we had tired the patience of the schoolmaster, who had meanwhile arrived with his new-shaven head shining like an egg, and who ought to have dismissed the school nearly an hour before, we went out, and crossing the narrow street entered the house, or shop, of the village carpenter. He is not paid as such an one would be in England, by the job, or for the article he makes or mends, but is a regular village servant. Every villager who possesses a plough pays him (in grain) about half a rupee annually for each plough, that is about four or five days' pay, and for this the carpenter has to make, if need be, or keep in repair, the farmer's ploughs and sledges on which the straw is carried from the field. Carts are a separate charge; perhaps because they probably scarcely existed in the days of old when this village custom was established. Sitting down on some logs of wood, we had more than a dozen men, and four or five women as listeners. Mr. S. had a long discussion with a Brahmin, who was a Vedantist, and maintained first that "all is God, and God is

all," then, that he himself was God, and lastly, that God was the author and agent of all sin. He was no stray infidel; the same doctrines meet us on all sides, and it is difficult to say whether such men are better or worse than atheists.

It is one of the painful parts of our dealings with the people, and particularly with the Brahmins, that their mouths are so full of lies; it is scarcely possible to speak five minutes with one of them, but he utters two or three palpable falsehoods. When rebuked for them, all they have to say is, "It is the custom of the country;" or, "How could the world go on without lying?"

On leaving Prámarru, about eleven A.M., we had a sunny ride for nearly two hours, rather warmer than we had hoped for, but a cool breeze in our faces prevented our feeling it oppressive. Each time I pass through this part of the country I am struck with its numerous population: the villages lie round in all directions in clusters: from one spot I counted no less than fifteen in sight within a circle the radius of which was about three miles, and probably I overlooked some, for the low thatched huts which compose them are not very conspicuous in this flat country.

Yesterday evening in this village, and this afternoon in the large village of Wulloor, about four miles distant, we had crowded audiences, from twenty to thirty persons standing round one or both of us, and generally listening very quietly. The burden of one man's argument yesterday was, "All our gods are one and the same; whomsoever we worship, we shall go to heaven." Not only is this absolutely false, and contradicted by almost every popular book, but I have little doubt



SWINGING FESTIVAL, PEDANNA

visit, the people, particularly the women, look at us with wonder, being probably the first of the species whom they have ever seen.

Both yesterday and this morning, I visited a small pariah hamlet, half a mile distant, and containing seven or eight huts : the people do not engage in agriculture, but are weavers of the coarse cotton cloths worn by the lowest classes. I had good audiences each time, of ten or twelve men and women, who were much interested in all I said : I spoke of sin, read the ten commandments, and enlarged on them ; I dwelt much on heaven and hell, and the deliverance from fear of death, and the joyful prospect of the day of release which Christians enjoy, and then went through the history of Christ, and showed how his atonement removed our sin, and set us free to serve God with thankfulness. They had no opposition to offer, and seemed to like all I told them, and to accept it : they asked several questions, and wished to know if I would come and see them again. This work among the Pariahs is so entirely different from our conversations with Brahmins, as to remind me much of missionary labors in lands where caste, civilization, and a *system* of heathenism are all unknown. To the natural eye it looks more hopeful and pleasant, but we have never room to forget that the whole work of converting and fixing the truth in the heart, is the work of the Holy Ghost.

In this village this evening, during a long conversation with some Brahmins, the chief of them asked me the identical question which was put to me a few days ago. "All you say seems very good, but how is it that the *Company* have been eighty years in this

country, and yet have never till now sent to tell us of these things?" I again acknowledged, that it was a grievous sin, and culpability of the government to have so neglected them; in which view he seemed to acquiesce: and I then corrected the mistake he entertained, in supposing that *we* were sent by the Company; and told him that my authority was, first God's commission, and next, that of the Queen of England, whose servant I, as well as the Company, was. It was with some difficulty that the by-standers could be persuaded we were not sent and maintained by the East India Company.

In this village, where the Pariahs are very few in number, and not all are farm servants, most of the land is ploughed by Brahmins and men of other castes. A large plot of land is a *Mànyam*, or freehold, of certain Brahmins who cultivate it with their own hands; but as I was told by a Sudra I met on the spot, it is the worst cultivated in the village; "for," said he, "the Brahmin ploughs one day, and next day he is off to some festival or other, anywhere in the country side, and when he comes back, the time for ploughing is over." We see many marks, and hear many expressions of the hatred of the Sudras towards the Brahmins, because of their local oppression and insolence.

Beizwarah, Aug. 17, 1847.—We made a short ride from Weyoor yesterday morning, to the next bungalow at Kankepad: on the way we entered a village of middling size, in order to speak with the people; but though we stayed more than a quarter of an hour there, and walked about the little lanes in it, we could not find a single man; they were all Brahmins and Sudras, out ploughing, for the village has only a tiny pariah

hamlet of three huts under it, and so the inhabitants have to labor in the fields themselves.

On the way we again stopped at a considerable village named Parunky, and walked into it; near a pagoda, (in better order than usual,) we found two or three people, and others joined us as soon as we stopped to speak to them. They of course received us with profound respect: there was one, an old Brahmin, who had a musical instrument a good deal like a guitar, with three metal strings of similar size and tone; he was a "singer of songs" they said; so we asked him for a song, and sitting down on the mud ledge against a mud wall, he began to sing a song in praise of Ràma; unlike Hindu instrumental music, their songs are by no means tuneless, and on the whole, the song accompanied by a little twanging of his instrument was not unpleasing, though his voice was not musical, and his time poor and monotonous. When he was done, Mr. Sharkey began to tell them that he knew of a better person to praise than Ràma, and went on to tell them about Christ. This led us into a general talk about him which lasted more than half an hour: they were quiet people and had no serious objections to make, or at least made none: the few they made were at once answered without difficulty, and they had no reply to make. They were such as these: "Nay, but we have always hitherto believed these images to be Gods."—"Our fathers believed them;" or, "This is all related in our books." "But are your Shasters true, or false?" "Of course they are true." "How do you know them to be true?" "Are they not *books*?" "But what support have you for them, what evidence?" "They are their own support, their own evidence." In this

village, as in many others, on our producing tracts, the question was put to us, "Is this your own handwriting, or is it printed?" For in most places the majority, nay, rather the whole of the people have never seen a printed paper. Of course, in all these villages, the very name of Christ is utterly unknown, and to be told that there is sin in idolatry, is as great a novelty to the people, as the names of their gods are to the most ignorant of our English villagers. And this is in a district which has been in quiet, peaceful possession of the East India Company for eighty years: and nearly three generations have gone down to the grave, and another is rapidly descending in utter ignorance of those truths, and that light, for the spread of which alone God has been pleased to give the country to our nation. How great is the blood-guiltiness on the head of the East India Company, for not having sent missionaries, and established Christian Bible-schools; and how great is the sin of our whole nation, and of our established Church in particular, for having left these people in utter darkness; and how great is the guilt of our Universities and other places of education in England, in having sent but two men, and during the six years we have been here, in having sent us no help or addition to our number, to go to those hundreds of villages which we can never hope to visit; how great a weight of sin and guilt thus hangs over us, thus clings to us, God alone knows, who in the day of judgment will require the blood of these men at our hands. There are thousands in England, who talk of these things, but we who move among the people, and see them, *we feel* them; and then we are at once reminded of the Priest and the Levite, who looked at the wounded



• IDOL CAR AND PART OF SIVA'S PAGODA. BEIZWARAH.
(From a Talbotype view.)

man, doubtless pitied him, but “passed by on the other side.” May our long-suffering God have mercy on them and on us.

We have fallen in two or three times with a party of “Medicine people,” *Rasayogulu*, as they call themselves. They live, that is, they have houses in Masulipatam, but seem to spend a large part of the year in wandering about the country. They seem to be wandering village quack doctors, and like the apothecary of old, they adorn both themselves and their families with strings of uncouth beads and nuts, to acquire a sort of mysterious character. Their little encampment was the exact counterpart of a set of gipsy huts on an English common: only instead of cloth, the covering of the low oval tent consisted of a coarse sort of mat. Each tent was about seven feet long, five feet wide at the ground, and three and a half feet high. Inside was a low rude cot, upon which sometimes a child was lying: before the doors were plenty of ugly black sows with their young ones, all grubbing up the ground: snarling pariah dogs were near them, and at a little distance was a crowd of forty or fifty donkeys grazing. Whenever near a town or village we see donkeys, we may be sure that there are either washermen (who use the poor creatures to carry bundles of dirty clothes) or basket-makers, a wild, curious race) or jugglers, or some similar wandering low class. There is no animal so deeply despised as the poor donkey, and to speak of riding on one excites a sort of derision and amusement.

Beizwarah, Aug. 19, 1847.—This place is a small town, if it deserves the name, of 3000 or 4000 inhabitants, and lies at the crossing of the great north road

from Madras to Calcutta, with the great road from the coast at Masulipatam to Hyderabad. It is close on the edge of the sacred river Kistna, now a full mile wide, rolling its muddy, yet sweet water, rapidly to the sea. From these two reasons it is both a place of travellers, and the abode of many Brahmins,—for all places on this river are sacred,—and wherever any pickings or stealings are to be had, either from festivals or from visitors to sacred spots, there are abundance of lazy, vicious Brahmins to be found. It presents to us all the signs of a bad place, and what we have seen of the Brahmins tells us this too plainly.

On the afternoon of the day of our arrival, we went into a street inhabited by Brahmins, and fell into conversation with a man squatting on the mud ledge beside his house-door. Not many minutes had elapsed before there was a crowd of thirty or forty people, chiefly Brahmins, many of them sitting along the same ledge as the first man was on ; others, who could not find room, standing in the street like ourselves. For some time Mr. Sharkey had a very interesting conversation with a very old intelligent man, who said he was eighty-four years old, and who did not speak for the sake of controversy, but, as he said, in order to acquire information. He began by saying he rejected and disbelieved all Hindu systems ; “The Adwai system (or the wild pantheistic creed, which is so common, ‘all is God, God is all, I am God, you are God ; there is no distinction between right and wrong, truth and untruth,’) is false, the Dwaitam system (or the Gnostic doctrine of the eternity of two principles, good and bad, of which *matter* is the evil one) is false ; the Vasishta Adwaitam (a mixture of the other two) is also

false, and nonsensical." But though the old gentleman went on in a garrulous manner to tell us what his system was, and though he greatly approved of the Christian scheme which Mr. S. set before him, yet it was not very clear that he had any distinct system at all, but rambled into loose metaphysics; and as for including the subject of the remission of sins in his system, he never seemed to think of it. All this while the other people kept very quiet and listened, but finding the old man did nothing but ramble in the fields of most unprofitable metaphysics, we began to speak to the rest of the crowd; and then we discerned their want of manners and of virtue; they showed no personal rudeness or insult towards us, but as soon as we began to talk, half a dozen at once began to talk also, either to one of us or to one another, and no peaceable opportunity of speaking to more than two or three at a time could be obtained. They stood up for the worship of idols,—they denied the existence of sin,—they mocked the idea of anything spiritual, anything which was not productive of vice, money, or bodily pleasure. At last I drew near to one man to speak to him; he said, "I want none of your books, not I." I answered, "I have no intention of giving you any, I force my books on no one; but listen to me for a few moments." And I then began to speak seriously of his sins and of the coming judgment; but his continual remark was in this strain, "What care I? I don't know whether I have sinned or not: I never saw the hell you speak of." I said to him, "Now answer me one question: Which do you count of most value, your soul or your body,—things present, or things to come?" His answer was, "Of course things present; of course my

body is most important to me." It was the bold bad acknowledgment of, and glorying in, the principle which is the chief feature of the "body of sin" within us, and which every unconverted man steadily acts on ; but the shameless boasting about it marks a hardness and a deadness of conscience which is very painful to the hearer.

As we walked away from this painful conversation we took our course down to the river-side : it was now a little after sunset, and several of those with whom we had been speaking, followed us to perform their evening devotions. Stepping a yard into the river, or squatting down at the edge of the water, they began to mutter some Sanscrit verses or charms ; presently the man would take up a little water in his hand and carry a few drops to his mouth three times in succession, then he went on with his mutterings, then he threw up three or four libations of the water with his right hand, then he turned to the west, then to the east, then he made crossings on his breast, not to be distinguished from Romish crossings, and so went on with a variety of signs and symbols, and gesticulations and mutterings. There was something ludicrous in seeing some of the men going through this unmeaning child's play (to them it is neither more nor less) with all gravity ; but it was also painful to look at these, or at others who were smiling at us from time to time, and to remember that all this was a pretence of religion on the part of evil men, who had only a few minutes before been uttering blasphemy, negations of all religion, professions of utter ungodliness, and viciousness. I could not help being much reminded by this scene of the inside of a Romish church ; the same muttering and running over of charms and prayers in

an unknown tongue, the same cycle of bodily gesticulations, and then the rising and going away with the same appearance of self-satisfaction, with the same deceived conscience and unforgiven soul.

Next morning we had one of those strong contrasts which add greatly to the variety and interest of missionary work. We went to the Málapalm, or pariah hamlet, which lies a quarter of a mile away from the town, and consists of about thirty houses: the work of all the inhabitants is farm-labor under the farmers, except that of two or three who are weavers. As we drew near we saw a crowd of persons just outside the bushes and mud walls which bound the hamlet, and found there a sepoy, two or three peons (or constables), and the cutwal of the town, driving and pushing and thrusting about twenty men, who showed great unwillingness to go where they were wanted. We inquired of the peons what was the matter, and were told that a number of carts, laden with government treasure, were crossing the river in boats, and that these Pariahs were being sent down to the river-side to work all day at unlading and lading the boxes of treasure. "What pay do they get for this work?" we asked. "Oh, no pay at all; they have to do the work for nothing." We exclaimed against the injustice of this compulsory labor; the peons appealed to custom. We inquired, "If men are to be forced to labor without pay, why do you not go and compel some of those lazy Brahmins, who are doing nothing, to go and do the work?" "What! make the Brahmins work! they would at once make a petition to the collector and get us turned out of our places." On our still pressing the injustice of the proceeding, the peons as-

sured us it was not so unjust as we thought, for, said they, "This is an old custom, that the village work is to be done without pay by the Vetty people among the Pariahs, and they have a piece of freehold land by way of reward." We found afterwards that this piece of land is very small, and that the Vetties only get one third of the produce, for they are not allowed to cultivate it themselves, and one third goes to the farmer who cultivates it, and another third to Government. We asked, however, of the peons, how many Vetty people there were in the village who thus owed this free service, and they told us about a dozen men. "But here you are carrying away nearly twenty men, what right have you to take these others?" "We want all this number, and Vetties or not, we must have them." On entering the hamlet we found only one old man, but a crowd of women and children; and we found that this institution of the Vetty class was merely a stalking-horse to compel any and all the men, and if they were not forthcoming or enough, some of the women also to perform, without pay, any work which the Government or village authorities may want done. The old man, who was a weaver, said he also was often obliged to do this unpaid work,—that they had two or three times made petitions to the collector, but he had referred them for examination to the Tahsildar, a chief native magistrate of the neighborhood: if this was true, it was very much like asking the wolf to inquire whether he and the other wolves were guilty of eating the sheep or not: for the Tahsildar is generally a Brahmin. It is difficult to see how this system of gross oppression, which is of older standing than ours, and probably than the Mohammedan Govern-

ment, is to be checked, except by a Christian education given to the Pariahs and to the Brahmins, that the one may learn boldness, the other gentleness: this the Government ought to have begun eighty years ago, but like the stream of the river Kistna, oppression and corruption on the part of native officials go on from generation to generation unchecked, and uncheckable, except by a vigorous and determined blow at the roots of the system, viz. superstition, heathenism, and ignorance. The Pariahs employed in agriculture, all the district through, receive as daily pay a quart measure of dry grain: of course this is inadequate to maintain a man and his family, so they eke out a poor livelihood by digging grass for cattle, by gathering sticks for firewood, and by stealing from the crops in the harvest season, and from the stacks at other times. When compelled to do unpaid work, they of course lose their allowance of grain: they are a poor-looking race, not so much in figure as in their ragged dirty clothes, and in the uncombed, dishevelled state of the hair of the women. Their huts are small but compact: and not unfrequently a cow or a buffalo, or a few fowls are to be seen in the little enclosure round a hut. A Pariah is not (at least in the villages) allowed to enter the (otherwise) public court or cutchery of the native judge or magistrate, whose authority is derived from the British Government. If he wants justice, or has any business to be done in these places, he stands in the street outside, and the judge or tahsildar (too generally a Brahmin) comes out to him to inquire the business of the poor Pariah. This fear of defilement by the near approach of the unclean one to their holiness on the part of the vicious and godless Brahmins,

reminds one of the similar dread of pollution by entering a Roman court of justice on the part of the Christ-crucifying Jews. A parallel might be found in the treatment of the free blacks in the United States by the whites. The Pariah is regarded by the Brahmin as a beast of a lower creation, as we might look upon a pig.

We visited these poor people twice, and Mr. Sharkey *at length preached Christ* to them : they received the doctrine very readily, and expressed themselves willing to follow it : they had no objections to make, but only asked a few questions about their stone goddess, whether they ought to worship or not. It is much more pleasant thus to find people acquiescing in the truth, and the work among them looks most hopeful, yet all these appearances are merely marks of the natural mind consenting to what is manifestly true ; and these poor people were the more ready to receive our words, as we appeared to them in the light of persons who abhorred the oppression they suffered : what we long to see is, some sign of the Spirit at work, some anxious inquiring, some honest persevering in well-doing, some crying out for sin : all else is deceptive.

Beizwarah is not only situated close on the banks of the magnificent Kistna, but is at the most picturesque spot of the lower part of the river : it is here that the low range of hills which runs irregularly the greater part of the length of the presidency, crosses the river, which is not so much narrowed as guarded by two steep rocky and pyramidical hills which dip into the water on either side ; I call them the “pillars of Hercules.” The town lies immediately at the foot of the hill on the North side of the river, and two or three

of the lower projections of the hill are crowded by small pagodas. The town is said to have once been very extensive; it now covers a piece of ground nearly half a mile square, and about half its houses are tiled; but the empty and desolate spaces among the houses are numerous and extensive, and by the remains of mud walls in them, show that the town must have been almost as populous again, previous to the last great famine which occurred twelve or thirteen years ago. There is scarcely a village which we have visited which does not tell a similar tale: and from the testimony of English eye-witnesses, I should conclude, that the famine in Ireland, even in its worst places and features, was not a half, nor a fourth so terrible or destructive as that which occurred in these districts. There are many ruins about Beizwarah, showing the sites and remains of massive and elaborate carved pagodas, and two or three of those which exist, are a curious medley of old original building, mingled with new building erected with old materials: they doubtless tell the tale of the ruthless destruction of the idol temples by the Mohammedans, and of the subsequent rebuilding of them on the same spot, and with the same materials, by the Hindoos. Just at the end of the town we witnessed an instance of this in a Mantapam, or isolated portico for exhibiting the idol. It consisted of a raised basement three or four feet high, and four elegant pillars at the corners, the capitals of which were richly and gracefully carved. There was no roof to it, and not far from it were lying the massive capitals of two other pillars similar to those which were erect. That it was not simply an unfinished building, was evident from some large blocks of stone

carved with groups of figures, which had once formed the frieze of the Mantapam, being built irregularly and disjointedly in the basement. All the figures were human, and perfectly free from the misshapen deformities which abound in all the Hindoo pictures and sculptures of more modern date which I have seen. Several of these figures were grotesque, little fat children or satyrs, but yet in good taste. The whole was composed of a very hard dark granite, and the edges of the figures were as fresh as if newly cut. There must have been a time when taste existed among the Hindoos, and some skill in the fine arts; yet the contrast of the greater part of Hindoo buildings, new and old, which I have seen in South India, including the two famous pagodas of Conjeveram and Madura, with the Hindoo religious buildings seen by Bishop Heber on the Ganges, is very great. These sculptures at Beizwarah go some way to redeem the character of ancient Hindoos as artists, but they are too limited to enable the framers of them to be commended as great architects who could raise large and magnificent buildings.

Condapilly, Aug. 20, 1847.—At an early hour this morning we left Beizwarah, and passing by the Northern pillar of Hercules, by a road cut out of its foot and overhanging the river; we again found ourselves in a plain, bounded by another and somewhat loftier range of hills at the distance of nine or ten miles. In striking contrast with all the country from Masulipatam to Beizwarah, this plain, ten miles wide, and reaching northwards for many miles more, is very thinly inhabited, and only half cultivated. From the top of the hill above Beizwarah, which I ascended

yesterday, I saw only four or five villages. The range towards which we were proceeding across the plain was about 800 or 900 feet high, rather falling off at either end: under the centre part of it lies the little town, or rather village of Condapilly: during the Mohammedan rule, and probably previously to that, this place was the capital of the district, and a place of much importance, as well as size. At present it consists of a ruined fort and palace at the very top of the hill;—the walls of a fort skirting the foot of the hills, the face wall of which is about a mile long, and must have been built by the Hindoos; within this there are no living inhabitants, but a company of sepoy with their families, detached from the regiment at Masulipatam,—the officer commanding,—and the apothecary attached to the company. The ground is covered with irregular mounds of ruins, a ruined mosque or two, and abundance of jungle. Outside the wall lies the village; it is difficult to judge of its size at once, for it is absolutely hid in ruins and rubbish, and the trees which grow out of the same. We were both of us laid up all day with headache: in the afternoon Mr. Sharkey had an interesting conversation with two young natives who came to see him, and in the evening we spent half an hour in the bazaar, speaking of Christ to a crowd of people. The hill which is immediately above our heads is very beautiful; it is composed of a fine purplish rock, of which many massive projections stand out precipitously, but it is otherwise pretty plentifully covered with bushes and small trees, which at this season are beautifully green and refreshing. A slight valley or hollow just behind the house, reminded me for a few moments of Nightingale valley

at Clifton ; but it has not its depths, nor its richness of wood ; still more, it has not the attendant softness and moisture of air, and the gentler light of an English sky. There are a few leopards among the jungle, and one was killed quite close to this house a short while ago, but I believe they seldom or never attack men. The greenness of all around, and the abundance of trees make me almost forget that I am in India.

As we were leaving the fort this evening, we found one of the Sepoys busy adorning a little stone image of Hanuman (the monkey-god who helped Ráma to conquer Ceylon) ; he was daubing red paint over it, and lighting lamps before it. We stopped to speak to him, and tried to point out to him the absurdity and the thousand contradictions involved in supposing the dirty stone to be a god. His answers and his manner greatly struck us, for he really *seemed serious* in what he was doing : he really seemed to believe the thing to be a god, and to be hurt at the contrary being stated ; this is a rare occurrence. Lightness of mind, half-belief, want of seriousness are the almost universal characteristics of the people regarding the idols, and were exhibited in another Hindoo who stood by, and laughed at the absurdities of the idol.

Beizwarah, Aug. 23, 1847.—Saturday was a very interesting day to me. As Mr. Sharkey was poorly, I sallied out by myself at sunrise, and passed right through the village to the adjoining hamlet of Pariahs : here, as usual, I found more women than men ; yet after half an hour conversing with these former, I had also an audience of about six or seven of the latter for a similar length of time : they have as it were no religion to give up, having only a loose attachment to a

shapeless stone lying in the adjoining field, and no system of priesthood or books to keep up superstition. They listened therefore, and as far as the natural man goes, consented to all I told them of our dear Lord's suffering and sacrifice for them, and some promised to pray to him. These poor-folk are always delighted when I tell them we are all brothers and sisters, and that the distinctions of caste are human and false: the whole burden of the evil system bears down on them who are (not out-castes, or people without caste according to European notions, but) at the bottom of the list, and are trodden under foot by all. Leaving them and returning to the town, I fell in with two or three Brahmins settling accounts with some farmers; and had a conversation of some length with them: one of the Brahmins expressed himself dissatisfied with idolatry, and professed to be desirous of learning something better. The roguish cast of his countenance made me suspect that there was little sincerity in what he said. Walking down the street with him we stopped beside where the schoolmaster, and another man with great daubs of Vishnu's mark on his forehead, and who was said to be a Guru, or learned teacher, were sitting. I did not intend to stay, but soon found myself sitting down in the Verandah, and having an amicable discussion with the latter of the two men, in the presence of twenty or thirty other persons.

Though said to be learned (Hindu learning is about as much as that of a school-boy who can construe Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and knows a little of *Lam-priere's Dictionary*) he was not a very acute man, and I found no great difficulty both in answering his objections and overthrowing his defences. After some little

time spent in pointing out the inconsistencies of the existing system of religion with the original Hindu books, in which I exhibited my little acquaintance with those books,—which, though little, is great in comparison with that professed by Brahmins, which is none at all,—then quoted to them the ever-sacred *Gáyetri Muntram*, the very sound of which, from unhallowed lips, astounded them; and having thus acquired a character of being learned, I was led naturally to unfold the Christian system, Christ crucified, and man saved and renewed through faith in his blood. After this the discussion kept harping on this great topic, in which I had to answer a variety of objections and difficulties, chiefly of a trifling, childish character, such as, “How can a man save others who could not save himself?”—although I had particularly dwelt on the fact that Christ’s sacrifice was a voluntary one, and that he was born in order to be slain. I was also led to the subject of evidences, and this is a very difficult one. With the Hindus, as with some Oxford doctors, the harder a doctrine is to swallow, and the less evidence there is of its truth,—the truer and greater is the exercise of faith in believing it: that is to say, if the doctrine is one of their own. Consequently, in regard to religious and moral questions, the Hindus generally do not seem to understand what is meant by the word *Evidence*. “The book” is evidence not only for the doctrine, but for itself also. Again, the utter ignorance, not only of history, but of the very existence of such a thing as *history*, prevents a Hindu from at all appreciating the value of external evidence. The proofs I made use of on this occasion, as being at least the most handy, were two. First, if a book con-

tains within it doctrines which are in accordance with the character of God, so far as our moral sense enables us to know it, that book has probability in its favor that it is a Divine revelation. This principle they are willing to admit, as well as the reverse one, that a book which contains statements and doctrines contrary to the Divine character, is not of Divine origin. With these two I was able utterly to overthrow their abominably vicious books, and to give some authority to the Gospel. Secondly, I brought forward the case of Josephus, as an enemy living in that time and country, uniting his evidence to that of the apostles, who, although friendly, were yet eye-witnesses. Coming further to the question of the evidence of my friend's books, he asserted the Vedas to have sprung incarnate from the mouth of Brahma, far back in the depths of eternity. I asked him for the proof of this fact, "for," said I, "in your authoritative commentaries (for they also have "fathers," whose word on religious subjects is counted to be as good as their god's, and whose interpretations alone are to be received as expressing the meaning of their scriptures) on the Vedas there are mentioned the names of the very men who wrote the different hymns, and yet you say the books were never written at all, but are born from Brahma." He appealed to the Puránas, a set of books holding very much the position of the semi-fabulous monkish tales and lives of the saints. "Very good," said I, "let us, then, see what weight is to be rested on the word of these same Puránas ;" and so I went on to remind him of some of the monstrous fables contained in them: e. g. the length of India being said to be 90,000 miles, Mount Meon, in the centre of the earth, being 800,000

miles in height above the earth and 160,000 below it; the seven concentric rings of land and seas, the latter of sugar, water, butter-milk, spirits, &c., and to assert on my own experience and that of eye-witnesses that these statements were false. He could not deny my statements, but said, "Never mind the Puránas, what have they to do with the subject?" He had already forgotten that he had himself mentioned them a few minutes before as his authority for the divinity of the Vedas. I now pressed him for some evidence: "What sort of evidence do you want?" he said. I answered, "Any will do, so long as it is good; please to say what you believe about your books, and give me evidence for your statements." So he began: "The Vedas are the personification of God, that is the word of God." "Now," said I, "please to tell me what proofs you can give for that fact." He was non-plussed, and had not a word to say. So before I went away I said, "This is always the way; I have asked the most learned men in Masulipatam the same question, and they, like you, have not a word to say: how is it possible for you to allege a proof, seeing that none exists."

About the middle of the day, the persons who had visited Mr. S. the day before, made their appearance again, bringing with them three or four others, among whom was one particularly sensible, well-behaved Brahmin, who had received a little English education at Vizagapatam, and knew the outlines of Christian truth, and greatly approved what he knew. They stayed with us about two hours, and came the next day also, while we were at morning service, and afterwards remained with us about an hour and a half, and even came for an hour more in the afternoon.

The most interesting questions were put, and the difficulties started by this Brahmin were just such as we might expect to come to the mind of such a man: points of evidence, both Hindu and Christian, the nature of sin, man's corruption, the work of Christ, how it was to be applied, how it was satisfactory, the new birth, and many other subjects were discussed. I was thankful, not only that we were able to give answers, but that our hearers were satisfied, and went away apparently (especially the above-mentioned Brahmin) convinced of the truth of Christ, but exclaiming, "How can a man forsake all?"

The same afternoon I ascended the hill immediately behind our little bungalow: my path lay up the slight hollow or valley which separated the rounded purple crags of two projecting parts of the mountain: it was a good path consisting of irregular steps, made of large blocks of granite, and was probably formed 300 or 400 years ago, when the Hindoo kings dwelt in the palace on the rock. The ascent was delicious; the sun was just hid from me by the crest of the hill I was ascending, but shone brightly on the sides of the projecting rocks, and made the green trees that fringed them yet greener, and filled the plain below me, and the wooded range of hills beyond it, with a flood of bright light. The path lay through a low but luxuriant wood, and the rich scent from numerous flowering creepers, so filled the air as to remind me of the deliciousness of an English hot-house full of tropical plants; but there was not the moist closeness of such a place. Twenty minutes of delightful ascending led me to an old ruined gateway, overhung by the dilapidated remains of the palace beetling over the rock. I

pushed on through it, and had not gone many yards before a most lovely spot opened itself to me: my path lay on the edge of a small basin, in the heart of the hills: a level bottom half-a-mile across was covered with marshy grass, and in one corner had a rocky pool of clear water. I stood about twenty feet above it; at its edge were two or three large banyan trees scattered about, with their pendant threads hanging down to the marsh below, and full of parrots and minas: on all sides rose and fell the ridge of the hills in a most irregular broken line, sometimes presenting bare crags, but more commonly chiefly covered with irregular wood and bright-green tufts of grass. Winding my way by the edge of this beautiful nest among the hills, full of greenness and of bright light, and not altogether without marks of human work, for the crumbling wall of the fortress here and there showed itself among the trees, or crowned the peak of the hill,—I arrived at the gate at the opposite side to that by which I had entered; and here there burst on my sight a view as beautiful as it was unexpected. At once stretching away below me, and reaching to the right hand and the left, lay quite a sea of bright-green forest, closely covering the rugged spurs and supports of the main ridge of mountain, which reached away to the distance of three or four miles. Beyond this was the level plain in sober coloring; but a little to the left, glowing like silver in the rays of the evening sun, which dazzled my eyes, as I looked westward, lay the great river Kistna, a couple of miles in width, and studded with small islands. I had not seen so fair a scene, since I left the Neilgherry hills: nor can I call to mind any one spot there which was so lovely; there

were many on a larger and grander scale; I think I know of none more beautiful. I spent an hour in scrambling by rugged paths, all made in olden days, up to the top of some of the surrounding peaks and ridges, which were surmounted by long walls and bastions, except where the rock was so precipitous as not to need any defence. I then returned to look at the palace, which I had passed on my entrance through the first gate: the ruins are extensive and rambling, interesting from the tale they tell of days gone by, and of the triumph of those who bear the name of Christ, over the Heathens and Mohammedans. The building is, however, so much ruined, that it is impossible to judge of its former splendor. The main building is raised on a series of arched crypts, which remain in good order: the arch is the common Mohammedan one of this part of India, viz. a flat-pointed arch, somewhat similar to that of the late Tudor style in our English churches. The building above has consisted of four or five long roomy aisles, corresponding to those of the crypts below, but both roof and arches are gone, as well as the greater part of the walls; the sole marks which remain to show that kings once dwelt are a few square yards of plaster on the walls cut or carved with very graceful tracery; a style in which the Mussulmans seem to excel. The utter want of beauty in the rest of the ruins, partly arises from the style of Mohammedan building in these parts: for they do not seem anywhere to carve the stone as the Hindus did, but are content with building their palace or mosque of rough stone, which they cover over with a coat of fine plaster, and adorn it with lines of tracery cut in the plaster. The effect is, when the

plaster is fresh and white, and shining like marble, exceedingly pretty ; but it wants grandeur, and looks as all plastered buildings do, weak and mean, and as in this case, the ruins have none of their former beauty to show.

We spent Sunday at Condapilly, and were joined in our morning service by the apothecary and his wife, and the wife of the drummer,—the drummer himself being unwell, and the commanding officer absent.

The same evening, as I was returning to our bungalow, I fell in with a most interesting character: he was a Sepoy, who I found, after a few words of conversation, was there on leave of absence, and was about to join his regiment (the 16th Madras Native Infantry) in a few minutes. I discovered that though he was a stranger to me personally, yet by his gallant exploit he was well known, not to me only, but to thousands more. In the war in the Sawun Warree, in 1845, he had been taken one day as an orderly by a Lieutenant Campbell, of the Bombay European Infantry, who with a party of thirty or forty of his own men, had been ordered to dislodge a party of the enemy in the dense jungle close at hand. This Sepoy, Kótappa by name, was the only native of the party, all the rest were European soldiers: when they had advanced a little way into the forest, they were fired on by an unseen enemy with deadly aim, and nearly half the soldiers were struck down dead. He described here the wounds of several of them: among others the officer was shot in the forehead, and fell dead. The soldiers retreated ; Kótappa, who was thus left alone, threw himself flat on the body of the officer, and after a few minutes discovered that the enemy had retreated, as well as

his friends; so, rising up, he took the dead body on his shoulder, and carried it some little distance to the rear, where he laid it down, to return for the cap, sword, and double-barrelled gun of Lieutenant Campbell. While he was returning with these, five of the enemy made their appearance, armed with matchlocks; one of them fired at him and wounded him in the fleshy part of his arm. He said that he was in a great fright himself, expecting that his last hour was come, but he knelt down and took deliberate aim with the officer's gun, which was in his hand, and shot one of the five men in the knee; the others seeing him fall, took to their heels; and some of our officers hearing the firing, concluded that there must be some of the party who had advanced into the jungle, yet alive, and sent forward some troops to bring them off; these brought back Kótappa, the wounded enemy, and the dead body. For this gallant action, Kótappa has been rewarded by the Madras Government with a star of merit, to be worn on the breast, and with promotion to the rank of Naick (corporal,) but the circumstance which led to my being familiar with his story was this:—some of the inhabitants of Perth, in Scotland, of which town Lieutenant Campbell was a native, had struck a large and beautiful gold medal, on which was recorded both pictorially, and in Hindustani and English, the event which drew forth this mark of their gratitude; and sent the medal to Kótappa. He brought us the medal to the bungalow, to show it to us, and seemed to be justly proud of the distinction conferred on him, though at the same time he was a man of quiet and humble manner. He was very grateful to the East India Company, for the rewards which he had received

from them. He is a native of Condapilly, and of the Golla or cowherd caste. I was reminded of David, the shepherd, who went up against the lion and the bear and slew them, and I grieved at the difference of this poor man and the Bethlehemite; for the former knew not how to "go up in the strength of the Lord." We took the opportunity of telling him of a yet better Master than the Company, and of yet more glorious deeds done for him than he had done for his officer. and gave him a couple of tracts to read on the way.

Gannáveram, Friday, Aug. 27.—On Monday afternoon Mr. Sharkey and I separated,—he returned to Masulipatam, and I to make a two-days' detour to Guntoor, to see my dear friends there previous to continuing my tour in our own district. Having carried my horse across the deep rolling stream of the Kistna in a horse-boat,—which is a considerable advance in civilization beyond the old plan of making the poor animal spend half an hour in the water swimming for his life,—I rode to Mungalagherry, in time to go into the village for a conversation. I had about an hour and a half of useful talk with a crowd of twenty or thirty people of the upper ranks, before returning to the bungalow. Early next morning I rode over to Guntoor (twenty miles from the river), just in time to be present at the half-yearly examination of the schools, both English and Telugu, of boys and girls, under the care of the Rev. and Mrs. W. Gunn, of the American Lutheran Church. The last, viz., the girls, some thirty in number, were particularly pleasant to see and hear; they are all day-scholars, and most of them of decent, though ordinary Sudra caste.

After greatly enjoying for two days the society of

the little Christian circle at Guntoor, I left late on Wednesday evening, and reached the river Kistna soon after sunrise on Thursday morning. I had proposed to have visited the Pariah settlement and another part of Beizwarah the same morning, but the boatmen were so slow in crossing the river, and the sun was so bright, that when I had crossed I was glad to get into the shelter of the bungalow.

In the afternoon I started off to explore a new line of country, viz., the high-road to Ellore, the only other town in the whole district besides Masulipatam. I had a long ride of fourteen miles to this place, through an imperfectly inhabited and three-fourths uncultivated district: low hills covered with bushes lying a few miles to the left. The only villages almost which I saw were four or five which lay on the road. It does not promise much as a missionary sphere. The village adjoining the bungalow here is not large: I spent two hours in it this morning, in conversing with and addressing the chief people in it, together with some of the Sudras of less note. Except with a young Brahmin with a smattering of English, who wished to show off and seem a little impudent (and he was soon settled), I met no opposition, nor yet much encouragement, though one or two made inquiries of interest.

Gannáveram, Friday, Sept. 3, 1847.—Since I was here a week ago, I travelled two stages to the town of Ellore, the only other town in this large district besides that of Masulipatam. I found it a large and more prosperous town than I expected: its width I could not judge of, but I rode more than a mile through a long crowded main street, and it has besides two or three large suburbs. I took up my quarters with some

friends in the regiment stationed there, and enjoyed a few days of happy Christian intercourse with them: on Sunday we had two English services, with the Lord's Supper, at which about twenty were present. In the mornings I visited the lines of Sepoys, some of whom I had become acquainted with at Adur, or when they landed at Masulipatam, and also had two or three interesting conversations in the suburbs of the town nearest my friend's house. I had proposed leaving Ellore on Tuesday afternoon, but was induced to change my mind from a circumstance of a purely Indian character. In and near Ellore are the beds of three small streams, one of which lay just in front of the house where I was staying, and when I arrived it had not a drop of water in it, consisting only of a dry yellow sand. On Monday afternoon however it rained heavily, both at Ellore and on the hills about twenty miles distant, so that on rising next morning, I found a rushing stream three or four feet deep, and twenty yards across, filling the whole bed, and preventing convenient ingress or egress except in one direction. On Wednesday afternoon it had fallen again, so as to be scarcely ankle deep, and I started on my return. I spent all yesterday at a village called Apparowpett, in which, and in a neighboring village, I had interesting opportunities, both in the morning and evening, of telling willing audiences of Christ. This morning I came on to this village, a distance of fourteen miles, but stopped for an hour at a village which, on my way to Ellore, had appeared to me to be a large one. On dismounting however and walking about it, I found nothing but ruined mud walls, with here and there a dilapidated house. I could, with difficulty, get an au-

dience at all, and this only by going to one of the grain shops on the high-road, and so gathering five or six villagers around me, and as many travellers. They told me the village had been ruined in the great famine thirteen or fourteen years ago, and had never recovered in consequence of insufficient supplies of rain for the rice cultivation, on which the village depends, during the years which had elapsed since. But I could not but think that want of energy had had its share in continuing the destitution. Two thirds of the land near, and in sight of the road to this village, as well as from Ellore to Apparowpet, are uncultivated, mostly covered with low bushes and jungle.

This afternoon I was much amused at the novel case of a haunted house. The pensioned Sepoy attached to the bungalow, who had been an acquaintance of mine at Masulipatam three years ago, came about the middle of the day, and told me that since I was here last, his house had tumbled down, and he and his wife and nine children were all living under the trees. I recommended him to set to work and build another, for his pay is seven rupees a month, and he could easily build a good one for two, or at most three rupees (four or six shillings). However, I found that the house had not really fallen down, but, as he said, "The day after your honor went, a hand rose out of the ground in the house, and we can live in it no longer." I could not understand him, and asked, whose hand? what did he mean? He said he could not tell whose hand it was, perhaps it was God's hand, but there it was, all the village had seen it, sticking as far as the elbow out of the ground, fingers and all. I asked what he had done, he said he had taken a sword

and cut it off, and blood and matter had flowed from it, and it smelt offensively. His story greatly puzzled me, for he evidently was not deceiving me, and I suggested that some man had been murdered and buried secretly in the ground of his house. This did not satisfy him, and I promised I would come in the afternoon and see it, for he said the hand he had cut off was there still. As I went with him, I found all the neighbors confirmed the story, and he told me on inquiry, that the hand was white, not a black one. On entering the court-yard of his deserted hut, he pointed to a spot in and under a hedge, as the place where the mysterious hand had arisen: it was so situated that it was impossible anything could have been buried there since the hedge was formed, nor was there room for anything to have risen out of the ground more than six inches in length. "There," he said, "is a piece of the hand," pointing to a little crooked thing on the ground, like the dried claws of a bird, as large as a crow. "What," said I, "is this the wonderful hand?" He assured me it was, and I took it up and found it a brittle substance, which, on closer inspection, turned out to be nothing more than a piece of the clay formed by white ants, and often formed out of the ground to the length of several inches in one night. In this case the clay had taken the form of a hand, or of claws. Hindu exaggeration had made it as large as that of a man, and a superstitious imagination had supplied both the blood and the bad smell. I found however that it was not a solitary case:—some years ago, a similar hand made its appearance in a house belonging to a neighboring Zemindar, which was in consequence deserted. My amusement at the discovery of the hob-

goblin did not seem at all to shake the belief of the Sepoy, though he acknowledged it was strange that a limb should both bleed and emit an offensive smell at the same time. I afterwards spent nearly two hours with some Brahmins in the public cutcherry; but as the discussion chiefly turned on the viciousness of their gods, it was, I fear, to little profit. I told them of Christ, but he did not form our chief topic.

Neddamole, Sept. 8, 1847.—From Gannáveram I rode ten or twelve miles across country, by a country road, that is a miry foot-path, about twelve miles from Weyoor. I stopped an hour by the way at the village of Mánakonda, and preached the gospel to some twenty of the farming people. I had more freedom of tongue than usual, but I long for that freedom and full command of the language to enable me to enlarge a little on the *fulness* of Christ, and to tell them of the sweets of his love. I fear my method of conveying the gospel message is a very dry one. On coming into the neighborhood of Weyoor, I found I had returned into what I might call by comparison, the cultivated and populous country, from which I had been a fortnight absent; for from Beizwarah to Condapilly, ten miles, and from Beizwarah to Guntoor, twenty miles, from Beizwarah again to Ellore, forty miles, and from Gannáveram nearly to Weyoor, say ten miles; the land is at least but half under cultivation. The people have just finished their last ploughing, and are sowing their crops of cholum, which forms the chief part of the grain grown in the neighborhood, except for a few miles between this village (Neddamole) and the belt of sand which separates the black clay soil from sea; in which space, as the soil is low and wet, the black

paddy (which produces the red rice) is grown without irrigation. Here and there a small isolated field of maize appears, at present three or four feet high, and in flower: while the sister plant, the cholum, has not made its appearance above ground. At Weyoor, and in villages in this neighborhood which I have visited to-day, it is pleasing to find that our visits a month ago, and the subject of our preaching, are not forgotten. It is a common question, "What is it that makes you take all this trouble, to come and talk to us?"

Yesterday, at the Pariah hamlet near Weyoor, one man, from a distant village, received all I said willingly, and followed me for a mile to the bungalow, and continued asking me a variety of questions,—some queer, some showing the miserable state of moral feeling among the people,—for nearly an hour. He said he had been on the point of going and joining a set of wandering trampers, who call themselves "Servants of Vishnu," and go about the country begging, like the mendicant friars; but now he would not do so, after what I told him; he says he will come to Masulipatam in five days and become a Christian. I could see nothing like a spiritual desire in him, except his frequent reference to the subject of "knowing good and evil," which he greatly wishes to possess. But how spiritual desires should exhibit themselves at so early a stage, supposing him to be sincere, I cannot tell; considering the total want of knowledge of anything spiritual which reigns through the land. With the people, high and low, Brahmins and Pariahs, their only ideas are of the world, low, material, grovelling, fleshly, or else bare, cold, intellectual, fruitless abstraction of mind.

In the village I visited this afternoon, I fell in with one of the chief farmers, a respectable, comfortable-looking man : I began to talk with him about the crops, the hopes of a harvest, and other farming topics : I asked him what proportion of the produce he paid to the government : he said, half of it ; and on my inquiring further, whether the remaining half would not be a good return to him for his labor and outlay in cultivating the land for the government, if he was not also liable to the exactions of the Tahsildar and Peons, he said it certainly would, but that with the exactions it was a good deal cut short. So, curious to know in what way these lawless exactions were carried on, I asked him direct, " If a Peon comes to the village, how is it he gets money from you : when he asks you for money, why don't you refuse it ?" He said, " If I refuse it, he will go straightway and say, my cattle have strayed into my neighbor's corn, and then exact the fine for trespass ; if I refuse to pay the fine, he will carry the accusation to Masulipatam, (ten miles off) to the collector's Cutcherry, and I am dragged there, and lose my time and trouble, and perhaps money into the bargain : so it is better to give him money at once." " But how does the Tahsildar get money out of you ?" (The Tahsildar is the magistrate and chief revenue officer of a small district, under the English collector.) " If I do not give him the money he asks for, then when the time comes for measuring the stacks of corn, in order to make the division of the crop, and I apply to him for permission to sell my half, he will tell me to come another day ; at that time perhaps corn is high priced, but he keeps putting off the giving me the order, till the price is considerably fallen, and so I lose the

profit of my crop, which I might have gained." When I asked him why the whole village did not unite together and make a common complaint of the Tahsildar, and maintain each other's evidence, he answered, "Why then we should have to go and stay at Masulipatam so many days, and who is to pay our expenses and loss of time?" But when I suggested that this done once, would secure them from oppression in future years, he acquiesced. Nevertheless, I doubt not, that the trouble, delay, expense of bribing the people in the Cutcherry, the extreme danger of complaining of a man in office for an offence every one is guilty of, all these are quite enough to deter far bolder men than a Hindoo farmer from making a complaint. How the East India Company can expect to govern the country even moderately well, until some amount of Christian principle has raised the moral tone of the upper classes of natives, is in itself a problem.

Masulipatam, July 9, 1847.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Your letter of May was peculiarly welcome, giving me an account of missionary proceedings in London and Cambridge. It is the first upon this subject which I have received from any one, of which I am sorry, for I long to hear the accounts of meetings at places where I was last year, and where I know the people. I fully expected to have had an account in a letter or by newspaper of the Clifton meeting, but have been disappointed: it is almost the first year that I have missed a newspaper account of the Bath meeting. I wrote to Blenkinsopp a month ago, to ask him to let me hear something of the Durham County Meetings: as

you probably will be at some, I hope you will add to the information he will send me. All particulars are interesting—people present—size of meeting—character of speeches, and even amount of collection, which ——— always puts first and I last. What you say of ——— is of the right sort—whole-heartedness; a thorough devotion of the whole being to the Lord, is what we need, and what alone makes the Christian shine bright: how much of the instability of the double-minded man appears in most of us. I was very glad to hear of the increase of subscriptions in Trinity, though the sum is small compared with the number and expenditure of the men, yet we must not count on, or look to, the worldly-minded men: some of them will give, it is true, but they are not to be counted on; for those who are spending their money or thoughts on horses and dogs, or wine-parties, or who are wrapped up in the interests of a boat-race, or of mathematics, have not much to give for the poor distant black-folk. Still I should like above all to hear, “Trinity has subscribed three or four men this year.” ——— is looking eastwards, and speaks of ——— doing so also; but the latter especially seems to want a definite push: if it would be of use, tell him, “We here, as missionaries of the Most High God, invite and call upon him to come over and help us in carrying the Gospel of Christ to 300,000 souls lying in darkness and the bonds of Satan.” Let it not be that he stays at home for want of an invitation. I was greatly cheered by what you said of your opinion of my present position; it is indeed an enviable one, and very free from the outward enticements to settle on my lees and build a nest: the inward corruption, how-

ever, works as much as elsewhere, and Satan is very busy. Still the position is a great blessing: I would that I received it and made use of it as such; I shall be measured and judged by this eminent privilege. I am continually dwelling on the magnitude of my office, and am more inclined to speak of it as an apostleship than a missionary life, and I find it profitable to do so, for it shows me my utter unworthiness and unfitness for so exalted a sphere. I would not now run of my own accord into such an office; but God who called me and placed me in it, knows how much glory will accrue to himself by the very earthen character of the vessel. I have great assurance that He placed me here; among other evidences is that I am able to throw my whole self into the work and live for it, which I don't think would have been the case if he had not placed me in it. Yet, when I say this, you would think it a strong contradiction to see the violence, as it were, with which I have to drag myself to the streets in the early morning, to go about my chief work of preaching. I think, however, that this is much from a physical source, for I do not find the same disinclination in the evening when the body has got over the languor and fatigue with which we usually rise from our beds in this country. I remember you continually in prayer, in regard to your request.

Your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

TO THE SAME.

Masulipatam, July 16, 1847.

* * * *

I have received a fresh motive, or

at least, had an old one very greatly strengthened, for engaging in missionary work. I think I have, for two or three years past at least, ceased to expect, as unauthorized by the prophecies, an universal or general conversion of the nations to Christ. Some may become professedly so or not, but one object of a missionary is to be engaged in calling Christ's sheep out of this naughty world, and gathering them together to wait for him. But my strong motive of late has been the promise—that when the Gospel has *been preached* (it does not say received or not) among all nations, then shall the end come: so that when I go and tell the people of Christ,—whether they listen or not,—one of the two grand objects of my mission is already completed. I think this might be an additional motive to set before really godly young men who are lovingly looking for Christ's appearance. He cannot come till the missionary work is done: the longer it is in being done, the longer is the great and joyful day put off; and the more that these young men stay at home, the more is the work delayed; if they say in their hearts, “Even so, come, Lord Jesus,” they ought to prove it by their actions, by coming out here to hasten his coming. * * * *

Your affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

TO MRS. SYMONDS, WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Masulipatam, South India, Aug. 26, 1847.

MY DEAR MRS. SYMONDS,

I trust you will not think me presuming, in thus beginning a letter to you, almost from the other side of

the globe. The strong interest which I know you take in missions, and your desire to promote our dear Lord's kingdom, have induced me to write to you, hoping that you may be able to effect that movement among the elders of the University which I have endeavored to stir among the juniors by letters to A—— and others. I sent home a few months ago, copies of the first journal of my tour in this district; one of which I directed to be forwarded to Mr. Golightly, who perhaps will be good enough to let you see it, in case you should think it would be interesting to you, as I am at this moment on a similar tour among the villages. I could give many interesting details of the work in the benighted districts, but my desire is rather to ask you to consider, and if your thoughts agree with mine, to set before others, as you will have opportunity of doing, a subject which I think is altogether lost sight of in England, and particularly in our Universities, I mean, the duty of men, of some considerable standing and experience in the ministry, or in education, to come out as missionaries. I was particularly interested with seeing Dr. Jeune's name among the speakers at the Church Missionary Meeting at Exeter Hall in May, and still more so with the hearty, truly missionary tone of his speech; yet, when I laid down the paper, it was with a sigh, that he, and others in similar positions, are content to remain at home and talk over the subject, but will not come out here to India or to China to *act* in it.

The importance of men of high standing and known ability becoming missionaries, will, I think, appear to you to be very great, if you consider it in the following lights. 1st. Such a step would be a noble instance

of self-sacrifice for Christ's sake, and would redound more to the praise of his name in England, than the departure of ten men unknown or of ordinary abilities. Every one would be compelled to say, that in such an act there was no worldly motive at work ; the most thoughtless and worldly would have an instance brought home to them, of the power of God : the sufferings of Cranmer and his companions in Broad Street, would scarcely be more effectual, under God, in fanning the flame of love to Christ in lukewarm hearts, than such a martyrdom as this would be. 2dly. By this means the missionary cause would not only be brought into much wider notice, (there are tens of thousands of intelligent people, and even many good people in England, who can be said to know little more of missions than the name,) but it would be placed in the eyes of the godly members of the Church, and particularly of the young men in the Universities, in its rightly exalted position. It would no longer be the too true reproach of the scoffer ; " You talk very greatly about missions, but you won't send any men to be missionaries but the refuse : if you do really mean that it is the most, or one among the most honorable causes you can engage in, then, let us see some of your leading men engaging in it themselves : or else you will never persuade us that you consider it anything else than a mean unimportant sphere of work." Such a step would open the eyes of well-meaning parents, who regard a son's wish to be a missionary as a mere wild romantic scheme, which none but a boy would embark in. 3dly. Any one godly man of some standing in the University, would doubtless carry along with him, in his movement, several younger members. I believe

there are several not unwilling to move, but they want to be led, and who so fit to lead them in so holy a cause as the head of their College, a tutor or a senior fellow. If we pull a large stone out of a wall, it is sure to carry along with it a number of smaller ones, which would never have moved without it. The above reasons alone are surely enough to justify a senior man leaving Oxford for India, even if he had not the slightest prospect of utility on this side the ocean: the glorifying the name of Christ, the honor paid to missions, (the one great work of God's church) the encouragement given to those who wish to go, the favor created in the eyes of those who wish to keep them from going, and the almost certain carrying away from England some young and efficient missionaries; these are motives, for much less than which good men and great men have been content to lay down their lives. 4thly, however, the value of such a man in an Indian Mission is greater than I can tell you; we are often mere young men without experience, and we want an elder of sober judgment to guide us: we have most of us left England as soon as our college career was over, and plunged into such a vortex of unceasing work, as entirely prevents us from extensive reading. Oh, how profitable to us and to the whole mission would be the presence of an earnest-minded man of God, who could decide for us at once doubtful questions in the Hebrew or Greek, as we labor at translations of the Scriptures; who could guide us by his deeper insight into the principles of language; who would condescend to bend his stores of learning, and his trained powers of mind to the composition of books suited to the native mind. Or again, how invaluable

would such a man be, by undertaking a large English school among the natives. Arnold himself would have found a boundless field for the exercise of his great powers of giving a Christian education among the hundreds of young Hindoos, who in every town are seeking for an English education. Again, such a one, even though he never learnt one word of the native tongue, would be of vast value, by taking upon him many of the affairs of the mission which need sober judgment, and by doing which, he would set his younger companions free to give their undivided energies and undisturbed time, to direct intercourse with the natives. There are many places where he would find important work to be done among the English and half-caste residents in the place. And these are not mere theoretical untried plans; in Mr. Tucker, who came to India about the age of forty, and who never learnt a sentence of any native language, we have had one who has (to the eye of man) done more for the work of missions than any man since Buchanan's and David Brown's time. He possessed a sphere, and obtained an influence, which the hardest working Bishop in England might envy; and has done a work, the effects of which, will not, I trust, cease to be seen until Christ comes. Nevertheless men of forty or even fifty years of age need not despair of acquiring a useful knowledge of a foreign language: doubtless the difficulty increases annually from the age of childhood, but the Bishop of Saint David's, and the Bishop of New Zealand, are instances to encourage any one inclined to despond. I know how difficult it is, even for self-denying Christian men to remove out of a sphere which seems very important, and betake themselves to

another ; and I suppose, that at first sight, at least the head of a house, and perhaps even a college tutor, or the Rector of a large parish, would throw aside the idea of personally engaging in missionary work, because, as they say, they are already engaged in a more important sphere, being placed there by God himself. I wish that you might be permitted to dissolve such a fallacious obstacle in the mind of some in high places.

1. For the argument that God has placed a man in such or such a position, is no proof that he intends to keep him there all his life : indeed, this first post may be intended in God's wisdom *only* as the place for preparation for a second and more important one, such as a missionary field.—2. It sounds strange in my ears, though I dare not affirm that what jars in mine ought to jar in the ears of other men also,—to hear of any place or post in the wide earth spoken of as greater in importance, more honorable or glorious than that of a missionary. St. Paul, I think, felt as I did. His apostleship to the Gentiles, or mission to the heathen, was, in his eyes, a higher office than that of either a Bishop or a King : and to me it seems that there is not a Bishop who might not doff his lawn sleeves, and take to the white jacket of a missionary, and acknowledge, that though lowered in the eyes of the world, he was set in a more prominent and important post than that which he held before. Before, he was but a pastor, or pastor of pastors, in a land where Christ's parting command has long been fulfilled ; now he stands at the head of Christ's army, going forth to conquer fresh kingdoms for his Lord. Now, he is an apostle, a father of a nation, the first herald of truth and light in a dark land, the remover of the reproach on Christ's Church,

that though 1800 years have past since he went up on high, she has not yet a tenth part accomplished his *one* last parting command. Now, he is a successor of Peter and Paul, whereas before, he could only count back as far as Timothy and Titus. In this point I am borne out by a very striking passage in Archdeacon Hare's Sermons, on the Victory of Faith:—where he unhesitatingly states, that missionaries, not bishops, are the true successors of the apostles, whose office was only accidentally episcopal, but essentially evangelistic. In old days, a missionary sphere was not despised by men in high and important posts. I think it was in the second century that Pantæus, the head of the University of Alexandria (I suppose we might call him vice-chancellor), did not hesitate to resign that post, in order to engage in the (to him) more important work of a missionary to India.—3. Connected with this, is a subject yet more painful to a missionary, viz. to see men in England, good and worthy men, who have long been interested in missionary work, and who yet have refused to engage in it themselves, (often on the score of the importance of their present position) at once accepting the appointment of Bishop to some of our colonies. It tells us who are at work out here, how low after all they regarded the missionary cause; that while the office of apostle could not draw them from England, that of Colonial Bishop could move them at once—as if it were really more important to be superintending the clergy of the Cape of Good Hope, or some place out in Australia or the Canadas, than to be planting a Church in a land where Christ's name was not yet known.

I dare not undertake to say that I am right: but for

several months past I have come to the conclusion that Missionary work obtains, not only a peculiar interest, but also draws its chief importance from its close connection with our Lord's second coming. The prophecy, that "the Gospel of the kingdom must first be preached among all nations, and *then shall the end come,*" appears to me to have reference, not only to our Lord's coming at the destruction of Jerusalem, but to his greater and final coming ; if so, all delay in missionary work is delay of that blessed day, towards which our eyes are bent in eager expectation ; all increase of activity and speed in preaching the Gospel, hastens its glorious approach ; and considering that no promise, of which I am aware, leads us to expect that at that day England will be more holy, or the Gospel more fully preached, or the people more spiritually provided for than at present,—then the conclusion is forced upon us, that every godly minister who remains in England while he *might* go abroad to heathen countries, is by this step delaying our Lord's coming ; and for myself it is a subject of frequent joy, that with all my imperfections and inability which render me rather fit for some unimportant post in England, than for the glorious and difficult one in which I am placed, I am yet an instrument in hastening the great day. Whether the people will hear or not, yet the Gospel is being, by my poor means, preached in a district where the name of Christ is utterly unknown. There are many who speak of our Lord's coming as being very near, but unless missionary work and zeal, and the number of missionaries be increased many fold more than they have these last fifty years, an hundred years or more must elapse before the Gospel is known in all nations.

There are many nations in British India who have not been preached to at all yet: still more among whom the work is but commencing. All China, except a tiny fringe of a few feeble missions along the coast; all Siberia, the enormous district of Tartary, Thibet, Nepaul, Ava, Cochin China, the endless yet large islands of the China seas, Persia, and the adjoining countries, Arabia, and Asia Minor, four fifths of Africa,—indeed, without over-stating the want, something like three fourths of the whole world are still without the preaching of the Gospel. In India, which is the fairest specimen of all, and which has been open to all missionaries for exactly thirty years, and where Germans (who put us to shame) and Americans, and Scotch and English of all denominations, have been at work,—years and years must elapse, at the present rate, before the Gospel can be said to be *fairly preached* among the nations. I speak here not of conversion, but of preaching. During the present missionary tour into the villages, I have twice been challenged on this subject, on the spiritual neglect of the people on the part of the English. In the last case, it was by a respectable Brahmin, with whom I had been having a long conversation concerning the Gospel and his false religion: he was silenced and half convinced, but added, “If all you say be true, and our way leads only to hell, and yours to heaven, how is it that the English Government has had possession of these parts about eighty years, and yet never till now has sent to tell us of these things?” Consider what tens and thousands of thousands in this neighborhood alone, have, during this time, “gone down to the grave in sorrow,”

I do not know what you may be able to effect, yet as one of our Lord's servants, who, being on the spot, is able to feel intensely our national sin in the spiritual neglect of India, I would exhort you to endeavor to do something towards the increase of missionaries from Oxford. As the Church of England is the chief and the established body of Christians in England, she is especially bound to undertake those spiritual duties which fall to the nation : and as our universities are the acknowledged and almost exclusive nurseries for the clergy of our Church, it is of course from them that missionaries are to be sought, and not from other quarters. Under these circumstances, is the subject of missions at all alien to the studies of those, who in our colleges are preparing for the ministry of our Church ? If not so, then neither is it out of place, as it appears to me, for those who direct their studies to bring this great subject, in its various bearings, historical and otherwise, systematically before the students. I scarcely dare to suggest the method ; yet if the Warden would take the subject into his consideration, I think he might find some way whether by weekly lectures or terminal essays, or as his experience might direct, in which either personally or through the tutors of his college, the whole subject of missions might take its right position in the education of young men. Again, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History will surely make a curious anomaly of his whole lectures, if he does not in turn direct a course of them to the subject of missions. A man would be considered little better than a pedant who should be familiar with all ancient history, yet have never heard more than a vague rumor of Napoleon, nor be acquainted with the existence of a Reform Bill,

a Corn Law, or a famine in Ireland : and that ecclesiastical history must be classed as much of the same character which is content to dwell on the growth of the Church of Christ 1500 years ago, on the quarrels and heresies within it, and the separation of its members, but shall be altogether silent concerning the spread of the same Church during our own and our fathers' life-time, and the intensely interesting prospect of its further advance.

What an admirable subject for one of Dr. Hampden's course of lectures, or for the lectures of the professor of Pastoral Theology ; for he can scarcely omit (if I do not mistake his sphere) the subject of introducing the whole question of missions to a parish. Or again, how often might the pulpit of St. Mary's be made the source of most interesting and profitable missionary sermons. It seems hard, both for the members of the university and for the cause of missions, that it should have to hide itself in little informal meetings in private rooms, instead of being perpetually presented by those who rule or direct the studies of the University to the attention of all members of it, as the *one* great work of the Church of God, of which they desire to be ministers. For as in an individual case every Christian man has greatly to labor in the mortification of sin and in the growth of his own spiritual-mindedness, yet still his *great work* for God in the world, is the doing good to others : so in regard to the Church of God, her work within herself, her pastoral and episcopal and collegiate functions, of vast importance as they are, must be reckoned to be second to those which she has to perform to others,—that is, to heathen nations. Can it be that the heavy judgments which have come upon

our nation at large, and on Oxford in particular, in having been these last sixteen years the mother and nest of a very grievous and noisome heresy, are to be traced as punishments for the especial neglect of the missionary duty, which lies on both nation and university particularly? Cambridge is not so guilty as Oxford: from the former there are at least five missionaries now in South India,—from the latter, I am the only one.

I must ask your forbearance in thus occupying so large a portion of my letter with subjects which are probably not personally very interesting to you, but I have supposed that you possess an influence in high quarters, which no one else to whom I am able to write, possesses. May I ask of you to stir up your own prayers and those of your friends, to entreat God to have mercy on the heathen. 1st. That he would send a missionary, self-devoting spirit upon our universities, and raise up missionaries both in England and in heathen lands. 2dly. That missionaries may be filled with the Spirit of God, may be faithful, laborious, patient, and humble. Satan attacks us very fiercely, knowing that if he can undo us and bring us down into a low worldly frame, he has most effectually put an obstacle in the way of Christ's work. 3dly. That the young Christian churches and converts may be built up and strengthened, to know Christ spiritually, and to walk purely and holily. 4thly. That the Holy Spirit may be poured out abundantly upon the thirsty heathen lands, and thousands on thousands be brought willing captives to Christ's footstool. Again, let me entreat of you, by the love you bear to our dear Lord Christ, and by all the compassion you feel for the

myriads of poor hell-travelling, ignorant heathen, whose quick-coming judgment and torments we dare not dwell on, even in thought, that you would endeavor, by whatever means God puts in your power, to stir up men to be missionaries. The field is almost boundless; the work, with all its privations, is a joyous one; and the bright crown of glory awaiting us in common with all who love Christ's appearing, is enough to make us sing and be glad, in the midst of all outward sorrows and discouragements.

Will you be so kind as to remember me with all respect, and with the strongest feeling of Christian regard, to the Warden. May he be abundantly blessed in his high position. Also to the Subwarden. I often think, with great pleasure and with much thankfulness both to them and to the Fellows, of the kindness with which I was received in Wadham last year, and the opportunity they gave me of speaking of missions in the Hall. I hope Mr. Tucker may be permitted to have a similar opportunity if he should visit Oxford this autumn. And now, again begging you to forgive me for troubling you with this long letter,

Believe me,

Very truly and sincerely yours in Christ Jesus,

HENRY W. FOX.

TO THE REV. J. TUCKER (LATE OF MADRAS), CHURCH
MISSIONARY SOCIETY, LONDON.

Ramacherdra, Apparowpettah bungalow, Sept. 2, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

You see by the above line that I am in a φιλιατω
βυγγαλω, the very name will remind you of dear India,

which I know is as dear to you (or more so) as it is to me, in spite of its hot sun and dry dull plains. I am out now on another tour ; but as we are in the middle of the monsoon, I cannot bring my tent, and consequently keep myself to the high-roads, and the bungalows on them. We have only two high-roads, or I may say roads of any kind, in the district, running at right-angles to each other, viz., that from Bunder towards Secunderabad, 100 miles of which are in our Zillah, and the Calcutta road, of which about the same length runs through the Collectorate. I am now on the latter, one stage short of Ellore, from which I returned yesterday, after staying there four days with Major —— and Captain ——, two Christian officers in the 47th Native Infantry. Sharkey started with me from Bunder nearly a month ago, and we travelled together for a fortnight as far as Condapilly and back to Beizwarah : when, as he was not very well, he returned to Bunder. We visited a great many villages together, and in most of them found the Gospel a new subject, and the name of Christ quite unknown : printed characters have never been seen by the majority of the village readers, though the villages we have visited have all been within two or three miles of the high-road. No less than four times has the question been put to me, twice by Sudras and twice by Brahmins : “If all you say is true, how is it that during these eighty years that the Company have ruled this country, they have never, till now, sent to tell us of these things : since then, what millions have perished in ignorance.” This, coupled with the fact that, until undeceived, the people, both in Bunder and in the villages, supposed us to be the Company’s Missionaries, most practically

refutes the foolish cry, that if the Government were to attempt to preach the Gospel, the people would rise in arms against us. The Hindoos have the perception as we have of the simple principle, that if a man believes a thing to be true, he is right in making it known to those who are ignorant of it. Sharkey's power of speaking greatly astonishes the people, and no one is able to answer him; for by adroitly expressing his argument in clear, forcible language, he places the truth in fair contrast with the gross falsehood of Hindooism, and they are compelled to acknowledge the truth of what he says. However, I am thankful also to say that he preaches Christ, and is anxiously desirous of making him known. He will have told you of Mrs. Sharkey's little girls' school; it has increased in numbers since we came out, and will increase yet more.

We have sent David (who was baptized last August) down to Madras for a wife out of Mrs. Peter's school, so that I hope we shall soon have a really native-christian sister in our congregation, which I cannot say we have had hitherto. Jacob has gone to Vizagapatam to fetch his two little daughters, Maria and Anna, and his heathen wife, if she will come. About five weeks ago we baptized Sitapati, a young Sudra, who joined us at the end of May. He was quite unconverted and unknown to us before he came to seek for baptism, nevertheless, his coming being known through the town, in consequence of his having to witness a good confession in the public Cutcherry, was the cause of a good many scholars leaving the English school: their places were filled up immediately by crowds of applicants, and the school is now larger (about sixty) and in better order, than formerly. I and Sharkey go on

in the town quietly preaching and discussing in the streets: of late I have decided to go more among the Pariahs and Chuklers than I used to do, both because it is to the poor that the gospel is peculiarly to be preached, and also they are less bound by prejudice and priestcraft than the upper classes. I have been spending a very interesting afternoon to-day. In the early morning when I was talking in the village here, I had for one of my hearers an old man of respectable appearance, who took an interest in what I said, and asked for a book; he turned out to be the landholder of a neighboring village, and begged that I would pay him a visit at his own house. I went therefore about four o'clock to his village, which is a very small one about a mile distant, and consisting of Sudras, most of whom are farmers of his land. He spread a little cotton carpet (you know the striped blue and white tent carpets) before his door, and when I had squatted down on it, he sat down beside me, and about a dozen of the Sudras of the village came around us; the conversation soon turned to religion, and I had a good opportunity of telling them of Christ's history and his redemption of man, to which they listened with much interest, and consented to it all. After half-an-hour thus spent, the old man sent for the tract I had given him in the morning, and asked me to read it to them. It was a very clever and pointed tract, on the follies and wickedness of caste, and they all listened with delight, and often repeated expressions of admiration at the exposé, and particularly at the hits against the Brahmins. In the middle, a Brahmin came past, one of the learned class, so they stopped him to ask him some questions; and I had half-an-hour's discussion

with him, exposing the wickedness of their gods, to which he could make no answer; all the other hearers chimed in with what I said. After he was gone, and I had read enough of the tract, I opened St. Luke's gospel, and read the parable of the prodigal son: they were delighted with the story, but not so much so with the explanation of it. It grew quite late before I was done, when I left them with a warning of the responsibility they had now incurred by having heard of Christ. In many places we find a strong dislike of the Brahmins among the Sudras, arising, I think, from all the power of the country being in the hands of the former, who occupy almost every magisterial and revenue post, and from the consequent tyranny they exercise. I am continually forced to feel that our present work is, that of preparation: if there is to be any extensive conversion of the people in this neighborhood, it will be in the days of our successors, but whether those days will ever come or not I cannot tell: at all events the gospel has been preached among the Teloo-goo nation, and that is enough to satisfy God's prophecy. * * * * *

Believe me,

Your affectionate Friend,

HENRY W. FOX.

REV. J. RAGLAND, MADRAS.

Masulipatam, Sept. 7th, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your last letter, yet unanswered, bears date as far back as July 21; but a great part of the time which has intervened since has been spent in the district. I

returned into Bunder to-day, after a month and a day's absence. Sharkey was my companion for the first fortnight: his society I greatly enjoyed. I rejoiced to see the power which he has over the natives through his admirable Telugu, and to find him desirous and striving to preach Christ crucified. I am more practically convinced than ever that the preaching the wonderful, endless, boundless love of our dear Saviour, is the doctrine both for the sceptic and the low worldling; but hard it is to do so, when the heart that should speak is itself cold, and when the tongue itself is still cramped and confined to common-places as mine is. I trust the Lord will gradually loosen my tongue to speak his Gospel freely; and as St. Paul sought of the Ephesians to pray for him, that "utterance might be given to him to open his mouth *boldly*," so I would ask of you, dear friend, and all who will pray for a poor weak brother, to entreat the Lord for me, that I also may have the same utterance given me to speak clearly, and distinctly, and fully, the Gospel of Christ. My trial and difficulty is not that of fear or danger, as St. Paul's was, but first, of sluggishness in going to work, and then inability, dulness, and a tied tongue when in my work. Still I thank God that, though imperfectly, he has permitted me this month past to preach his dear Son in many villages where he was not before known: if it be his will to spare and to prosper us, I trust that we may be able to preach him in most of the large villages through the district. We have been obliged, in consequence of the uncertain rains and the wet state of part of the country, to keep ourselves to the line of public bungalows: making excursions to villages distant three or four miles from them,

as the clouds permitted us. In this way we travelled together on the Hyderabad road, which runs nearly due west as far as Condapilly, fifty-five miles from Bunder. At the last place I fell in with views and scenery which, though on a small scale, may vie with Courtallam, but not so in climate, for in the hot weather the place is as bad as a furnace. From thence we returned to Beizwarah, the great place of crossing the Kistna; and here Sharkey left me, to return to Bunder, not being very well. I made a two days' trip across the river, which bounds one Zillah to Guntoor, and spent them very happily with Mr. and Mrs. Stokes and the little Christian circle there. * * * *

After returning to Beizwarah, I struck off along the great Calcutta road, which turns north as far as Ellore, forty miles. This is the only other town in all our large collectorate (which is nearly a hundred miles each way), and contains, I should suppose, about 20,000 or 30,000 inhabitants. In due time I hope it will be a missionary seat. I have returned almost all the way by the same road as I went, speaking a second time in the villages I visited before. Almost everywhere the people listen willingly: the novelty and the strangeness of a Dora coming into their village probably accounts for this. We have been a good deal among the Pariahs, who are a very poor, oppressed people, yet seem not to have that superstition or those religious lies and priestcrafts to restrain them from a profession of the Gospel, which the upper classes have; for many of them say they will turn Christians, though their words are spoken only half seriously. But the other people do not even say so much. The whole class of Sudras and Comities

(Banyans) listen much more willingly than the Brahmins. From what this journey has shown me, I am inclined to suppose that the population is much the thickest within thirty miles of the coast. I do not know any reason to account for this, except that this year at least much more rain falls near the sea than at a distance from it. But the change is very marked, from the numerous and clustered villages, and the generally cultivated state of the country within that distance, and the villages few and far between, and the country half overgrown with bushes and low jungle beyond that distance. Still my experience is very limited. I purpose, if it please God, to keep moving about to short distances from home till the middle of November, by which time our rain will have cleared up, and I hope to go out in tents, with Darling as my companion, and stretch right across the district to the north as far as Rajahmundry. We have heard nothing more of my butler's son, except that he is at Rajahmundry, and whether that information is true or not I do not know. I have great confidence that he is a child of God, and that therefore he will be kept safe, though for a while removed from all means of grace. There were in him the strongest marks of a tender conscience, of a sense of sin, and love to Jesus, arising from our Lord's great sacrifice for him. The Brahmin boy has for months past quite gone back. I do not doubt that his coming forward arose from some stings of conscience and desire to be saved: whether we were right in delaying to baptize him I do not know. Unless the Lord works with a strong hand in him, I see no hope for him: in him there never appeared the marks of a humbled heart. The young

Sudra, Sitapati, who broke caste, and was afterwards brought before the collector, was baptized by the name of Andrew about six weeks ago. There is everything to make us hope well of him. * * * *

Affectionately yours,

HENRY W. Fox.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOSS OF HEALTH—OBLIGED TO ABANDON INDIA—RETURN TO ENGLAND—
DEATH OF HIS FATHER—IMPROVEMENT OF HEALTH—UNDERTAKES THE
OFFICE OF ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1847, my brother's health again failed, not as before, from the nervous irritation produced by the heat upon his system; but from repeated attacks of dysentery, which so weakened him, as to render a voyage to sea essential for his restoration. After a short voyage along the coast, he was obliged to resort to Madras for medical aid, and it was there that, after mature deliberation, the professional men in that place declared that his constitution was not suited for India, and that he must proceed home immediately, forever renouncing the hope of being able to return.

This decision was too plainly in accordance with his own experience to allow of its being disputed, and it was with a heavy heart that he bade adieu to India's shores; after his return home he frequently expressed his lively sorrow on this account, and said he found it more difficult to submit to the will of God in this trial, than in any other he had ever experienced. He returned home by the overland route, and arrived in

England in the month of March, just in time to have the painful satisfaction of closing his beloved father's eyes, and ministering to him in his last hours. He reached Durham on the 15th of April ; on the 18th his father died.

Masulipatam, Oct. 2, 1847.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I very much wished to write to you yesterday, but was quite unable to do so, not as usual, because I was too busy, for I have had time enough on my hands for some days past ; but I was not strong enough, as I am only recovering from a sharp, though not severe, attack of illness, which has laid me up for a fortnight. I trust that now, by God's continued mercy, I shall go on improving, and be about my work in another week. My ailment was a slight dysentery, arising from and accompanied by biliousness. The depressing and weakening nature of the disease itself, added to the remedies used, brought me low enough. * * * *
I am thankful, however, that the attack was checked at once, and I do not suppose I shall be any the worse for it when it is over. Among the other mercies I received was that of the unremitting and kind attention of the doctor of the station, who visited me every morning and night. My servants also were very kind, and my butler waited on me with the attention which one might expect from an old attached servant, rather than what I should look for from a man not ten months in my service : so that my illness has been full of marks of my Father's tenderness, just as the stars shine brightest in the darkest night. In this the sharpest attack of illness I remember to have had, as

well as in other slighter illnesses, I have found my mind and spirit greatly to fail me : for two or three days when suffering from weakness, I was unable to collect my thoughts to pray, or my desires to have any longing after God. I was however kept resting on him peacefully, without doubts or anxieties, or those temptations which Satan likes to bring against an enfeebled child of God. Though I knew I was in no danger, yet my mind often ran on my death, as this was just such a shadowy valley as leads to it, and I desired rather to go to the end of it than to turn back. I could desire to have more lively sights of Christ during illness ; I know not whether the absence of such does not mark a too dull looking at Him while in health, or it may be greatly the physical depression of the soul which hides him from me. I can see, however, that my various little illnesses are all given me by way of training and preparing me for the last struggle : from my late experience of the *pain of weakness* I could almost shrink from the dark valley, but *that* were to mistrust my Saviour : David says, *I will fear no evil*. And he can, if it is good for me and for his glory, make the valley shorter even than the few days of weakness I this time suffered, as indeed is common in India ; or what is best, he can make his presence to shine in the darkest part of the valley, and in "His presence is the fulness of joy," whether in sickness or in health, on earth or in heaven. I am thankful now to be raised up again, to be allowed to go on in my poor way with the glorious work which He permits me to be engaged in. Yesterday, thirty years ago, I was born to you : the round number of thirty seems to make this birth-day one of

the stages of life, and I feel all the older for having passed out of my twenties, though I suppose to you the age seems a little one after all. What an unspeakable mercy it is to be quite freed from all those uneasinesses of growing older, and so nearer the end of life, with which the men of the world are troubled at every memorial of the passing away of their years? The poor heathen are terribly afraid of death: to mention the subject to them is almost a piece of bad manners, and to speak however incidentally of any man's death with whom we may be conversing, is an evil omen, and causes a shudder of pain in the poor listener. What a bondage is this to be freed from! They are astonished to hear me speak of death as a thing greatly to be longed for. I know that you would all be thinking of me yesterday, and especially I knew my dear children would pray for me.

October 6.—I have had a letter from each of you since I wrote last: very many thanks for them. I am very thankful to hear by the last, that you are both so well again after having been both tried by illness: it is like the bright, clear shining after-rain: nevertheless, we must look for the return of the rain again and again as long as we are in this stormy sinful world. Your account of Seaton meeting interested me much. I have heard very little of the meetings of the Church Missionary Society this year; I should like to have heard more, as I feel strongly interested in the places I visited as "deputation" last year. I wrote a long letter to Mr. Dixon, to be in time for the September meeting at Shields, which I think was the meeting I liked best of all I was at. * * * *

Your very affectionate Son, HENRY W. FOX.

MY DEAR MR. T——,

I have put off writing till to-day, hoping that I might advance enough in health to be able to officiate at your marriage: but I am now obliged to give up all hopes of it: I am thankful to say I am better, but my progress is so slow that it may be a week or more before I shall be able to leave the house. It is a great disappointment to me, I assure you, and I am sorry to disappoint you; but we must rest content with what is ordered for us by One wiser and greater than we are. I have asked Mr. Noble to take my place, to which he has kindly consented. * * May I request of you, and also extend the same request to Miss J——, that you would very carefully read over the marriage service. The time of marriage is usually and naturally one of great excitement and gaiety, and the danger is great of the really solemn character of the act being forgotten at the moment. I am sure also it will be a benefit to each of you to consider calmly and in private, the importance and the religious character of the union you are about to enter on, and to which your attention will be drawn by the language and the prayers of our beautiful marriage-service. For it is not a light matter, nor is it a tie merely for furthering your present happiness, which you are about to form; but it will especially affect your interests for eternity. Should either husband or wife be forward in pressing on into Christ's kingdom, how great is the assistance heavenward received by the other; or should one be opposed to a close and fervent serving of God, how deadening is the effect on the desires and efforts of the other. Permit me to advise you with all earnestness

to cement your union by commencing from *the first* to read the Bible, and to join in prayer together. I can tell you that when it shall please God to remove one of you, such hours will form the brightest spots in the recollection of the survivor. Forgive me for giving you a sermon on your wedding: that you may both be, not only rendered the happier by your union, but also be abundantly blessed in it by Him who is the giver of all good gifts, and by our Lord Jesus Christ, who purchased gifts for men by his death and resurrection, is the earnest desire and prayer of

Your sincere Friend,

HENRY W. FOX.

Masulipatam, Oct. 18, 1847.

MY DEAREST ISABELLA,

You will be anxious to hear how I am, after my last fortnight's bulletin of bad health, and I am thankful to be able to give a better report of myself: indeed the doctor pronounces me to be rid of my complaint, and all that remains is the danger of a relapse through incautiousness of diet or exposure, and considerable weakness. I have not made the progress in recovery which I anticipated, when I wrote to father and mother, but after all it is only a month and three days that I have been laid up. The exceedingly damp weather, tremendous falls of rain, and a saturated soil, with pools of water in all directions, seem to have been the secondary causes of the delay; but it is well to look higher to the first cause, and to see God prostrating me and keeping me low for purposes of his own: some of which I now see. During the first week of my illness I was much reduced by my disease

and by the remedies ; and I was astonished and amused at one of the effects of my languor and weakness, which was the springing up in my mind of strong desires for the scenes of natural beauty, which I used once to enjoy ; and not only a desire for them, but a strong assurance, that if I was in them, I could enjoy them, as I did of old. It was indeed a partial lifting up of the curtain which has fallen over boyhood and its bright feelings ; and I could not help thinking of Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality. It seemed also to be a hint how easily God can restore, in the *right time and place*, those powers of enjoyment. Now I beg of you not to be anxious about my having been ill : the anxiety which you all show about my ailments, causes me more uneasiness than my sicknesses themselves do. I have never yet been seriously ill, nor have I had any complaint likely to injure me for the future. In this climate I must expect periodical attacks of some kind ; and if they weaken my body, I hope they do good to my soul. But above all, I am in God's hands, and not one day's illness shall I have beyond what is good for me, and for his glory. It would not be strange if he was to make some illness the instrument for carrying me home, where my dear Lizzy and baby are, in His bosom ; or he might drive me to England ; but again, it is not improbable (and I continually pray for it) that he may permit me to remain a little longer to preach his Gospel here. My utter unworthiness to be so employed, makes this last seem less hopeful ; yet even here there is hope, for he may purpose to show his power to perform his work with the most inefficient of all instruments. * * * *

I trust I shall find profit from this dealing of God, and

glorify him by patiently suffering his will ; but I see not much of this yet. My thoughts have been led much to dwell on the insufficiency of lively piety among us missionaries : the same is the general fault of the Church of God at large, in present, and perhaps in all times. But for missionaries to be half-hearted, cold of prayer, sluggish of faith, it is grievous ! and what can Satan want more to check their inroads on his kingdom. I greatly desire that in your own prayers for me and for missionaries, you would entreat God for more graces of the Spirit in our own souls,—more faith, more untired zeal, self-denial, deadness to the world and flesh, more love for souls, showing itself in continued and earnest cryings and prayers for them ; and do you speak of this matter to others who pray for the extension of God's kingdom, who wait for his redemption in Israel. People think missionaries such good folk as scarcely to need prayer, except perhaps that they may be consoled in sorrows, &c. ; we much more need to be prayed for, that we may not settle on our lees. * * * *

Your very affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

Madras, January 13th, 1848.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

I am writing to you from the same house in which I wrote my first letter in India. I have been here nearly a fortnight, after a three weeks' voyage from Vizagapatam, which, though unusually protracted, did me some good. As soon as I got here I sought the advice of Dr. Sanderson. He has always inspired me with confidence in him, from the very careful and

minute examination of a case which he makes at first, and his clear insight into the real ailment. After examining me, and watching me for a week, he spoke decidedly to me a few days ago, referring to his former experience of my constitution. He considers my liver organically affected, though slightly, and gives no hopes of my recovering from this state on shore: thinks I may more or less completely recover from it by a voyage to sea for a few months, but believes I shall never be able to continue in India, and that my return to Masulipatam will be attended with great probability of a return of disease, and consequent risk of life. He says my constitution is unfit for the tropics, wanting *nervous energy*, so that when a complaint lays hold on me, I sink under it at once. This I know to be true by experience; and indeed much of what he said to me is confirmed by what I have heard from doctors about my health in times past, though unconnectedly and not so decidedly. I tell you all the worst, because I know you would wish me to reserve nothing from you, and at present there is no risk, so far as man can see, of life. I have pretty well decided to take a sea-voyage, perhaps to the Straits of Malacca, perhaps to the Cape of Good Hope, for a few months: not that Dr. S. thinks I shall return set up again for work, though he anticipates much good from such a step; but I do it for my own satisfaction and that of others, that I may not forsake my missionary work too lightly: my own thoughts at present are, that I ought to make every endeavor to stay by my work as long as I possibly can, even at some risk. I have asked the advice of —— and ——, whose judgment I value highly; the former thinks I ought not to remain in In-

dia, to run the risk predicted by the doctor : the latter advises a good sea voyage, and after that another experiment at Masulipatam, taking every and even peculiar precaution to avoid exposure. I shall be better able to decide when the time for decision comes : for God does not always make our distant plans clear to us ; only if we have sought his guidance, he will make the next step to be taken clear to us. I wish you therefore, dear sister, to help me in this matter both with your advice and your prayers. In case I return from a sea-voyage, recovered from my present state of health, and Dr. S. continues to affirm the same risk to attach to my attempting to renew my work at Bunder, ought I to run the risk or not ? I wish to have an impartial judgment, as little influenced as you can by your own feelings of affection, and with such reasons as appear to you on the subject. Secondly, pray for me, that I may with a single purpose seek God's glory in my decision, that I may have no wishes or will of my own in the matter, and that He will guide me aright. Your letter directed to Madras, in reply to this, will probably arrive before I have to decide. * * *

Your very affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

TO THE REV. R. T. NOBLE, MASULIPATAM.

Madras, Jan. 18, 1848.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

This day last year I was on the point of setting out from Guntoor to rejoin you at Bunder, and to re-enter on my work in full health and spirits ; to-day,

what a change ! broken down and enfeebled, and with prospects far from raising my spirits ; I am beginning to write to you in preparation for retiring from my work : I can only say, God's will be done : He has shown me endless mercies in India : his goodness in bringing me and employing me here for a little while has been great, and now if it is his will to send me away to a less honorable position in his vineyard, who am I, that I should gainsay it ? only I would desire to be humbled at his rejection of me : and I do pray, and will continue to pray and to labor that he may send out to you others more and more fitted for his work than I am. * * *

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

HENRY W. FOX.

Madras, Jan. 22, 1848.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,

I write to you by Marseilles with the view of preventing you from writing by return of mail in reply to my last letter : for I have come to the decision, earlier than I anticipated, of at once leaving India and proceeding to England. On consideration I saw, as I might have seen from the first, that considering Dr. S—— said, his view of my case would remain unaltered, however much I might be benefited by a voyage to the Cape, England, or elsewhere ; it was my business previous to starting on such a voyage, to make up my mind regarding my future course, or rather that the making such an experimental voyage and returning to India, was in itself a decision in opposition to the doctor's opinion. I waited however for a few days till Dr. Sanderson called in another and

senior doctor, and they unitedly condemned my residence in the country : upon this, I came to the conclusion above-mentioned, considering it to be my duty not to run the risk predicted by competent medical judges, while an important though inferior sphere of work lay open for me in England. I trust I have judged according to God's will. I have sought his guidance, and prayed that I might be unbiassed, and I have used the means of asking a few friends most competent to give advice. The giving up my Indian work is very painful, as you will well know ; but my weak state of body, and callous, enfeebled feelings do not let me feel at present so much pain as I might. Indeed I seem able to feel nothing, neither love nor hatred, joy nor sorrow, but I believe this is chiefly physical. I am not however worse, though feeling poorly. In all probability I shall embark in the steamer of the 13th of February, and proceeding from Alexandria by the Trieste and Germany line, which is now open, reach London about the end of March. I suppose I shall be just in time for the Clifton Church Missionary Society meetings : I hope to be stronger by that time if it pleases God to bless the cool climate to my recovery.

Believe me,

Your ever affectionate Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

TO THE REV. R. T. NOBLE, MASULIPATAM.

Steamer "Ripon," near Gibraltar, March 23, 1848.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

I wrote to Sharkey by the returning Precursor, and

we have not since then had any opportunity of writing to India. * * I am just now emerging from the dream or cloud in which I have been bodily and mentally these last six months : for, during the last four or five days, I have begun, for the first time, to regain a little energy and vigor, as my bodily health began decidedly to improve. Up till then, the voyage has been to me, like the time on shore, full of discomfort, as distracting as pain, though not so hard to bear, and altogether prostrating every energy. The prostration of mind and heart has been as great as that of body, and much more distressing. I have been quite unable to write, or to read any but the most trifling books ; the Bible has been generally a closed book to me, and my mind has wandered as I tried to read it. But now, thanks to God, I seem to be restored somewhat. * * I had expected a much more speedy improvement ; indeed, during the last few weeks, at Madras, I was looking forward with an intense longing to the day of starting, hoping that I should feel immediate benefit as soon as I embarked : but it seems as if my constitution had got too low to be resuscitated at once, and till I reached Egypt, I continued better and worse, but still very poorly. The change on landing at Suez was surprising ; it had not been hot in the Red Sea, but nothing of chilliness had been felt, until we got into the little boat which took us from the ship, just at sunrise ; and then the air was as sharp as on an English spring morning. The whole time we were in Egypt, the wind blew from the North, and was very cold and keen, and consequently, we most of us caught colds, had red noses, and chapped lips. The change at first was very beneficial to me, but just before we

left Alexandria, (having been detained there four days) I caught an internal cold, which brought on my dysentery symptoms again, and reduced me very low. I am thankful to say, that the means employed stayed the disease in two or three days after I embarked again; and I have been daily regaining strength,—the weather has been delightful; a soft, but fresh S. W. wind has blown in our faces, with a blue sky and hazy horizon, and reminded me much of those occasional lovely days at Brighton, which occur during the winter months. I do feel it to be a great gift and mercy, that God is restoring to me my health, and with it his presence; for I am now again able to pray, and to rejoice in him:—during my weakness, I have been in a cloud far from him, neither humbled nor prayerful, but altogether listless. What poor creatures we are, and how vile are our bodies! and yet it has been a comfort and encouragement to me, many times, that vile as my body is, and I have felt it to be, yet Christ Jesus has redeemed it, and counts it precious. Certainly the truth of the resurrection of the body is a very precious one during sickness. In crossing the desert I suffered very severely: it still remains to me like a horrible dream, and I scarcely think I could muster courage to go through the trial again, under similar circumstances: it was curious, how differently the very same thing affected a healthy body and a weak one. When I crossed in 1846, I reached Suez after twenty-four hours of jolting, quite fresh, having greatly enjoyed the amusement of the transit, but now I scarcely know how to sit or lie;—pained, and exhausted, and faint, I at one time felt desirous of being rather left alone in the desert, than of going forward;

but here, God who allowed the suffering, would not let it go too far, and I was able to feel confident, that as I trusted in him, he would carry me through; and he did so, so that I was not materially the worse for it, and had only to lie up the next day, during which we remained quietly at Cairo. Indeed all through he has been showing to me his wonderful providences and mercies, and when I think of the tranquil passage we have enjoyed, and the numerous comforts I have had, I see a father's hand in it all. * * *

Your affectionate Brother, in Christ,
HENRY W. FOX.

REV. R. T. NOBLE, MASULIPATAM.

Durham, April 17th, 1848.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

This first letter to you from me in England, opens again the wounds of separation: I daily feel more and more, instead of decreasingly, the sorrow of having left you all, and having been separated from the work of a missionary. It is no satisfaction to be told by friends that there is much want of the labors of Christ's ministers in England; for this last reminds me how much greater is the want of such in India, and in all the rest of the heathen world, which want is increased by my return. I have however found something to rest on, in what has been suggested by two or three. "He who has brought you back from your own work in India, will have provided some sphere in England, in which you may glorify Him." It is not my part to dictate how or where I shall do God's work, and it is my

resistance to His will on this point that makes the sacrifice a hard one. * * *

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

HENRY W. FOX.

REV. J. SHARKEY, MASULIPATAM.

Clifton, Bristol, May 9th, 1848.

MY DEAR SHARKEY,

Unless I write to you at intervals, just as I can snatch a little time, I shall not be able to write to you at all by this mail. * * * * * The weather and scenery are indeed lovely. I cannot convey the idea of them adequately to you, because they are so unlike anything in India. The trees, which have been bare of leaves for six months, have just burst out into their full covering of bright green and soft leaves; some are in blossom, the fields are full of rich long grass, and enamelled with wild flowers; the whole country looks like a well-kept garden. For a fortnight past we have scarcely had a cloud to speck the blue sky, and *this* we greatly enjoy; for though it is a little warm when we walk in the sun at mid-day, yet the temperature in the shade is delightfully fresh, without being cold. I am well enough and strong enough to enjoy very greatly all these beautiful works of God, and *almost* with the same delight as I used to possess in earlier days; though I feel that there has passed away a brightness from the earth since the days when I used to lie lazily in the woods, or beside some running stream, surrendering myself to the influences around me. Still I do enjoy it greatly; and if with a chastened, yet, I hope also with a hallowed pleasure: but not for one moment can

these enjoyments compete with thoughts and regrets of India : there is nothing so joyful or so glorious as a missionary sphere. There are some respects in which *you* are a gainer by being a missionary in your native land, as, for instance, you are spared all the trial of a continued absence from the friends, scenes, habits, climate, and land of your childhood and boyhood. India presents nothing which is disagreeably *strange* to you ; the hot landwind, uncomfortable as it may be, is not unnatural or foreign ; so you have not the suffering which we, who come from England, have ; but, on the other hand, you are in the same matter a decided loser, exactly because you have not the suffering. God may be pleased to make up to you the loss by some other sorrows equally precious and useful ; but, believe me, it is a choice gift of his to keep us, while at work in that *dangerous* field of missions, in a continued though not acute state of suffering. I refer to this subject in order to append to it a line or two of advice or exhortation ; viz. that as you are without this spiritual blessing, as a continued stream commingling with the stream of your life, you have the greater necessity for watchfulness, lest Satan draw you into a state of dullness, and absence of spiritual-mindedness. And there is the more need of caution, because your continued occupation all day long acts as a temptation to be negligent in prayer and reading. Forgive my word of advice : I do very earnestly yearn for you all, that you may be men and women mighty in prayer and in faith, and abounding in every Christian grace. The more that I reflect on my low estate in this respect, both now and while in India, the more do I desire and pray that every one of you may be lifted up towards

God, and be filled abundantly with his Spirit. As yet in England the real active interest in missions is very low: there is abundance of material on which to work, that is, there are vast numbers of truly religious men and women who acknowledge the duty, and feel *some* interest in missions, but they have not as yet been more than very partially worked. I am going down to Oxford in a few days, to endeavor to work the young men there, but "not by power nor by might, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." I hear of no movement either there or at Cambridge, or among our clergy. It may be many years before men are sent forth abundantly, and before you receive help to enable you to spread the Gospel far and wide; but it is nevertheless a glorious privilege to be allowed to be digging the foundations, or hewing the stones, which others shall build up. I was very glad to hear that you and Darling had been out in the villages again, and the latter by himself on one occasion; for this shows that he is feeling himself at home in the language. His village work will form a valuable antidote to the disease of sinking down to be a stagnant missionary, with a vernacular school or two to look after, and a little congregation to speak to. The village work stirs up to greater activity in town work. How goes on your preaching in Robertson's pettah? My heart goes along with you there most thoroughly. May the Lord bless you in your work, and especially in your own soul.

Believe me very affectionately yours in Christ,
HENRY W. FOX.

Wadham College, Oxon, May 30, 1848.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

My heart is so disturbed and so full, that I long to write to you to relieve it. My return here is as painful, and more so than it is pleasant. It is not that my time here was more happy than present times, for I could not so belie the grace of God which has been given me these eight years past; but every scene and sound is recalling thoughts and feelings which have slumbered for long, and is reminding me that much has passed away which I never can have again in this life,—much elasticity, much joyousness, much brightness. This does not make me melancholy, for I have received things which are much better; but it greatly disturbs me, and I cannot enjoy myself in beautiful Oxford in May; this perturbation will, I know, subside after a while. All these scenes carry me back beyond the happiest days which I have yet known: and so they cause painful feelings to arise: for they make me think of all that has passed since, my five years with dear Elizabeth, and my missionary life in India; and till I go down to the grave myself, and till I am called away from all work on earth, these two recollections cannot but contain much that is bitter. My cessation from missionary work is still a fresh grief, and at times it is very hard to bear; I knew it would be a trial, but I did not know how great a one, and sometimes I begin to think of going back again, but am checked by the strong assurance that I have, that I should return to India—but not to active work. How little do men know the real state of the case, when they think that the trial consists of *going* to be a missionary; for with

all its palliations of returning to England, to home, friends, family, and children, it is the *coming* from being a missionary which is the real sorrow; and beautiful as are our green fields and hedge-rows, they make me sigh to be back at dear Bunder, even in the midst of this burning May. You will see, as I do, that in these feelings there is very much of the natural heart, and that they do not altogether spring from a desire to advance Christ's kingdom: for if I had His glory more truly at heart, I should more cheerfully submit to his manifest will that I should no longer remain in India. * * * *

Your affectionate Brother,
HENRY W. FOX.

It was a great satisfaction to his friends, to find that though my brother's constitution could not stand the climate of India, it seemed to rally rapidly in his native air: the voyage had done him much good, and as the summer drew on he seemed so much restored to his usual state of health, that he began to consider in what sphere of useful labor he should engage at home. At one time he thought he would like to undertake the charge of some populous parish in our crowded manufacturing districts, as having a population that in some respects resembled the heathen.

During the summer, however, the Church Missionary Society proposed to him the office of Assistant Secretary; this was so congenial to his feelings, and seemed to hold out so promising a prospect of future usefulness, in that cause which was nearest his heart, that after mature consideration he gladly accepted the offer, and at once entered on its duties.

TO THE REV. HENRY VENN, SECRETARY OF THE CHURCH
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Wadham College, Oxford, June 5, 1848.

MY DEAR MR. VENN,

I had intended to write to you on Saturday, on the very subject of your letter, which reached me yesterday. I have continued to consider the question very carefully since it was first brought before me, and I have daily sought the guidance of God in regard to it; so that in coming to a decision upon it, so far as regards my side of the question, I feel much at rest, and I can trust that I have been directed aright. The decision to which I have come, is to accept the post of Assistant Secretary, in case the Committee see fit to propose it to me. As it has pleased God to remove me from direct missionary work, I view it to be my duty to employ myself, as much as I am able, and have opportunity, in advancing the cause of missions in England. I do deeply feel my inefficiency for so important a post as that which you lay before me, but in this point I rest upon your judgment and that of Mr. Tucker, who think that I may be of service to the great cause in it. If the Committee should decide in my favor, I would ask of you and of the individual members of the Committee, to intercede with God for me, that I may be rendered efficient for the work laid upon me, and especially that He will grant me a larger measure of his Spirit, that all I do may be done in a holy and spiritual tone. The high standard of holiness, which has always been aimed at by the Society (and which appears to me to form one of the prominent

subjects for thanksgiving this jubilee year), lays on me the greater responsibility, lest by my own lukewarmness I may do injury to it. I am glad that the Sub-committee have placed the proposed arrangement on an entirely temporary footing; for I should desire that ample opportunity should exist for the Committee to reject me, if they find cause to do so, from my inefficiency, and for myself to resign my post, if I should see my course to lie in another direction. * * *

I remain affectionately yours,

HENRY W. FOX.

TO THE SAME.

Wadham College, Oxford, June 5, 1848.

MY DEAR MR. VENN,

I have written to you a letter in reply to yours of Saturday, which you may lay before the Committee, in case you have occasion to do so, and I now write you a private letter. I shall be willing to work for the Society in any and every way in which it appears I can glorify God by advancing missions; such, at least, is my present strong desire. I feel, however, my own weakness; and though I am sure of the abundant aid of God, in working for him, so long as I submissively and humbly seek his grace, yet I know not how long I shall do so, and whether I may not fall into a lukewarm state, and so fail of his help; it is this thought which makes me desire the prayers of others to go along with mine, that I may in my own soul be kept near to God.

I remain affectionately yours,

HENRY W. FOX.

TO H. STOKES, ESQ., GUNTOOR.

*Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square,
July 7, 1848.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

My thoughts have very often been at Gunttoor, since my return to England ; and I was greatly rejoiced to see a good account of yourself and your family in a late letter from you to Mr. Tucker. With all the heat of India, and your hard, anxious work as Collector, I should envy your position if I might ; for to be permitted to live in India, appears to be a great privilege, and to be removed from it and from missionary work, while it is a most righteous act of a loving Father, is to me, I am sure, one of chastisement and warning. With my returning health, my desires for, and love of India, have returned : as long as I was suffering from disease, the lowness of my spirits and an intense physical shrinking from the very idea of an Indian sun, made my separation from India a light matter ; but I have had many sorrowful seasons since then. It was to me a very great comfort to see in your letter a good account of our dear brother Noble ; that he is still permitted to go on without failing or fainting. I have been very mercifully dealt with ; for my bodily health is all but entirely restored, and my strength very much so ; and though I may not preach to the Teloo goo villagers, I am permitted in an indirect way to have a share in the great work of missions, for I am associated as Assistant Secretary with Mr. Venn and Mr. Tucker in the Church Missionary House ; and, unworthy as I am of so great an honor, I feel it a great happiness to

be thus employed. I have but just commenced my work ; but I see great privileges in it ; first, I am led to become intimately acquainted with the details of all the Society's missions in the four quarters of the world ; then I am an agent in the Society commenced by Simeon, John Venn, and other holy men of the last generation ; and our Committee-meetings are indeed those of Christian men. Then I am brought into contact with many of the eminently good men of London and its neighborhood : and, not least, I am allowed the affectionate friendship and intercourse with two such men as Mr. Venn and Mr. Tucker. When I magnify my office, then I lower myself ; for who am I, to be thus blessed and set in so privileged a position ? Dear friend, pray for us here at head-quarters, as well as for the missionaries in the field ; it is not only wisdom and prudence that we need, but holiness and a deep knowledge of God. The Society which for fifty years has been kept in the truth, and in a pure and earnest faith, is as holy (I had almost said) as the ark of the Lord ; and it seems well nigh a profanity to touch it with such hands as mine. I know of no immediate prospect of a missionary for Bunder ; our Universities are still asleep. I visited Oxford for a fortnight, and though a little advanced in missionary interest since I was there two years ago, it is still barely above freezing-point. We have numerous offers of men for the Church Missionary Institution, some of whom are very promising ; but the Finance Committee are shy of allowing any fresh expenditure, while the general funds are in so low a state. However, the accumulated subscriptions to the Teloogoo mission, justify the appointment of a missionary to Bunder, if we can find

one, and I trust the Lord will guide us in the search,
and bring the right man to us. * * *

Your affectionate, but unworthy, Brother in Christ,
HENRY W. FOX.

TO THE REV. R. T. NOBLE, MASULIPATAM.

Hampstead, July 16, 1848.

MY BELOVED BROTHER,

I may well occupy a few minutes of the evening of this day of rest, and of preaching the gospel, in writing to you. Never a day passes, without you and all our dear brothers and sisters at Masulipatam being in my thoughts, and seldom do I forget to pray for you; but on Sunday I remember you most;—though by the time I am going to Church your afternoon is well advanced, yet I think of you, with that little feeble flock around you; and never do I read the commencement of the Liturgy, but my heart is brimful with the recollections of the Monday evenings, which just a year ago we used to spend, in trying to prepare a version; happy are you to be allowed to go on with this work; not in wrath, but in loving chastisement, and wise discipline for my sinning soul, has God removed me from the glad work. The Lord's Prayer raises up many recollections of the Sunday afternoon, when I used to break it up for my poor servants, and the ten commandments carry me away into the streets and lanes of Buttayah, and Sarakilly, and Pàta, Ramanah pettahs. May the Lord give you to see the fruits of your work; one soul may be an inestimable treasure, and as Isaac to Abraham, may make you the father of a great nation. I long and yearn over the

dear youths in the school, and I greatly desire to hear that some of them have been strengthened by the Spirit of God, to leave all for Christ. Venkatachillapati, and the Venkatachellums, and Foorshotum, and Rangashai, how do they go on? The sound of their songs on the morning of November 9th still rings in my ears. And Mr. Sharkey's little girls; we must perhaps wait longer to see fruits in them, but sooner or later, and exactly at the right moment, the desert of Bunder shall blossom as the rose, and our dear Lord shall be glorified in his new children. But I like to look even further still, to that joyous day, when he shall come to take us home, free from sin, with nothing to make us weary of loving him,—nothing to lead us to grieve him. What a prospect! I long to be out of the power of sin, though it does not any longer *rule* in me; it has yet a wonderful power of warping me, and leading me to dishonor my Saviour. I could say that, if I was always victorious, I should not care for the length of the battle, but I grow weary of struggling, and being buffeted, and often taken prisoner. What astonishing long-suffering does God show towards us! and what infinite love that of Christ to us must be, which led him to die for us, though all the while he foreknew what poor wretched Christians we should be. But we shall have an eternity to praise and admire him, and to recount to each, the tales of his goodness. * * *

Your affectionate, unworthy Brother,

HENRY W. FOX.

TO MAJOR WOODFALL, 47TH NATIVE INFANTRY.

Hampstead, Aug. 29, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I cannot refrain from writing to you to-night (as indeed I have been long purposing to do) inasmuch as this is the first anniversary of the Sunday which I spent with you at Ellore. I have again to-day joined in administering the Lord's Supper, and accidentally I took as my subject for my afternoon sermon, the same text, the Pharisee and Publican, on which I preached at Ellore, during the thunder-storm. My memory is almost ceaselessly engaged in retracing the days I have spent in India, and *very often* returns to my last month of missionary work in August and September, towards the close of which, I spent those happy days with you, and our other brethren in the Lord at Ellore. Since then, both you and I have had to go through deep waters. I heard of your severe illness, from dear young P——, who kindly called on me after he reached London, to tell me the news about Bunder and Ellore. We have both now experienced what it is to have gone some distance into the dark valley, and I trust that we have been led so far, that when the time comes that we must go right through it, we may prove to be somewhat practised in dying, and to have our confidence strengthened in our Shepherd, who was with us in our first adventure so far, and who will not fail us in our last journey. Perhaps, also, God is intending to make us more fitted during our few remaining years of life, for waiting on the dying beds of others. I have already found my own experi-

ence of use, when a few days ago I was called upon to visit an old woman, an aged servant of Christ, who seemed to be almost at the last gasp of life, but who has been raised up again ; her case did not seem so strange to me, as it would have been, had I not been myself in it, and so I hope I was able to speak more to the point. * * * * I rejoice exceedingly in your regiment, and I often adduce it as an evidence of the goodness of God, in providing so large a work in a short time ; you must remember me, with my affectionate regards, to all the brethren in Christ who are in it. Though I shall probably never see you all again in this world, my interest in you all, and affection for you, is not the less. For I am able, at least, at times, to look forward to the day, when the graves shall be broken, and all the beloved saints of God shall be united in one vast multitude, to be ever with the Lord ; and we shall be *like him*, especially we shall be free from that hateful tyrant and disease,—Sin. * * * *

Believe me,

Your very affectionate Friend,

HENRY W. FOX.

TO THE REV. J. RAGLAND, MADRAS.

August, 1848.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

This is ——'s wedding-day, and the fact has reminded me that I must write a few lines to you, as he perhaps has not found time to write to you by this mail. It is doubtless a joyful day for him, but yet it is more joyful to be married unto the Lamb, and our

glad bridal-day will be when He comes to take us home. I have come up to town from Clifton for a fortnight, preparatory to spending a fortnight at Oxford to see young men. Since I wrote to you last I have lost my dear father. I was just able to see and speak with him the last day of sensibility; but he has only gone before, and my widowed mother and my brothers and sister and I shall soon follow him, to join the other dear ones laid up in Christ's treasury. Yesterday there was a large Committee at Salisbury Square, to make arrangements about the Jubilee. A fund is proposed to be raised for the disabled missionaries' fund, for school and church-building, for education of missionaries' children, and for endowment of native congregations. It is to be a year of humiliation, for *our* neglect, and of praise for God's wonderful works. November 1, All Saints' Day, is the day chosen for all missionary friends of our Church, both in Great Britain and abroad, to unite in worshipping and glorifying God. Come what will, that is a sure day for us: if we are here, we will join with the living saints; if we have crossed the flood, it will be only one day out of our ceaseless worship. * * * *

Your very affectionate brother in Christ,

HENRY W. FOX.

It was but a few months, in the providence of God, that he was permitted to prosecute his new duties, but he was so fully absorbed in them, and threw so much of his heart into the work, as at least to give all that he had to bestow in carrying on at home the plans of the Church Missionary Society.

The testimony of Mr. Venn on this point is as fol-

lows:—"He entered upon the duties of his office in July; and with so much efficiency, and in such a spirit, that his seniors in the office rejoiced in the hope that he was destined to carry forward the work with youthful energy, and to continue his beneficial aid after they should cease from their labors."

The period at which he entered upon his duties, as Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, was a crisis of peculiar interest in the history of modern missions—it was the jubilee year, and preparations were making to celebrate that interesting event, the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, on the 1st of November.

It was with feelings of deep and lively interest that my brother entered into all the plans of the Society, in reference to this great event, and he looked forward with hope and joy to its commemoration, little supposing that when the 1st of November arrived, he should be celebrating a more glorious jubilee in the courts above.

The following lines were written by him as a Jubilee Hymn, which have since been set to music by the Rev. Peter Maurice, D.D. of New College, Oxford:

I.

I hear ten thousand voices singing
Their praises to the Lord on high:
Far distant hills and shores are ringing
With anthems of their nation's joy.
"Praise ye the Lord! for He has given
To lands in darkness hid His light:
As morning rays light up the heaven,
His Word has chased away our night!"

II.

On China's shore I hear His praises
From lips which once kissed idol-stones :
Soon as His banner He upraises,
The Spirit moves the breathless bones—
"Speed, speed His Word o'er land and ocean,
The Lord in triumph has gone forth :
The nations heave with strange emotion,
From east to west, from south to north."

III.

The song has sounded o'er the waters,
And India's plains re-echo joy :
Beneath the moon sit India's daughters,
Soft singing, as the wheel they ply—
"Thanks to Thee, Lord ! for hopes of glory,
For peace on earth to us revealed :
Our cherished idols fell before Thee,
Thy Spirit has our pardon sealed."

IV.

On Afric's sunny shore glad voices
Wake up the morn of Jubilee ;
The Negro, once a slave, rejoices ;
Who's freed by Christ is doubly free—
"Sing, brothers, sing ! yet many a nation
Shall hear the voice of God, and live :
E'en we are heralds of salvation :
The Word He gave, we'll freely give."

V.

The sun on Essequibo's river
Shines bright midst pendant woods and flowers ;
And He who came man to deliver *
Is worshipped in those leafy bowers—
"O Lord ! once we, by Satan captured,
Were slaves of sin and misery ;
But now, by Thy sweet love enraptured,
We sing our song of Jubilee."

VI.

Fair are New Zealand's wooded mountains,
Deep glens, blue lakes, and dizzy steeps ;
But sweeter than the murmuring fountains
Rises the song from holy lips—
“ By blood did Jesus come to save us,
So deeply stained with brother's blood :
Our hearts we'll give to Him who gave us
Deliv'rance from the fiery flood.”

VII.

O'er prairies wild the song is spreading,
Where once the war-cry sounded loud ;
But now the evening sun is shedding
His rays upon a praying crowd—
“ Lord of all worlds, Eternal Spirit !
Thy light upon our darkness shed ;
For thy dear love, for Jesu's merit,
From joyful hearts be worship paid.”

VIII.

Hark ! hark ! a louder sound is booming
O'er heaven and earth, o'er land and sea ;
The angel's trump proclaims *His* coming,
Our day of endless Jubilee—
“ Hail to Thee, Lord ! Thy people praise Thee :
In every land Thy name we sing :
On heaven's eternal throne upraise Thee,
Take Thou Thy power, Thou glorious King !”

CHAPTER IX.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

ALTHOUGH my brother was not permitted to be present at the celebration of the Jubilee of the Church Missionary Society, having been already removed to take part in choral strains of a more exalted character in the Courts above—yet his anticipations were more than fully realized when the day came round.

The 1st of November, 1848, was a day much to be remembered for the time to come, as one on which the blessing of God was freely bestowed, as one which did much towards enlarging the hearts of men at home, and laying deeper the foundations of the missionary cause amongst us ; many groundless prejudices were removed ; many ears listened for the first time to the claims of the heathen upon our Church and nation, many a church and parish was opened for the first time to the Church Missionary Society ; whilst not a few of our cathedrals had their time-honored walls consecrated, as it were afresh, by this sacred cause ; for well may it be asked, How could those splendid piles, with their massive pillars, vaulted roofs, and fretted windows, be more highly honored, or converted to better use, than when within their walls were celebra-

ted the high notes of jubilee praise ; and the glory of God, the advancement of our Redeemer's kingdom, the conversion of the world, formed the noble theme of the preacher's discourse ?

But the energy of his mind was too great for his bodily strength, and he was tempted by the ardor which he felt for the work in which he was engaged, to exert himself beyond the bounds of prudence. This brought on a relapse of his Indian complaint, which considerably reduced his strength. In the month of September he visited Durham, intending to take a few weeks of recreation and rest : he reached home on the 14th, in a very feeble condition ; the record of his few remaining days is fully detailed by one who watched with unwearied assiduity over him during his last illness, and having been committed to paper, whilst the events were fresh in her memory, will impart a more lively and interesting impression of those closing scenes than could be otherwise given.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

According to your wish I send you a few particulars respecting the last days of our beloved brother Henry, having had, from being almost constantly with him during the last three) weeks of his life, more opportunity of witnessing his faith and patience to the end, than any one else. After attending one of the Committee-meetings of the Church Missionary Society, on Monday, the 11th of September, in London, he imprudently started for the north by a night-train, being anxious to make the most of a short absence from his usual routine of labor, during which, besides visiting his own family in Durham, he intended in the pul-

pit and on the platform, in various places, to advocate the missionary cause.

After spending a day with the family of his much-loved and revered master, the late Dr. Arnold, at Fox How, he reached Durham on the middle of Thursday, the 14th of September. We met him at the station, and I was painfully struck by his worn and debilitated appearance. He confessed himself extremely unwell, and willingly allowed us, upon reaching home, to send for medical advice. He was pronounced to be exceedingly unwell, suffering from diarrhœa which had been upon him several weeks, and very unfit for the work before him. Still it was not imagined that by going through it, he would endanger his life. His name was advertised for two sermons to be preached at South Shields, and four consecutive meetings at different places on the four following days. We hoped that the two days' rest before him would restore him in some measure, especially as in part he was suffering from cold caught on the journey.

On Saturday the 16th, he was sent in my mother's carriage to Shields in preparation for the Sunday's duty. In a letter he wrote to quiet our anxiety about him, he told us he had felt so ill, during the previous service, he feared he should have been quite unable to acquit himself in the pulpit, either morning or evening, but that God had wonderfully helped him.

Next day, he addressed a very large and crowded meeting at Bishop Wearmouth, and the following morning, the Sunday School teachers assembled at the house of the rector, after which he returned to Durham, in preparation for the meeting to be held that evening. I was grieved to the heart to see him arrive

at four o'clock, exhausted to a degree. He went to bed, and got up only to attend the meeting, where it was arranged that he should speak first, and then retire immediately, which he did. Most touching was his appearance, "thrown aside as a useless wreck," as he himself feelingly said; pale and languid, he yet spoke with his usual simple earnestness and energy, his countenance beaming with that peculiar expression of love to God and man, for which it was so remarkable.

The following is an account of the meeting :

On Tuesday evening last, (September 19) the Annual Meeting of the Durham Church Missionary Society was held in the Exhibition Rooms, Saddler Street, in this city, and was most numerously attended. The Rev. Dr. Gilly occupied the chair.

The Rev. H. W. Fox proposed the first resolution, which he read to the meeting. He afterwards said that this was a subject with which he could occupy many hours of their time in giving details which he had either heard from the mouths of those who had resided upon the spot, or which he had himself observed when he visited Tinnevelly five years ago; but it was more his object to draw their attention to the district in which he himself had lately labored. He would only, however, say that the resolution was not worded in the slightest degree too strongly, and if they read the accounts of the missions themselves he was sure that they would find that there, by God's blessing, men had been raised up who were following the right direction, and whose labors were being blest from day to day. He should take them, however, to his own dear country, which he now, and as long as ever

he lived, would love and honor—to the Teloogoo country—which lies between 600 and 700 miles north of the province of Tinnevely. He believed they had a sort of claim upon him, and he should tell them something about it. It was to that mission that he went out from among them, and it was there that he had done the little work that it had pleased God he should do, and now that He had removed him from the country and thrown him back as it were a worthless wreck, he could speak to them, and it might be, do a little work for those who so much filled his heart. That country is one which, although its name is but very little known in England, covers a district two or three times as large as England and Wales, and with a population of ten millions; and you may travel for days and weeks and months before you reach the confines of the country. The people all speak one language, are subject to the East India Company, and are all quietly submissive to the missionary—who goes where he likes and does what he likes with them. After his return to India two years ago he went to Madras, and thence up the country to Masulipatam, where he arrived in January, 1847. Shortly after he got there and got into his new house, he got his tent with all its paraphernalia and servants together, and set off early in the morning for the purpose of attending a very large heathen festival in the neighborhood; the festival was in honor of a snake idol. In going there he lost himself frequently before break of day, but as the day broke and he drew nearer the spot, he had not the slightest difficulty in finding the way, and though the feet tracks were numerous, yet he saw from every quarter a very large stream of people all

gathering together in one direction, while far off he saw a pagoda rising above the trees. All the multitude were going along quietly, some on horseback, some in carts, and the rest on foot, but all to have their day's fun and their day's festival. He got near to the pagoda, where there was a great crowd, and he afterwards went down to the river-side in the vicinity, where there was a noise like the sound of rushing waters—it was so loud, that when he got down among the people, if you asked any of them a question it was almost impossible to hear the answer. This noise proceeded from the people who were crowding the river's bank by thousands upon thousands. The river was a magnificent one ; the streams of Europe giving a very poor idea of one of those glorious rivers which are sometimes, as this was, from half to three quarters of a mile broad, and rolling deeply and powerfully along. Multitudes were standing upon the banks, others were climbing up, and some thousands were undergoing the process of the sacred bathing. Mr. Fox then described the method in which this ceremony was performed, and in which the great multitude was engaged, but he saw others who were engaged in a different occupation. He saw sometimes one and sometimes two men go together into the water, carrying an oblong wicker basket, which they dipped into the stream, and on inquiring he found the basket contained their household gods, and they were washing them in order to make them clean also ! The multitude as soon as they had done their morning's bathing came back again, and for about half a mile the road was strewed on either side with long cloths, each of which was attended by a beggar, and every person as

they passed gave something to the beggars, although mostly of very trifling value, although they all gave something. Along the line also there were persons with boxes containing little figures, something very like the Punch and Judy shows of England. These figures represent their gods, one Vishnu, another Shiva, one was this god and another was that, and they had brought them that the people in passing might give them an offering. He several times spoke to them of the mad folly of thus bringing such things for the people to worship, and the answer he invariably received was a very common one—"Oh, sir, it is all to get our livelihood," it was just to turn an honest penny, as they would term it. On coming from the river he found his tent pitched close beside a large tank. Very soon after he had entered the tent the noise which he heard down the river-side began around his tent, and on looking out he found ranged round him on the ground, thousands upon thousands, who were divided into little family parties, each of which scratched a hole in the ground, put in and lighted a few sticks, and then placed their rice in a pan upon it and quietly waited until it boiled, after which each of the party placed his right hand in the family dish. During the rest of the day they were hanging and loitering about, scarcely knowing what to do. When he went out about two o'clock in the afternoon, with an umbrella over his head, he found them gathered together in large crowds about the temple, talking one to another. They pressed round him and listened very quietly when he spoke to them. He must say he felt a little anxious in answering their objections, for he had only just returned to the coun-

try ; but on that occasion God gave him strength, and he did not allow a single person to go unanswered, and those of a class whom he had met with in many instances on other occasions, who would always brow-beat and talk you down. He talked to them again and again at the very temple-door, of the salvation which is through Christ, and there he spent three days, although the crowd on the first day was greatly diminished. After that, he went round about the country, and in about another month he visited another very large festival about forty miles inland, where many of the inhabitants had never before seen a white face ; yet some of those villages were within forty miles of Masulipatam, which has been a great station for forty years. After that he spent four or five months in Masulipatam. Early in the morning he was in the habit of going out and engaging in discussion with the people. At one time he would have a quiet listening audience, and at another there was nothing but brawling and noise. When he went out he had not the most distant idea what class of persons he would meet with, and during the whole day he was engaged with old and young, never having an hour to call his own. On one journey he had the privilege to be accompanied by a brother missionary, Mr. Sharkey, who was born in the country, and speaks the language with great facility. There was one thing which happened to him during that visit, no less than four times in a fortnight, by four different classes of persons, and it was so remarkable he would relate it to them. He was speaking to the people concerning the blessings of the Gospel of Christ as the only means of salvation, and the privileges those

persons possessed who had an opportunity of embracing it, when a man answered him in the most natural way: he said—"If this is all true, how is it that you English people have been a hundred years in the country and never told us of it before?" To this he could only lament their deep sinfulness in having so long neglected their duty, and trusted that the charge they made against them might soon be removed. After he had finished this last journey he returned to Masulipatam, he was taken ill, and his sickness continued for several months, and here he was, thrust out of the country, no longer able to work in behalf of the people of India. He would, however, earnestly hope, (and he thought he might do it without thinking too much of himself, but as a fellow-townsmen of theirs, and as in some sense sent out by them to be one of the first missionaries of the Gospel to the Teloogoo nation,) that as it had pleased God in His Providence, to bring him back again, they would all take it upon themselves as a solemn duty in the sight of God and their consciences, that they would send out some one in the place of him who has been removed. There were men in Durham well qualified for the work. Were there none in the University who might be stirred up? Were there none who might have the subject so placed before them that their hearts might burn within them to cross the seas and do the work of God? It might not be the first day, the first month, or the first year, that they would have success; but in time, if they persevered, by God's help instead of having missionaries going out by ones or twos, they would have them going out by twenties, by fifties, and by hundreds.

He returned home, and every attention was paid to his health, which, anxious as we felt, we had no idea but rest and proper measures would speedily restore. The next two days he kept his room, after which, he never left his bed, the disease gaining ground rapidly, and laying such firm hold of his constitution as baffled all efforts to overcome it.

For several days, however, our fears were not roused, so that we indulged in speaking of plans for his taking a long and needful season of rest, in order to his perfect restoration to health, a prospect which to his family looked very pleasant, as securing to them for a considerable season the society of one so dear and profitable to them.

During these days, I had scarcely any intercourse with him, besides seeing that his comfort was attended to, he being ordered to be left perfectly quiet, and unexcited by conversation or reading. His weakness was very great, so much so, that upon asking him if he would like a little prayer one night, he said, it must be very short; he was so weak. The following evening on my commencing, he puts his hand on mine saying, "I am too ill, I cannot bear it." Still our fears only arose slowly and gradually.

After some days he asked me if the doctors thought him in danger. I truly replied, not so,—but that his state was certainly critical. He then made me promise I would tell him in case they thought worse of him. At this period of his illness, he expressed a desire to recover, that he would rather recover and labor in God's service. I asked him if he were willing to depart? "Oh yes, willing, I hope, if it be

God's will, which is best, only, if he sees well, I should prefer remaining."

Another time he said, "For *me*, it is far better to depart, but I am only a young man yet, and I might work in God's service, if he raised me up. Yet when I think of my own deceitful heart, and the power of the world, I tremble, lest I should not stand firm." I said, we must trust God for life, as well as death. He who had begun the good work could finish it. "Yes," he replied, "and then we have the promise of the Holy Ghost to uphold us, and sanctify us—yes, to sanctify us."

Upon my remarking, whilst giving him some food, "What an aggravation to sickness poverty must be, where there can be none of those alleviations you have;"—he replied, "Oh, God is merciful, very merciful, and full of love, more than we can count up." I added—"How dreadful it must be to endure sufferings, caused by sin, such as intemperance." He added, "All suffering is from sin; mine is from sin, perhaps some particular sin;—I don't quite see what." He wondered how those who had not the consolations of the gospel could endure suffering.

About the same time I believe he expressed to you very humbling views of himself; how, with great privileges, he had been only a very ordinary Christian, and lived far beneath the standard he ought.

He also said to me, "I have not worked enough by faith. I have overworked myself, and made myself ill. God has punished me by this sickness." He meant, he had not sufficiently trusted God to do his own work, in his own way, independent of his personal exertions, thinking, if he did it not, it would be left un-

done. He firmly resolved to amend in this point, if God raised him up, and not again to labor beyond the strength given him.

Except once, he scarcely after this first week of his illness alluded to himself, except in connection with Christ's wonderful love to him. It made me think of the promise, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Humility, genuine humility, of that rare and Christ-like kind, which lays self so low as to put it out of sight, so as not to be perpetually brought before fellow-sinners' eyes and ears, in self-abasing complaints, was one of his peculiar characteristics. Self was sacrificed, I had almost said annihilated in him, and Christ exalted. He had risen above self, almost above the remembrance of the sinner, in the love for the Saviour of sinners. He realized his completeness in him; his life being hid with Christ, he was conscious of his union with him, and in this he gloried, viz. Christ in him, the hope of glory. It was a very high and holy state of mind, feeling his own nothingness so completely, as to seek and find fulness in Christ. And that fulness was his comfort and strength, his joy and crown of rejoicing. Therefore, I believe it was, that as he drew nearer to heaven, we heard so few of those self-abhorring complaints, so often poured out by God's children. He had risen above these, so as to be swallowed up with the sight of Christ's work, and in that he rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

During the days on which he made the remarks already noted, he mingled much of praise and thanksgiving, together with such expressions of love to God his Saviour, as made me again and again feel as if I

had never loved Christ at all. In fact, the one great striking feature of his illness, as of his life, I may truly say, was his abounding love to his Saviour. It literally filled his heart, and nothing came in competition with it; "Him first, Him last;" He was indeed the Alpha and Omega with him. In his weakest and most tried moments, the name of Jesus would bring a smile of happiness across his worn and suffering features. I wish that thousands could have partaken of the privilege I enjoyed of being an eye-witness of his faith and love. Words cannot describe it. A few disjointed expressions of his own cannot picture it. It was the whole tone and bearing of his mind, his conduct, and his looks, which bore such striking witness to the Spirit of Christ which was in him. It was beautiful beyond description.

But his habitual tone of mind was shown very affectingly in the wanderings of mind, caused by fever; proving that he had indeed put on Christ, and that the mind which was in Christ, was in him. And here I may remark, that as in his sober moments, so in these wanderings caused by disease, there was a remarkable absence of excitement; the mind was occupied with unrealities, but still there was a striking calmness and quietness of tone. In fact he was remarkable for a deep, steady earnestness of character, which is opposed to the flickerings of excitement. It always struck me that he "spoke because he believed," that he acted on conviction and the exercise of a sound judgment. All that knew him must remember the peculiar calmness, gentleness, and I may say repose of his manner. This continued throughout his illness.

To give an instance of how his soul was filled with

love to God and man, even when wandering, I will mention the following. He asked the servant, who was at the time in the room, if she saw "that sheet of white paper on the bed." There was nothing. "That," said he, "is the plan of salvation, laid out all plain and clear for the heathen; there is no crease or rumple on it to prevent their taking it, and it is offered to them." Then, in a sad tone, after a pause: "But alas! alas! I see none coming to lay hold on it."

But to return to my narrative. He was too weak, during the whole of his illness, to bear continuous reading or praying. One or two verses of Scripture at a time, however, and an ejaculatory prayer to meet his wants, were great comforts to him; and in this way I repeated to him a great portion of the promises of the Bible; some of them many times over: and most affectingly now are they associated in my memory with him, as having raised the eye of faith, and brought many a smile of angelic happiness across his countenance. Early in his illness, upon repeating from John iii. 36, "He that believeth in him hath everlasting life," he said with a solemnity of tone and look I shall never forget, "I *have* believed, I *do* believe." This was the secret of his strength and comfort throughout his illness, and it was striking that he should have said this to show it at the very commencement.

The second Sunday before he died, upon my remarking, "It was the close of the Sabbath, and there remaineth a Sabbath (rest) for the people of God," he said, "And what a Sabbath! perfect rest! when shall I get there? It is that little stream which divides us and makes us shrink. Earth has such hold of us."

This was on his thirty-first birth-day, the first of October. He had felt too ill for several days to see his children, but now begged they might come. They came bringing him nosegays of flowers, gathered from their own little gardens, wishing him, in child-like glee, "Many happy returns of the day." "Perhaps," said he, "it will be the last." I did not think it then: hope still predominated with us. After the children left him (and he could only bear their presence a few minutes), he said, "Dear little things, how they wind themselves round one's heart." His affection for his children was very deep and tender, which made his readiness to leave them and commit them with faith to the God of the fatherless, more striking.

Reading to him a portion out of the Book of Revelations, he said, "The second and third chapters are so full of rebuke and exhortation, full of beautiful passages. I read them with R. just before I left Madras. I never met with any one of my own age so full of Christian experience as he is. He did not talk *about* religion, he talked *Christ*. We do not speak enough about Christ. It is because our hearts are not full enough of him."

Reading to him Jer. xxxi. 3, he repeated, "An everlasting love. 'I have drawn thee.' Yes, *drawn* against our wills."

One morning, upon the medical man reminding him of the many mercies he enjoyed in his present illness, compared with what he had had in India, he said, "Yes, God is indeed good to me. He sends me innumerable mercies. His love is indeed wonderful! wonderful! wonderful! To send his Son to die for such creatures as we are! Surpassing love!" Then,

in a low tone, his eyes shut, and a pause between each word, he repeated, "Love! Love! Love!"

This is a specimen, I may say, of his general tone of mind. Innumerable times did he express himself in a similar manner, respecting the love of God, and his great goodness to himself and to all men. His heart seemed literally *filled* with the love of God shed *abroad* in it by the Holy Ghost. I now regret I was unable to note down more of his sweet expressions of love and faith; those I give you, I put down at the time, and are his own words. On my saying, "We shall see him as he is," he said, "See Him! see Him! Oh! it will be glorious!" He then went on to speak of the blessedness of heaven: "No crying, no death, no curse, no sin." We then spoke of the happiness of being there. Surely, even then, he had a foretaste of its glory! His heart seemed filled with joyful anticipations, and the poor suffering body could not keep it from mounting into the third heaven, into which he almost seemed to carry me along with him.

A doubt of his interest in Christ never arose, nor did a cloud for a moment ever come between him and his clear view of his Saviour. I had in my own mind, fears, whether in the hours of nature's greatest weakness, Satan might not be allowed to try him, as he often does God's children;—but no, blessed be God! all was bright to the end. Once when he seemed much distressed, and oppressed by suffering and weakness, I said, "In going through the dark valley, Satan often distresses God's people." He quickly replied: "Thank God, he has never been allowed to distress me."

This was the day before he died, and I feel assured,

the same peace continued to the end. Do not imagine, however, there was not conflict; this, I believe, will only cease, when we put off this corruptible, and put on the incorruptible. His faith was never shaken, but it was tried. Deeply did he feel those seasons, when from extreme weakness, he could hold no sensible communion with God. He seemed to reckon his nights bad, or good, in proportion to the degree in which he enjoyed the light of God's countenance. He generally answered my inquiries by, "I have not been able almost to pray. I could not break through; I was too ill." Once he said, "Sometimes I can lift up my heart to God, at other times it is so dead. To look to Christ on the cross, *that* is the way to get comfort and help from the Saviour of sinners."

The taking to pieces the earthly tabernacle was, as I imagine it always is when taken down gradually, very painful. Once, on my repeating, "Oh Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me:" he repeated in a tone of deep feeling, "Lord, *I am* oppressed, *I am* oppressed, undertake for me, undertake for me!"

At such seasons the texts,—“The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.”—“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me;” were full of comfort to him. Sometimes he said to me, “Read me some strong passages.”—Another time, “Read me something about going through.” I repeated from Isaiah xliii. 2, “When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame

kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." This text, and many others from Isaiah, were of great comfort to him, and I often repeated them to him. Once or twice he said, "Oh, it is *very* painful, *very* painful,"—but he never expressed any sense of suffering or unrest, without adding, either "God's will be done," or "God's will is best." Frequently did we hear him in low and earnest tones calling upon Jesus. At the commencement of his illness, he seemed to be peculiarly sensitive to the fear of sinning by impatience. Many times he said to us, "Pray that my patience fail not," and most fully was the prayer answered.

Never was there a word, or sign, or look, which betrayed a failing of perfect patience. We felt from his words and conduct that God's will was indeed sweeter to him than his own ease or comfort. Neither was he passing through these trying days without profit. He said to me, "I do feel thankful, the last fortnight I have gained so much more knowledge of Christ. I could not have believed illness would have done so much for me. You know I used to say, I felt illness unprofitable." He at other times told me how he had gained deeper views of the love of Christ since laid on his sick-bed. He seemed to have a constant sense of his less, as well as greater mercies. Whilst bathing his hands, I remarked, "You see, God sends many alleviations to your sufferings."—"Oh, yes! tender mercies, wonderful mercies. He makes all my bed in my sickness. He just gives me all the comforts I need." Another time:—"I never wake, but I think of fresh mercies—God's mercies are innumerable." If you had seen the happy, grateful, heavenly countenance with

which he uttered all his praiseful, grateful sentences, it would have engraven them on your very soul.

God was glorified greatly in his servant, for it was manifest to all, that it was his power which shone forth so brightly in him. The second coming of Christ was a subject which was much in his thoughts, and one his heart longed for. Speaking of it, I said, "If He comes not soon, we may first go to Him." "Yes, but his coming is more blessed." On speaking of his entering into glory, he said, "Not full glory yet, I shall rest with Christ." He dwelt with much more joy on the time when Christ would come, and the consummation of all things be completed. "Oh, if he might come in our day, how glorious! how one longs for it." His heart seemed filled with the joyous anticipation.

Although we had not yet given up hope, his illness was assuming a more and more serious aspect, whilst he who was the subject of it, seemed daily nearing heaven. His mind increasingly dwelt with holy joy on the probable prospect of soon being with his Saviour.

He literally was without carefulness. After reading to him the concluding portion of 1 Cor. xv., ending, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory;"—he exclaimed: "Victory! yes, victory, Oh, that it might be to-night." It was the first time he had expressed a decided wish to go, and I said, "Do you wish to go?" He turned his face toward me, and replied with an angelic smile:—"Oh yes, it would be so much better to be with Christ," adding however, that he thought God would raise him up, so many friends were praying for him, and instancing God's answering prayer in the release of Peter from prison. It was a

great gratification to him, to know that he was prayed for by many friends and congregations on his last Sunday, at Durham, Shields, Clifton, Brighton, Hampstead, and Edinburgh. He generally left the choice of portions of Scripture to me, though he sometimes named the subject he desired, according to his need:—but once he asked me to read him the two first verses of the 3d of 1 John, after which he repeated, “Sons of God,—let me dwell on that, *I* am a son of God, yes, a son of God!” He looked up as he said it, and seemed lost in happy contemplation.

At another time, speaking of the conclusion of the 8th of Romans, and that love of Christ from which nothing can separate us, he said, “I seemed to have got deeper into this—this wonderful love of Christ.”

“This is the one thing God has shown me more of in this illness. This wonderful love of Christ to sinners—such love!” I spoke of the shortness of time, the length of eternity. “Ah, and *such* an eternity *too*,” he exclaimed, “and *such* brightness, and such glory—we cannot reach it—we cannot comprehend it now—it will be far, far above our present powers of conception.” Such remarks were the more striking from his state being throughout, one of much lethargy and physical depression—with a total absence of excitement. A large portion of his illness was passed in unrefreshing, painful sleep.

All I have recorded, was before hope was given up. On Tuesday, October 10, worse symptoms appeared, but it was not till the following morning the medical man expressed his decided opinion, that he would not recover. It so happened, that this was the only time I missed seeing him during Henry’s illness. After he

was gone, Henry sent for me, and said:—"George has been with me, and is much cast down about this, he tells me that Mr. J—— thinks me worse, and that I shall not live long; did he say so to you?" I replied,—"I missed seeing him." I confess my heart rather trembled, I feared that now the near and certain approach of death was brought before him, its terrors might at first dismay him, and I was quite unprepared for what followed, when he went on to say: "When he comes again, I wish you particularly to ask him, and if he says the same thing, are you all prepared to join me in praise?" I was overcome and hid my face;—he continued, "I fear I ask a hard thing of you:" I replied, "God has made us *willing* to part with you, He can enable us to praise Him." He went on to say:—"Oh, it will be glorious, so glorious."

After this his whole heart seemed fixed upon the joys to which he was going, the prospect looked to him inexpressibly bright. This seemed to him a day of peculiar joy; for as yet the body, though very weak, was not so painfully oppressed as it afterwards became.

When I went into his room, the next morning, he said to me, "I am very weak, can scarcely speak, but oh! happy! happy! happy!" He now thought his time might be short, and desired to see his children. They got on the bed and kissed him; he said, "That is your last kiss. God bless you; if you wish to see papa again, you must come to heaven, where you will find him and dear mamma and little Johnny; now, good-bye."

He was calm and not overcome. I remembered his deep emotion when he parted from them to return to

India, two years before. The struggle—and it was a bitter one—was gone through at that time; the sacrifice had been made, and God spared him the pain of a second.

One of the servants told me that whilst sitting up with him one night, he began to repeat from the Revelations, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" then pausing, as if memory failed him, she concluded the passage, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Then he said, "Ah! there will be many from India, many from the Teloogoo nation." He then spoke of the approaching Jubilee, how he had written for it, preached for it, prayed for it, adding in a joyful tone, "It will be a glorious Jubilee for me."

I may here mention his dying testimony to the cause to which he had sacrificed his life. After reading to him the first three verses of Isaiah xl., I remarked it was a privilege to have been called even in a small measure to "prepare the way of the Lord." He replied, "Yes, there seems a special blessing rests on it; I often thank God that he called me to be a missionary to go abroad." On his mother's asking him whether he repented having given his life to missionary work, he said, "No never! if I had to live over again, I would do the same." This he said only a day or two before he died, when he knew he was, humanly speaking, losing his life in consequence of his labors abroad and at home in that cause,—a cause so glorious, even the rescuing of immortal souls from sin and Satan, that it was dearer to him than life itself, through love to his Redeemer.

And now his work on earth seemed done, and truly "his soul was in haste to be gone." Every symptom that spoke of the nearness of death was precious to him, and raised a smile of joy. Once he complained that the extra clothing on his feet produced no warmth; then turning his eyes on me with a smile, he asked, "This is a *good* sign, is it not?" Any little thing I could name to him as a sign of approaching dissolution was a pleasure to him. Strange did it seem to be affording him comfort, by telling him of various little signs of the nearness of death; but so it was. Still there was no impatience, but perfect submission to God's will. Once he said, "It matters little, a day or night, more or less; God's time is best." He liked me to repeat to him his favorite Baxter's saying, respecting his own death, "When thou wilt, where Thou wilt, as Thou wilt."

He was detained nearly two days and a night longer than he had been led to suppose. On Saturday morning he said to me, "For half an hour in the night I thought I was just going to be at rest, but I rallied again. God's will be done, God's will be done, God's will is best." I said, "You have *peace* in Jesus?" "Yes, *in Jesus*, he is the dying Saviour!"

On the medical man's saying the same morning when he visited him, "I had hoped to have found you released," he replied, "Mr. J., *perfect* subjection of our wills to God's, *that* is the thing."

He had told Mr. J. the night previous, that the only thing that distressed him was, "seeing your and our dear mother's grief." He said to her once, "Why have you been crying, dear mother? Have they told you I am going? it is right you should know. Oh,

mother, it will be so joyous! To meet father and Lizzy, and all who have gone before." In general, however, this happy anticipation of seeing departed relations was swallowed up in the higher joy of seeing that Saviour whom, not having seen, he had so truly loved.

On my reminding him, as a cordial to his bodily suffering and weariness at the moment, "that he would soon see his dear wife," he replied, "To see Him that was pierced for us, that is the thing."

Another time, speaking himself, of the happiness of finding so many dear ones whom we had loved on earth, in heaven; after a pause, he said, "But we shall there be so taken up with Christ, we shall have little thought for other things." Another time he remarked to me, after speaking of some dear relations now in heaven, "We think much of those few, but there are so many more: such a glorious company of saints to see and be with,—St. Paul, St. Peter, Hezekiah, Henry Martyn. It will be so blessed to meet them."

As he grew weaker and weaker, he at times seemed much oppressed, and I said, "You must not faint;" he answered, "I sometimes feel as if I should." I replied, "I do not mean your body, but your spirit must not fail." "There is no fear of that, it is all joy." Another time, when my heart ached for him, more to re-assure myself than for his sake, I asked, "Have you peace?" "Yes, peace, the only anxiety is to be gone; but God's will is best, that is the best thing, perfect submission to His will." As the outer man decayed, the inner man grew stronger; it was a love and faith made perfect which had cast out fear. To his dear mother he said, "In due time we shall meet

in Jesus; we shall see him as he is, very beautiful! very beautiful!"

Once he said, "It is a hard thing to die, to pass through; nothing but the Lord's promises could enable us to do it;" then, in a firm tone, "but they are sure and *steadfast*." He seemed to lose all sense of time, which seemed often immeasurably lengthened. I said, "Time seems long when suffering. You have scarcely been three weeks confined to bed yet;" he went on, "and by the time these three weeks are completed, I shall in all probability be in heaven."

Speaking of Christ, he said, "It would be ten thousand times better to be with Him; perhaps I may see Him to-morrow." The happy calmness of tone and look with which he expressed himself throughout was striking; it was the result of a firm conviction of the certainty and reality of the truths he believed, and the glory he anticipated. It was as if he was speaking of soon joining a loved parent or brother on earth, only his feelings were holier, higher, more blessed. I may again repeat, I never witnessed anything like excitement in him; it was the sober certainty of waking bliss, which filled his heart; and there was a reality about it that made me almost feel as if faith were turned into sight.

He was now getting very near putting off this mortal body; his hands were like ice, he begged me to come closer to him, he could not see me. "My sight is going—it is coming back."—"It will come back in eternity," I said. For the last two days he could hardly bear me to absent myself from him; and if I left the room, would send for me, and have me sit close to him ministering to his bodily and spiritual

wants. "How different your hand is to every one else's," he said, as I bathed his forehead with Eau de Cologne. "Do you like it best?" "Oh yes." I had left him a few minutes, he sent after me. When I came, "Oh, Isabella, I want some of your comfort." I said, "You mean God's." "Yes, read me some passages." Once, previously, I had taken up Clark's Promises, and he said, "Not that little book, the real Bible." Once he remarked with a happy smile, "There, (in Heaven) there will be no Bible." During this last day, he frequently exclaimed, "Lord, why tarriest Thou; come, Lord,"—but always adding, "God's will be done," or "God's time is best."

Whilst sitting quietly by him, he exclaimed, "How happy! If it please God I may just sink away thus, it will be a great mercy." At three o'clock of this last day, he said, "Oh Lord! gracious Lord! loving Jesus! how gracious He is. Oh, let me go to-day! O Lord, thou knowest best! Are there two or three hours yet before God comes! pray that He will come."

And now the last enemy was nearly conquered, for "death," as he himself remarked, "is called an enemy." He had for the last two days and nights frequently seemed near going, so that even now I scarcely knew whether he might not still linger for a while, though my prayers were joined with his, that if it were God's will, his happy soul might speedily be released. I heard him faintly saying to himself, "Jesus, Jesus must be first in the heart." I said, "He is the first in yours." "Yes, he is." They were his last words. I felt his firm grasp of my hand relaxing, his pulse was gone; his breathing became slow and more faint. I sent for you and my

mother, and soon after your arrival, he gently ceased to breathe, and was with his Saviour.

“Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.”

I did not think I could have praised God under the blow, but he did enable me, and does, and ever will, I trust, enable us all to join in thanksgiving, for that he permitted his servant so to glorify him in life and death, and us to be witnesses of his faith and patience. May we be followers of him as he followed Christ.



GRAVE OF THE REV H. W. FOX, ST. MARY'S, IN THE SOUTH BAILEY, DURHAM.

APPENDIX.

IN preparing a third edition of my brother's Memoir for the press, I have not been able to resist the temptation of publishing a deeply interesting letter which I have received from Major Hughes, late of the Bombay Army, and Deputy Judge Advocate General of the Scinde Force, giving a description of the brief intercourse which he had with him, and the permanent blessing wherewith it has been attended. I have obtained permission from Major Hughes to publish, not only that part of his letter which refers directly to my brother, but likewise some further particulars respecting his own state of mind, both before and after; and I am desirous of doing so, because the simple, yet graphic description which he gives of himself, previous to his conversion, may serve to show, of how little value the reports of irreligious men respecting Missionary operations are. We naturally attach great weight to the statements of an eye-witness, and when men come home from India, and tell you, as "an Infantry officer" in a letter to the Times did, not long since, that "the published Reports of all Missionaries are false,"—that "there are no creditable converts, not even in name;" such statements, coming from educa-

ted men, in official stations, cannot but have weight. Now we may learn from Major Hughes' letter, to what degree of weight they are entitled, when proceeding from irreligious men, who perhaps seldom cross the threshold of a church themselves, and lend no countenance by their own example or influence to promote the glory of God. It is not merely that there lodges within the hearts of such men a strong prejudice which disqualifies them from being candid or impartial judges, (the fruit of that sad alienation from God, which Divine grace has never subdued); but likewise their ignorance of what is going on, is so extreme as to unfit them for making a report. Proximity of station is not sufficient of itself, to impart knowledge, unless the mind be directed to the subject. No man ever learnt mathematics, simply by residing in Cambridge, and it is a well-known fact that a large portion of our own countrymen, though educated and intelligent on other points, are not only egregiously ignorant of the statistics of Christianity, such as the state of our schools, the progress or decay of religion throughout the land, the name, character, and operation of the leading Societies of the day, but are likewise themselves most sadly unacquainted with the first principles of the Gospel. If in our own country, where Christianity prevails, and spreads itself over the length and breadth of the land, and is basking in the open sunshine of broad daylight, there be many "an Infantry officer," as well as others, who can neither give a reason for the hope that is in them, nor tell you anything of the gigantic operations of Christian benevolence going on around them, is it to be wondered at, that in India, where Christianity is in its infancy, and

almost lost to the sight of day, amidst the overshadowing clouds of heathenism, such cavilling and prejudiced observers should overlook or misrepresent the infant growth of a religion which puts their own worldliness and ignorance to shame? It is an instructive fact, therefore, to be informed that an officer in India, intrusted with high judicial authority, could reside in that country twenty-six years, and yet be in utter ignorance of all that was taking place there on behalf of Christ. It is also useful to trace that ignorance to its source, because the case of Major Hughes is not singular, and I am sure that the honest and open manner in which he has come forward to confess his shame, is worthy of all praise; and that he is entitled to the sincere thanks of the Christian public, for the testimony which he has, at his own cost, been willing to bear in favor of Christianity in India.

It appears, then, that the uniform practice of Major Hughes, up to a certain period of his residence in India, was "to shun and avoid the society of every Missionary that came in his way." Now suppose a person to visit India from England, and to be interrogated as to the state of education amongst us at home, and that he should confess he had always shunned and avoided every schoolmaster, agent, and friend of education that came in his way; surely little weight would be attached to his opinion on the subject, although he might assert that, having been bred and born in England, he ought to know better than those who had never been there, and could confidently assure them that there was nothing doing in the way of education; or that what was done was so badly done, as to be better left undone.

Major Hughes likewise informs us, "that racing and field-sports, and all the things of this world were uppermost in his thoughts;" that he was "passionately fond of the theatre and the ball-room," as well as other amusements. Now I would ask, upon the principles of common sense, whether a person whose pursuits and thoughts were bent in such a direction, whose whole heart and soul were absorbed in such occupations, be either qualified or fit to give an opinion as to the merits of the missionary operations carried on in India, though at his own door? He thinks nothing of them, knows nothing of them, cares nothing for them, holds no communion with those who conduct them, never visits their schools, is incapable of conversing with their converts, and remains in a state of total ignorance of the whole matter; whilst having within his heart that enmity, or, to say the least, that prejudice against religion, which is as common abroad as at home, he either indulges in malicious representations, or ignorantly repeats at second hand what he has heard from others.

But the case is much stronger than if we had merely the negative proof that such men's testimony was unworthy of credit: we have the striking fact, that no sooner does any one cease from being a careless, worldly, irreligious person in India, and begin to take care of his own soul, and attend to those great concerns which he had previously neglected, than at once he becomes interested in the heathen, making himself (what he was not before) well acquainted with the details of all that is being done on behalf of Christianity; and then bears the testimony of an intelligent, well-informed mind in favor of the Church Missionary

Society. So it has been in the case of Major Hughes, whose prejudice against missions, before his conversion, only equalled his ignorance : but since that event, he has been closely allied with the Church Missionary Society both in India and at home, and has been, under God, one of the principal instruments of establishing the Scinde Mission.

I might adduce the testimony of another military man, Lieutenant-Colonel Jacob, late of the Bombay Artillery, who has had the opportunity of observing the operations of the Church Missionary Society, both in India and New Zealand ; and bears the highest testimony as to the character of the work being carried on in those countries under her auspices.

“We are frequently met by objections,” says Colonel Jacobs, “raised by those who have themselves been in foreign lands, that the Church Missionary and other kindred Societies have done nothing. Now most true it is, and it is a very affecting truth, which one and all often must feel who have mingled with heathen nations at all, that the good effected is very disproportionate to our hopes and wishes. But surely it is something to have made a beginning. Is it nothing, I would ask, that we number, as now we do, no less than thirteen ordained clergymen of our Church, heathen natives rescued from the idolatries of the countries where our Society has labored ? Is it nothing, again, that our Missions can number 14,000 communicants, and upwards of 107,000 regular attendants on the public worship of Almighty God ? And, again, is it nothing that we are owned and blessed as instruments, in directly adding to the numbers of that multitude that no man can number, out of every kin-

dred, and people, and nation, and tongue, who are now singing, and hereafter shall join in singing the song, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, who has redeemed us to God by his blood?'

"But facts, rather than expectations, form the records of the Church Missionary Society; and if you are told by persons from India, who ought to be better informed, that Missionary reports are exaggerated, and are all nonsense, just ask them a few questions as to what they really know of the matter. Did they ever consult a Missionary there? Did they ever visit his chapel or his schools, and get personally acquainted with his Converts and his work? Did they ever see them, as I have done, bear up with fortitude under the bitterest trials and persecutions, enough to test the sincerity of any man's faith, supported alone by the hope of the Gospel, and sustained in death by the removal of its sting by the precious blood of Christ? To questions like these, our opponents will, in all probability, be compelled to say, O dear, no! it was beneath them to entertain such subjects, or to move in such an atmosphere. It ought then, in common modesty and truth, to make them pause before standing forth as assailants of Missions in this country. For ourselves, dear friends, let the great fact of our Foreign India Missions, receiving the greatest part of their support by voluntary subscriptions on the spot, and from persons the best qualified to judge of the claims of Missions to support, be conclusive evidence in their favor."

It is a stubborn fact, which the ignorant misrepresentation of prejudice cannot set aside, or diminish the force of, that nearly a tenth of the Church Missionary Society's income, or about £10,000, is annually

raised in the seat of the Missions, and from two sources alike bearing testimony to the value of this Society's operations, viz. by the Europeans, chiefly military and civilian, residing in those countries, who are able to judge, as eye-witnesses, of the operations of the Society; secondly, by the native converts themselves, who are sufficiently capable of appreciating the blessings which Christianity has conferred upon them, to be willing out of their deep poverty to contribute to extend it to those around. A feeble effort for God's glory is always better than none; supposing the present Missionary exertions to be very defective and very unsuccessful, nevertheless they are a movement in a right direction—an attempt to obey God and carry out Christ's parting command. Whereas those who condemn all that is being done, condemn themselves by doing nothing, and show their unfitness to judge of Christian effort, whose only attempt is to obstruct, impede, and hinder—never to promote—God's glory and man's salvation.

To employ the words of Major Hughes himself—
“The representations of officers and civilians, whose thoughts are entirely on the things of this world, are not to be depended on. It is impossible they can know anything relative to Missionary operations; and you may judge, from what I have written, what my feelings were till I knew Christ.”

*Lansdowne Villa, Abbey Place, St. John's Wood,
London, 13th November, 1850.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I have often, within the last few months, thought of writing to you on the subject on which you have now

asked me for information, regarding the intercourse I was permitted to have with your dear brother, who was the honored instrument of our heavenly Father in leading me to enlist under the banner of the cross ; and most gladly will I endeavor to give you a brief sketch of the happiest period of my life, leaving it to you to decide if any portion of it is worth communicating to the public, whereby our Lord and Master's name may be magnified.

In February, 1843, I was obliged from continued bad health, to obtain leave of absence from my duties as Deputy Judge Advocate General of the Scinde Field Force, and at the recommendation of the Medical Board, I was permitted by the Bombay Government to proceed to the Neilgherry Hills for two years for the recovery of my health. I left Bombay, accompanied by my wife, in March, 1843, and arrived at Coonoor, on the lower range of the Neilgherry Hills, on the 17th, and at Ootacamund, the principal station on the Hills, on the evening of the 18th of April, where a friend had taken a cottage for us. Here we took up our abode ; the Goozerat (or intermittent) fever, from which, and great debility, I had been suffering, more or less, for upwards of a year, left me, and in the course of a few months I had regained my health and strength. Notwithstanding this, and many other providential mercies which were vouchsafed to me previously to leaving Scinde, at the breaking out of hostilities with the Ameers, my heart knew not God, I was blind to all he had done and was doing for me, and unmindful of his great love and the many mercies showered down upon me.

My wife, who had arrived on the Hills in perfect

health, began about this time to suffer from the damp and cold, and was shortly afterwards laid low with severe illness. As the climate at Coonoor was considered milder and more favorable for the complaint under which she was suffering, early in November 1843 we took a cottage at the top of the pass at Coonoor, a little above the village.

Mrs. Hughes, however, continued to suffer so severely that I obtained leave, at Dr. S.'s recommendation, to go down from the Hills and reside at Coimbatore, with the hope that the change to the low country would restore her health. We therefore left Coonoor and took up our abode at Coimbatore, where we resided till the 4th of March following, when we ventured to return to the Hills; but no sooner had we reached our cottage at Coonoor, than the complaint came on again, and in a few days Mrs. Hughes's life was considered in great danger; indeed she was so ill that Dr. S gave me no hope that she could recover, but the Lord in his infinite mercy and love willed it otherwise.

It was during the short period of this severe illness of my dear wife at Coonoor, between the 4th March and the 4th April, 1844, that we became acquainted with your brother and his wife. I cannot recall to my memory, nor can Mrs. Hughes, how we first became acquainted with him, but I think he called on us, having heard of my wife being so ill. I perfectly remember, however, that your brother's first visit completely won my heart, from the very kind and great anxiety he showed for my wife, and for whose eternal welfare and recovery he appeared to be so solicitous: and though *I had up to that time shunned and avoided the*

society of every missionary that came in my way, this visit from your brother, and all that passed on that and other occasions, led me to entertain different views on the subject, for which I can never be sufficiently thankful to our heavenly Father, who had mercifully softened my proud heart with affliction, and then sent his ministering servant to point out to me the way to everlasting life. I must mention, that your brother at this time officiated on Sundays for the Rev. Mr. Rogers, at Coonoor, where the greater part of the residents (about twenty) met in a room at the Hotel, for Divine Service, morning and evening, on Sundays. It was here I first heard your brother preach the glad tidings of great joy. I was particularly struck with the simplicity of his expositions, with his extemporaneous preaching (which I had never heard before), and his energetic appeals to those assembled: and there was such an evident spirit of love and truthfulness in all he said, that it emboldened me, when he called to see my wife, to ask him many questions which otherwise I never could have ventured to do.

I had previously often attended Divine Service *once* on the Sunday; but till this period I cannot remember having ever attended both morning and evening, which I did on the three or four Sundays that your brother officiated at Coonoor, in March, 1844.

Frequently when your brother called to see my wife, on going to open the door for him, I accompanied him up the Hill about a quarter of a mile to his own house; in fact, on two or three occasions, I almost clung to him; and I cannot express what my feelings were on being obliged to part from him—having much to ask, but not daring—being unable, tongue-tied, or

ashamed to expose my ignorance, to do so. However, though perhaps unconscious of it himself, the messages I heard him deliver at the Hotel at Coonoor, and the short intercourse I was permitted to have with him, had the effect of leading me to think of the future, (which up to that time I had not done,) and wrought a complete change in my mind and heart.

But to return to Coonoor. On the 24th or 25th of March, your brother came down to our cottage to administer the Sacrament to Mrs. Hughes, accompanied by Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Bissett. Mrs. Hughes was then supposed to be on her death-bed, without the slightest hope of recovery. Yet Mrs. Bissett, Mrs. Fox, and your brother, (the youngest, and to all appearance the healthiest of the party)—and to these may be added Mary Patterson, who was then living with them,—have *all* been taken from this world! and Mrs. Hughes and myself spared! How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! These and other circumstances which occurred about that time, are now continually brought to my recollection, and most earnestly do I pray that the unbounded mercy and love that have been shown to us by our heavenly Father, not merely in sparing our lives but in leading us on, step by step, to know Him who is our Life, more perfectly, may be fully appreciated by us, unworthy as we are of such mercies.

It is indeed remarkable, (and I have referred to it repeatedly when speaking on the subject,) that your brother's sphere of duty should have been at Masulipatam, on the *extreme East*, mine in Scinde, on the *extreme West* coast of India—many hundreds of miles apart from each other—and both had to make a voy-

age, or to travel from 800 to 1200 miles and upwards from our respective stations, to meet at a spot, where it was so willed that all I have related should be accomplished, and that too without the parties themselves being aware of it, so as to be able to say—It has been done. It seemed next to impossible that we should have ever met; but with God nothing is impossible. It was He who brought us together, and to Him be the praise; and, as I have often told my friends, the Church Missionary Society may send out missionaries for the *sole* purpose of evangelizing the heathen, but in my own case, as in many others, the Lord has made use of them as seemeth best to Himself, not only in making known the blessed Gospel to the heathen, but in leading the stubborn hearts of professing Christians (who may have been under the sound of the Gospel all their lives) into the right path, and to look up to Him alone for salvation. His ways indeed are not our ways, nor is His hand shortened that it cannot save, when and whom He will.

On reference to my account-book I find the first donation I ever gave in my life, for missionary purposes, was the sum of five rupees to your brother, on the 26th March, 1844.

Such then, my dear Sir, is a meagre account of the short intercourse I had with your esteemed brother, the late Rev. Henry Fox, which has been so greatly blessed to me, and to which I have ever looked back with feelings of the deepest gratitude and thankfulness to our heavenly Father.

On January 18th, 1845, I returned to Scinde with far different views and feelings to those with which I had left it in February, 1843, when racing and field-

sports, and all the things of this world were uppermost in my thoughts,—but on my return, all these, as well as the theatre and the ball-room, had become distasteful, and instead of my being one of the foremost on the race-course, it was carefully avoided, as well as other amusements, though not without many a hard struggle, but the Lord was with me, and mercifully gave me strength in time, to give up all I had previously been so passionately fond of.

I was now permitted to unite with a little flock of dear Christian friends who met occasionally for the purpose of reading the Scriptures, and uniting in prayer ;—these meetings were held at different officers' houses, and on a few occasions at the chaplain's—the word read at these meetings was very greatly blessed in several instances, to many who had hitherto been in darkness.

In the year 1846, Captain Henry Preedy, the Collector and Magistrate at Kurachee, built a capacious school-room close to the town, at his own expense, which he made over to a Committee in trust, for the education of Scindian children ; all Native children were admitted free of expense—and it has been supported by monthly subscriptions from officers at the station.

It was about this time that I became acquainted with, and interested in the Church Missionary Society. I have mentioned to you, that the first donation I ever gave for Missionary purposes, was to your brother at the Neilgherry Hills, in March, 1844,—yet I really did not know *what* Society he belonged to, nor did I till several years afterwards, so ignorant was I of all that related to Missionary operations. I had heard, it is true,

of the Church Missionary Society ; but it was not till February, 1848, that I really knew anything about it, when a private soldier called on me, and gave me the first number of the "Bombay Church Missionary Record;" from this paper, and the following numbers issued monthly, I became acquainted with the Church Missionary Society, and tendered my services to the Rev. W. C. Isenberg at Bombay, to assist as far as lay in my power ; and since then I have had the privilege of working in behalf of this excellent Society. The Jubilee Meeting at Kurachee was held at my house, on the 1st of November, 1848, and those who were present will not forget the happy and refreshing season we had on that occasion.

Previously to my leaving Scinde for England, I promised to do all in my power for the spiritual wants of those I left in Scinde, European or Native ; and how can I express my gratitude and thankfulness to our heavenly Father, in having permitted me to raise my voice in his service.

It would be tedious to detail all the circumstances which resulted in the establishment of the Scinde Mission. Suffice it to say, that after much anxiety my prayers were answered, and my efforts crowned with success. The Church Missionary Society, pinched as they were, both for men and money, at length agreed to commence a mission at Scinde. To God be all the praise !

Such is a brief account of my acquaintance with your dear brother, of the blessed change which it brought about in my own heart, and of the link which has connected him, though now dead, with the estab-

lishment of the Scinde Mission: if the publication of these particulars can in any way add to the interest of the Memoir, you are at liberty to insert them in your next edition.

Believe me,

My dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

R. M. HUGHES.

FOX MEMORIAL.

THE Friends of the late Rev. H. W. Fox being desirous of testifying their high estimation of his singleness of mind and unwearied labors as a Missionary ; and sympathizing with him in his earnest wish “that Rugby School might become interested in the cause of Missions,” commenced an effort shortly after his death, to establish and maintain a Mastership at one of the Native Schools in South India for promoting Christian education, to be called

THE RUGBY FOX MASTERSHIP:

proposing further to connect it with Rugby,

1st. By having an Annual Report of the School sent thither ;

2dly. By an Annual Sermon to be preached in the Chapel on behalf of the object ;

3dly. By making a Collection towards its support amongst the Boys.

DR. TAIT has given the plan his cordial support from the beginning, and has already preached a Sermon on its behalf in Rugby School Chapel. As he is shortly about to quit his present sphere, it may be a satisfaction to many to know that his successor, the

Rev. E. M. GOULBURN, also looks favorably upon the design, and purposes, if spared to enter upon the duties to which he has been appointed, to give it his hearty support.

It was hoped that the benefits resulting from the introduction of this Missionary element into one of our Public Schools, would, under the blessing of Him whose Holy Spirit alone can give real success to the design, be incalculable: and therefore the plan was commended not only to the friends of India and of the Church Missionary Society, but to all who long to see the kingdom of Christ advancing in our Schools, and, through them, in our Universities, and throughout the land.

To effect this object, a Committee was formed, and it was proposed to raise by Donations a sum of £1500, and a further income of £70 or £80 by Annual Subscriptions. An appeal was made, which has been so far liberally responded to, that, up to the present time, donations have been received amounting to £750, besides £45: 16s. from Rugby School, and £57: 16s. 6d. in Annual Subscriptions.

It will thus be seen that above £700, besides an addition to the Annual Subscriptions, are still required to secure a permanent income.

The money raised is reckoned as part of the Church Missionary Society's Jubilee Fund, and the appointment of the Master rests with the Committee of that Society. They have for many years desired to send a Schoolmaster to Masulipatam, to assist the Rev. R. T. Noble in his Native School, but have been unable to meet with a suitable person; at length, however, by the blessing of God, they have found one whom they

believe to be fully qualified for his duties, and him they propose appointing to the office of Rugby Fox Master at Masulipatam.

His name is Nicholson. He was born in India, educated in England, and was for some time Master of a School: he is at present preparing for holy orders in the Missionary College at Islington, and will sail for India, it is expected, next month.

The way being thus opened, by the good providence of God, for fulfilling the purposes of the FOX MEMORIAL, the Committee would commend it to the liberality and the prayers of all who are interested in Christian Missions.

FREDERICK GELL, *Secretary.*

Christ's College, Cambridge,

Dec. 1849.

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